The Saturday Evening
POST
July 7, 1956 – 15¢

JUL 3 '56

The Reds Are After Me!

A Russian Sailor in America Reports on the Soviet Kidnapers

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Plastic floor is Armstrong Excelon Tile, Style Nos. 762 and 765.

should a kitchen be just a place to cook?

Here's one that's also the center of family life. It's a place where your toddlers can play and the other children can come to tell you all about their adventures at school. Here you and Dad can relax of an evening and discuss the ups and downs of the day. It's a step-saving room, too—and, above all, it's practical, with its plastic floor of Armstrong Excelon Tile. This modern vinyl-asbestos floor is delightfully easy to care for. Almost anything that might get spilled will wipe up without a trace. And what a handsome floor! You can choose from 5 different styles and 39 colors. You might expect Excelon to be expensive. But it's actually one of the lowest cost floors you can find. And it costs even less if you put it down yourself, an easy job. Practical, beautiful, inexpensive... Armstrong Excelon Tile is a wonderful modern floor for every room in your home.

Send for free booklet showing other handsome rooms and all the styles and colors in Armstrong vinyl-asbestos Excelon Tile. Included is a description of this modern family kitchen, with list of furnishings. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5607 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

LINOLEUM • PLASTIC CORLON® • EXCELON® VINYL-ASBESTOS TILE • CUSTOM CORLON PLASTIC TILE • RUBBER TILE • CORK TILE • ASPHALT TILE • LINOTILE®

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Courtesy and resourcefulness qualify her for the job. Gaye Evans, telephone company Service Representative, obtains information for a customer regarding his telephone service.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

She Likes to Help People

A story about one of the telephone Service Representatives whose "voice has the smile" whenever there's anything you'd like to know about telephone service.

One of the nice things about the telephone business is the way it brings us close to people.

Many, many times each day—in your community and in countless communities throughout the land—we have the opportunity and the privilege of friendly contacts with those we serve. Some are by telephone. Very often they are personal visits.

Among those who have these contacts are Business Office Service Representatives like Gaye (Mrs. Robert) Evans.

"What we like people to do," says Gaye, "is to think of us as their personal representatives at the telephone company. Whenever there's any question about service or a bill or you're moving or needing more service, we're here to help in every way we can."

Gaye Evans' job takes a special type of person. One who is not only efficient but understanding as well.

Gaye qualifies in many ways. Even in her leisure hours, she finds time to help others, especially the handicapped and the needy. Another of her activities is rehearsing a 26-girl choir.

Gaye sums up one of her main satisfactions this way: "It's nice to have people think of the telephone company as a place where they can always find courtesy and consideration. That's our job and we try to be good at it."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Helping the Blind. Raising money to provide "Guide Dogs for the Blind" has been one of Mrs. Evans' activities in the Venture Club — an organization of Oakland (Calif.) business women.

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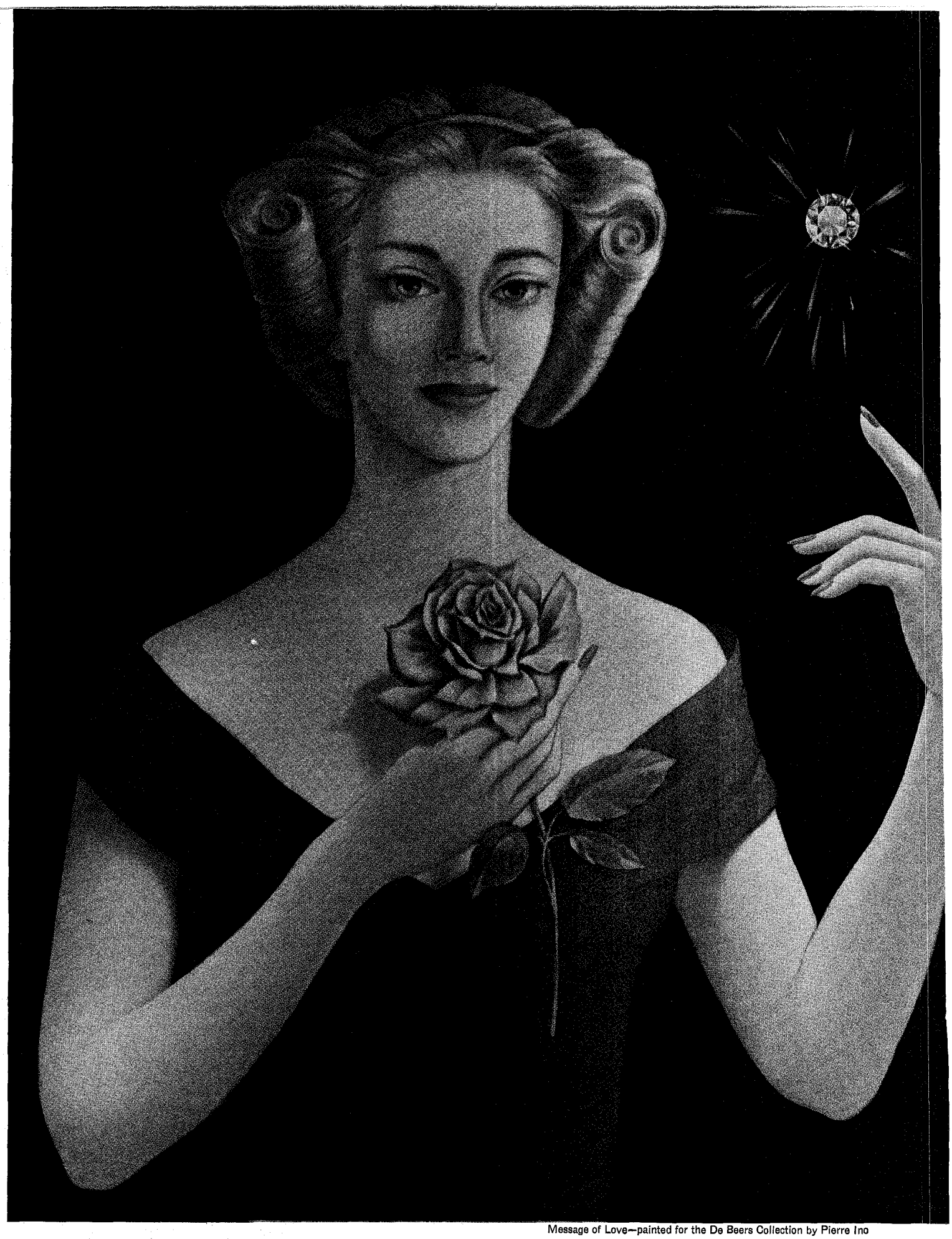


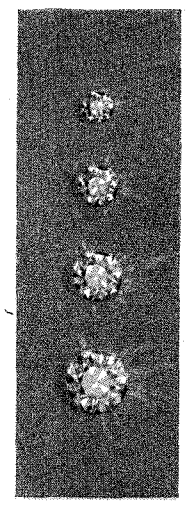
Message of Love—painted for the De Beers Collection by Pierre Ino

The miracle of love

A girl's joy, flowering like a rose, is radiant and full in the lovely miracle of love awakening. And for her a star, blazing bright as her dreams, will recall this moment always. Her engagement diamond, fair spark of eternity, reflects the light of her happiness in changeless splendor, and treasures its tender message of love until the end of time.

Remember, color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Extended payments can usually be arranged.

¼ carat (25 points) $90 to $200
½ carat (50 points) $225 to $450
1 carat (100 points) $570 to $1150
2 carats (200 points) $1365 to $3200



In April, 1956, jewelers throughout the country were asked for the prices of their top-grade engagement diamonds (unmounted) in the weights indicated. The result is a range of prices, varying according to the qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced. Add Federal tax. Exact weights shown are infrequent.

N. W. AYER & SON

a diamond is forever

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

The way for a loving husband and wife to resolve a conflict like this is to toss a coin; then, when they find they are on the wrong road, both can talk to the coin, which has a phlegmatic personality and won't care. Unhappily, one of these helpmates will prevail over the other; then, after the road proves wrong, conversation will be renewed, a total of two conflicts. Shouldn't that man do the steering and let his wife navigate, inasmuch as nobody can think clearly under a cap like that? Anyway, let us hope that after they've been lost a while longer, they will see the drollery of their predicament, and laugh, and savor its humor, but this is a forlorn hope. As those people aren't illustrator and Mrs. G. E. Hughes, what they are doing with G.E.H.'s suitcase is incomprehensible.

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Hard to believe but true. This beautiful

Sentinel

is only

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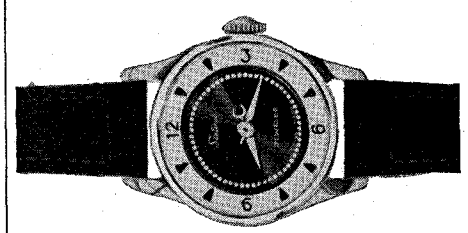

You really ought to see this dreamy Sentinel with its golden color case and golden color dial with your choice of a black or champagne center. A black suede strap sets it off and the watch is both shock-resistant and anti-magnetic. You'll agree it's a beauty that you'll want for yourself . . . or want to give as a gift.

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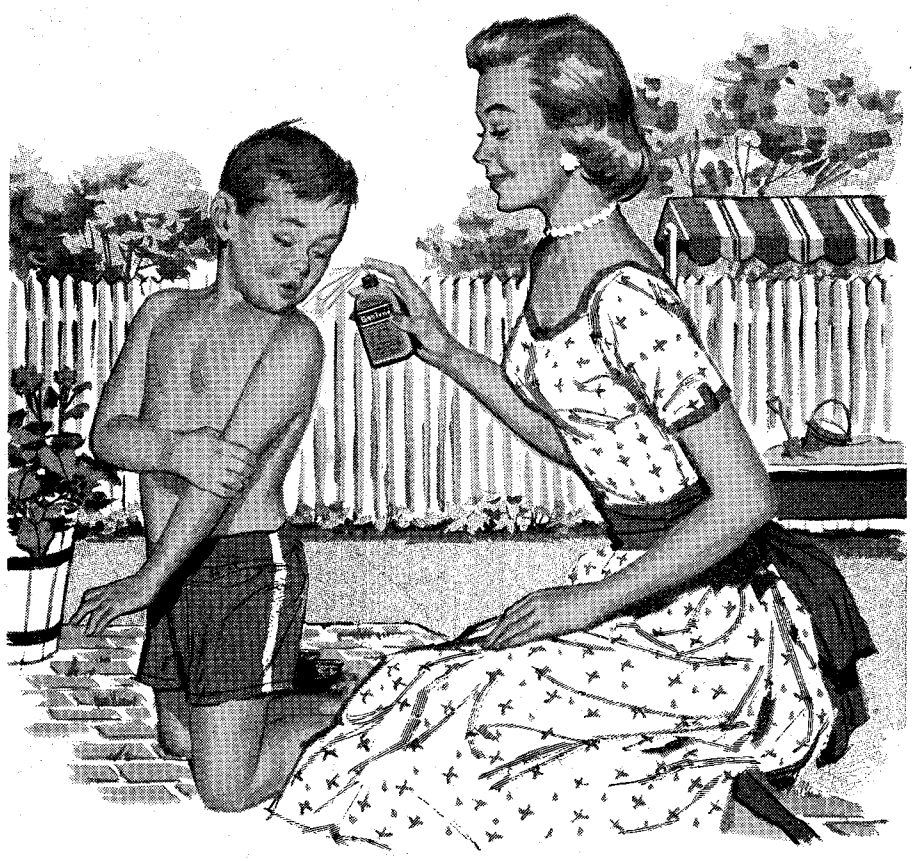
When a little son begins to burn...



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Soothes sunburn, relieves pain!
Soothing, cooling BACTINE doesn't *hurt* on little sunburned shoulders . . . It actually *relieves pain!* To take the "fire" out of sunburn, to guard against infection, keep BACTINE handy all summer long!

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Letters

Wedding Rehearsal

Dear Sirs:
As organist at El Montecito Presbyterian Church, where I see one hundred fifty weddings a year, I regard Earl Mayan's superb cover, June 2, as a masterpiece, authentic in every detail except

one—where is the most talkative member of most wedding rehearsals—the ubiquitous bride's mother?

HENRY T. POLK
Santa Barbara, California

● *She slipped out for a moment during the rehearsal, but she's seated, lower right, in the wedding picture.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:
My husband and I were reminded of our own wedding rehearsal of two years ago, when the bride and groom to-be wore blue jeans.

MRS. EUGENE KOENIG
Cranford, New Jersey

Dear Sirs:
It would be interesting to see how that contented-looking wedding party (who appear on your June 2 cover) reacts when the groom attempts to slip the ring on the gloved hand of his bride.

RAE ANN NIXON
Mound City, Missouri

Dear Sirs:
The congregation would be standing, not seated while witnessing such a ceremony.

MRS. HELEN T. MILLER
Talbott, Tennessee

Dear Sirs:
I cannot imagine such an informal rehearsal as depicted, in any Episcopal church.

MRS. JESSIE E. MYERS
Coleman, Texas

Dear Sirs:
The bride does not take an active part in the wedding rehearsal. She has a stand-in, who marches down the aisle with the groom, while the bride watches and advises.

MARTIN MORGAN
Galax, Virginia

Dear Sirs:
Young people never attend a wedding rehearsal in an Episcopal Church in that sort of dress. Even the girls have no hats on.

JOHN M. MACLEAN
West Orange, N.J.

Dear Sirs:
What has happened to the bri
bouquet?

MARCELLA CO
Amarillo, T

Dear Sirs:
Disgusting and irreverent.

MRS. CARL N. NETSC
Lancaster, Pennsylv

Dear Sirs:
I was both shocked and disgusted.

MRS. JULIA F. SE
Worcester, Massachu

● *The Very Rev. Albert Greanoff, whose church appears on the cover, admits to one complaint from his congregation of 2200, but insists, "It could have happened."—ED.*

On-the-Job Students

Dear Sirs:
WORK IS GOOD FOR KIDS, by Fr
Cameron, June 2, met with a high
gree of interest; here in Stroudsbur
school program similar to the one in y
article has been functioning for the
five years. I must agree with you
work experiences will go far to make
student a realistic one and not jus
passive lump taking up space in a for
academic atmosphere.

ROBERT H. HAV
Industrial Arts Instru
Stroud Union High Sc
Stroudsburg, Pennsylv

Dear Sirs:
I would like to advise that this ide
not experimental. Such a program
been in operation in Alabama since 1
and at present 110 units of Diversif
Occupations are operating in the lar
high schools throughout Alabama.

REX SULLIV
Dept. of Trade and Industrial Educa
University, Alaba

● *Santa Barbara's Work Education Program includes nonsalaried jobs; Alabama's program does not. In other details, the programs are similar.*
—ED.

Flood Control

Dear Sirs:
John Bird's story on modern scienti
flood control by watershed treatment
good [THEY TAMED THEIR FLOODS, M
26]. Nebraska does well, but Oklahon
does much better, having started earli
and worked harder, so it now has ov
500,000 acres under control. The Okl
homa projects, pro rata, are at least fo
times more effective than comparable
dam projects, and cost far less. They li
100-year floods. Many veteran studer
don't agree that big dams in the prai
plowlands are "also necessary," oth
reasons being:

1. The big dams inundate and destr
millions of acres of our best farmlanc
One is now devastating the beautif
Blue Valley of Kansas, at Tuttle Cree
2. They produce even greater va
dalism indefinitely upstream from rese
voirs, through backwater sedimentatio
3. They are atomic-bomb booby trap
poised over populous communities.
4. They fill rapidly with silt—avera
age 50 years in prairie plowlands.
5. The Army Engineers—chief bi
dam promoters—now openly fight t
watershed program.

At least a dozen other indictments r
peatedly (Continued on Page

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B.F.Goodrich Tubeless
—*because you're only as safe as your tires*

UNDERWATER PROOF: LIFE-SAVERS SEAL PUNCTURES NAIL IN OR OUT

th of these tires were punctured, then put into a tank of water. Nail was pulled m the regular tubeless. It leaked immediately, as the air bubbles show. Then l was pulled from the LIFE-SAVER Tubeless. No bubbles . . . no air loss!

What a spot for tire trouble! When you're hemmed in by heavy traffic, with no place to stop or turn off, do you realize how much you depend on your tires? They are your only link with the road, as the picture above demonstrates. You can't afford to have them fail. Because *you're only as safe as your tires.*

That's why you need the extra protection of B. F. Goodrich LIFE-SAVER Tubeless. A patented inner liner in LIFE-SAVERS changes bruise-blowouts to s-s-slowouts. Grip-block treads defy skids, give quicker stops. Unlike regular tubeless, LIFE-SAVERS seal punctures *permanently*, nail in or out. They are backed by 8 years of use and proof that only the Inventor of Tubeless, B. F. Goodrich, can offer.

For utmost safety, get Nylon-Plus LIFE-SAVERS

They give the added protection of nylon against bruising impacts.

Discover today how little it costs to get all the safety LIFE-SAVERS offer. See your B. F. Goodrich retailer for highest trades during the Vacation Tire Sale. Find him listed in the Yellow Pages under "Tires".

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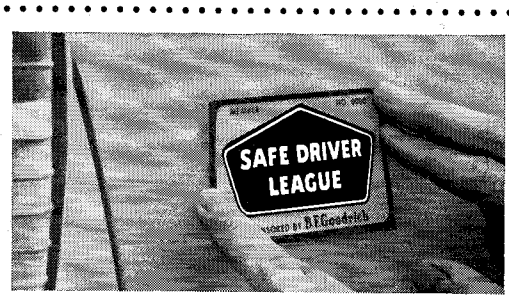

VACATION TIRE SALE NOW ON: Get highest trades while it lasts! Terms as low as $1.00 DOWN at most retailers

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You can't avoid stop-and-go driving

but you can avoid its penalties!

That's *you,* sitting in one of those cars! Start . . . stop! Start . . . stop! Your engine warms up and cools . . . warms up and cools! And *each time* the temperature drops, dangerous by-products develop. Unburned gasoline, water, acid, sludge, varnish! A mean collection of troublemakers!

Together they go to work . . . clogging oil lines, fouling valves and lifters, corroding metals, increasing wear and deterioration. Unless you take the proper action, that wonderful car of yours grows old before its time. That's why you need the *multiple protection* of Alemite CD-2.

CD-2 guards your car 6 ways! It is a combination of six different active ingredients: Rust inhibitor; acid neutralizer; sludge disperser; a water absorbent; lubricant aid; and varnish dissolvent. These six ingredients do a combination job for your motor that no single additive can match . . . regardless of the gas or oil you use.

Try one can of Alemite CD-2 and see the difference. Your engine comes to life again. Your car has new pep and quieter power. And you stop the ravages of stop-and-go driving!

Add CD-2 when you change oil. You'll *see* the "guck" you're getting rid of, next time you drain your crankcase! Try CD-2 today. Guaranteed to work! Your money back if you are not 100% satisfied.

CD-2 guarantees all this or your money back:

1. Dissolves and removes lacquer-like deposits which cause sticky valves, rings, and pistons.
2. Eliminates damaging rust and bearing corrosion caused by stop-and-go driving.
3. Banishes harmful crankcase sludge.
4. Gives oil extra wear-resistant quality—reduces friction!
5. Keeps new engines "new"—helps avoid costly repairs and overhauls.
6. Gives new pep and power, lasting protection from oil change to oil change.

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ALEMITE CD-2

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

There's nothing like it on the market!

A Product of STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

made against such big dams have been unanswered by the Army Engineers, who are otherwise highly loquacious.

ELMER T. PETERSON
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

● *Mr. Peterson is a contributor to the Post and author of Big Dam Foolishness, a book dealing with the problem of modern flood control and water storage.* —ED.

G.O.P. Pitchman

Dear Sirs:

I have read with interest Stewart Alsop's article in the May 26 Post in which he describes G.O.P. National Chairman Leonard Hall as BARNUM OF THE G.O.P.

According to Mr. Alsop's story, the G.O.P. plans to sell itself by means of TV "productions"—in other words it plans to entertain the voters and sway them by means of intricate showmanship. Straightforward statements of issues and policies, according to Mr. Hall, bore the American voter. If that is true, it's time for him to be jolted out of this lethargy. Certainly it is not right for a party to seek [the citizen's] vote and confidence by presenting him with a circus show and hoping to outdraw the opposition on the laugh-meter.

C. ERNEST ERBSEN
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

"Brownie" in the verses quoted is Rep. Clarence Brown, of Ohio. Some research would show how Brownie could not be Brownell.

MRS. DORIS BROWNELL
Rimrock, Arizona

The doggerel in question read:

After the vote was over,
After they learned the score,
Brownie and Carroll were asking,
What happened the night before.

They had the votes in the bag,
Victory in their grasp,
When Scott got 54 sure votes,
All they could do was gasp.

● *Mr. Alsop, who assumed "Brownie" referred to Herbert Brownell, admits his error, made with an assist from Leonard Hall.* —ED.

Free Farm Markets

Dear Sirs:

Referring to your very good editorial about the farm problem, IF THE FREE MARKET IS DESTROYED, FARMERS WILL BE WORSE OFF, June 2, it seems to me that the ultimate and logical solution is for the farmers to agree among themselves to reduce the supply of farm products. In that way a point would be reached at which the prices paid to the farmer would be sufficient to cover the cost of production plus a fair profit.

C. P. BARNETT,
Berea, C

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial stated that the Canad Wheat Board sets the selling price a amount of grain a farmer may raise. T statement is partially incorrect. T wheat board controls the price and s of our grain, but not the amount gro We may sow all we want of any grain

ALFRED DEAC
Fairview, Alb

Dear Sirs:

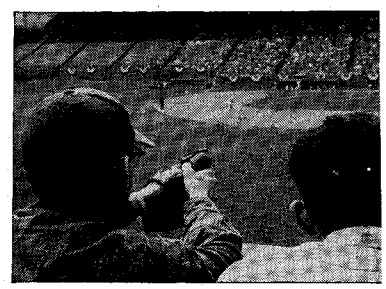
One great portion of the economy c not have a free market unless all have

F. L. CANN
Florala, Alaba

Bleachers Strategy

Dear Sirs:

W. F. Brown's cartoon, June 2nd, presses perfectly the thoughts of ma agers of Pacific Coast League ball clu as they watch long-hit balls sail into t short (305 feet from home plate) left-fi bleachers at Beaver Stadium in Portla



Oregon. Many of the bleacherites (attested by the enclosed photo) co equipped with ball gloves, thus becomi participants in the game as well spectators.

GENE GLO
Vancouver, Washingt

"You seldom see them play a man much deeper

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

17–John R. Wells. • 18–United Press, Aviation News, International, Jacob Lofman. 19–International, United Press, anonymous. • 20, 21–Lynn Buckham. • 22, 23–George Lazarnick. • 24–Ray Prohaska. • 25–Fred Lyon, Lucile Dandelet Gourley, Fred Lyon. 26–John Burns, U. S. Navy. • 27–Two by John Burns; George Connelly. • 28, 29–Austin Briggs. • 30–Ollie Atkins. • 31–George Hughes. • 32–U. S. Navy, two from Bettman Archive; Musée Historique, Versailles; Culver. • 33–James Lewicki, U. S. Navy, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Culver. • 34, 35–Robert Moore. • 36, 37–Larry Keighley. • 41–National Audubon Society (Halliday); three from National Audubon Society (Harrison). • 43–Hy Rubin. • 85–Gus Pasquarella. • 88–John R. Wells, four anonymous; Illinois State Bureau of Identification.

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He came to make a talk on

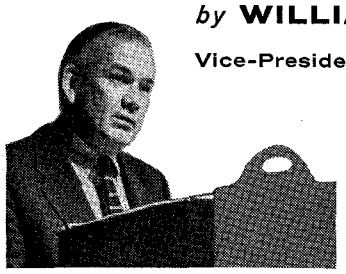
"good human relations in business"

...and stayed to see it at work

Wausau Story

by **WILLIAM G. CAPLES**

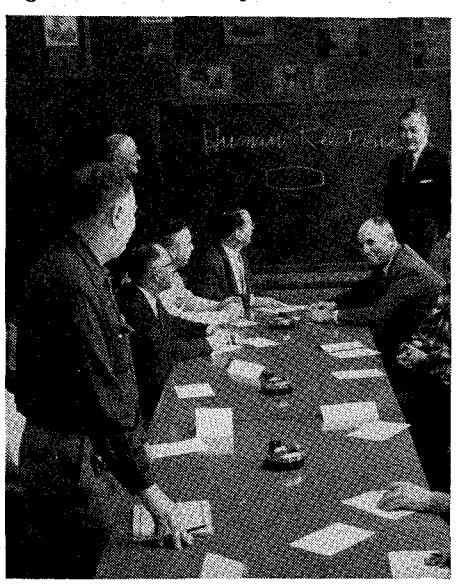
Vice-President, Inland Steel Company



"I came to Wausau at the invitation of the University of Wisconsin's Industrial Management Institute to give a talk on human relations in business. But I think I got more than I gave in my trip to this Wisconsin community.

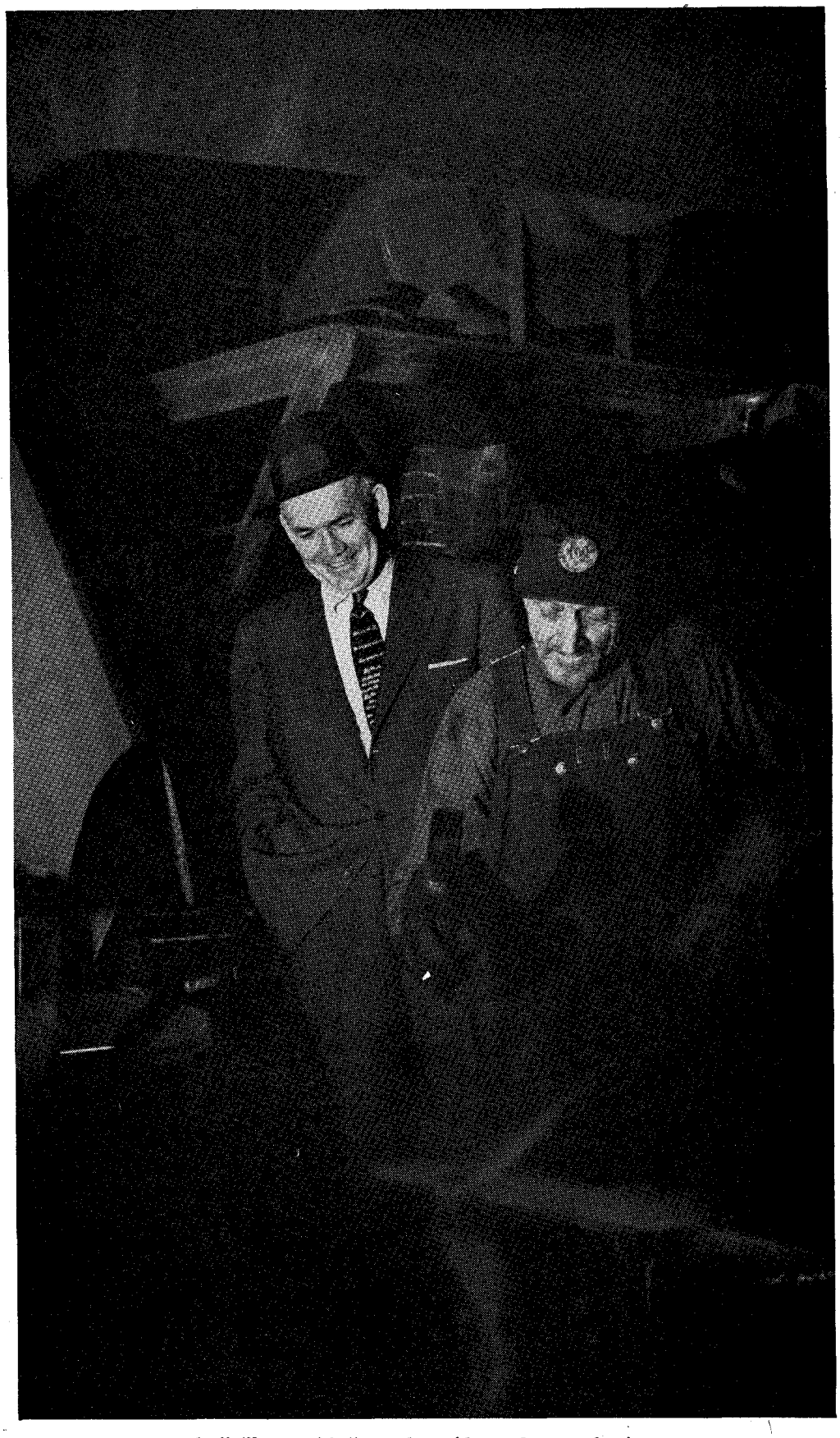
"Out at the Wausau Iron Works where general manager Arthur Keene showed me how they make snow plows, I stopped at a blazing forge to talk to Henry Wimmer. A 'village smithy' right out of Longfellow, he plies his trade amidst surroundings of a modern industrial plant. Hammer and anvil and the glowing iron to bend. Still important work—and it must be satisfying, for Henry has been a blacksmith 45 years. Raised *14 children*, too. Human relations in industry gets down to a man and his job and how he likes it.

"From what I saw, folks in Wausau like their work. They don't have to get away from home to be a success. They go about improving themselves on the job at hand. Over two thousand of them are taking courses offered by the Vocational School. I chatted with a group at the Mosinee Paper Mills who are studying human relations. It's not all theory with them. I could tell from a trip through the mill with general manager Norman Stone that they put it into daily practice. Later when I visited the home office of Employers Mutuals I learned that human relations is an important part of the accident prevention work they do with their policyholders. It helps lower workmen's compensation insurance costs.



... human relations not all theory

"People living and working in an environment that makes for good human relations—that's the Wausau Story I saw and felt."



... the "village smithy" stands amidst modern production scene

Employers Mutuals of Wausau are "good people to do business with"

We at Employers Mutuals were especially happy to have an expert in human relations like Mr. Caples visit our town. What he saw and commented upon so warmly has been our way of doing business ever since we wrote our first workmen's compensation insurance policy in 1911 for Mosinee Paper Mills. Safety rules are a list of do's and don't's. *But safety is also a man's attitude toward his job.* Our accident prevention program stresses that fact.

Yes, human relations are important in our Wausau way. That goes for *every* type of insurance we write—fire, liability, automobile as well as workmen's compensation. And it's just as true in your home city as it is in Wausau. *For there's a little bit of Wausau in all 90 cities where we have offices.* We'd like to do business with you and we think you'll like the Wausau way of doing business. Can we talk it over with you? Pick up a phone and call our nearest office, or write Employers Mutuals, Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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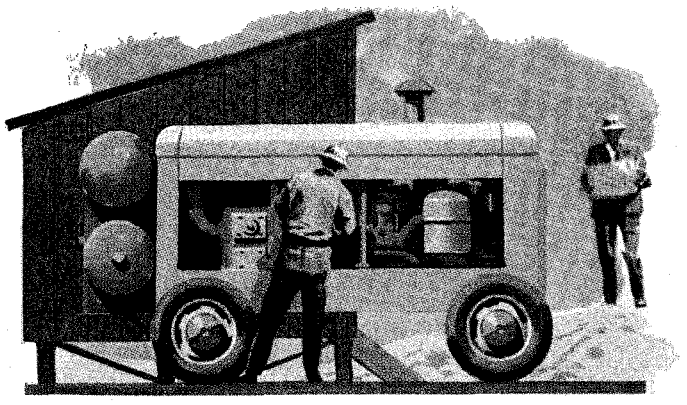
Angels Camp—
a lively link in the United Motors System

Born during the roaring days of the '49 gold rush, Angels Camp is named after one of the original prospectors of colorful Calaveras County, California.

Angels Camp is less boisterous now, but it still has hustle aplenty. The town's annual Jumping Frog Contest—immortalized by Mark Twain—is a rousing civic event and tourist attraction every May.

You may or may not find yourself motoring through Angels Camp this summer. But if you do, you'll find General Motors original equipment parts in this town of 1,147 population, just as in the largest cities—available through General Motors dealers and through the United Motors System.

For 40 years the United Motors System has been making sure that wherever you live or drive, you'll also find G. M. parts. And that's everywhere. So travel where you will, and feel confident that General Motors parts are already there—thanks to the nationwide United Motors System.



The United Motors System helps keep farm and off-the-road equipment rolling, too—with a ready supply of General Motors parts.

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UNITED MOTORS SYSTEM

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See your local listings for time and station.

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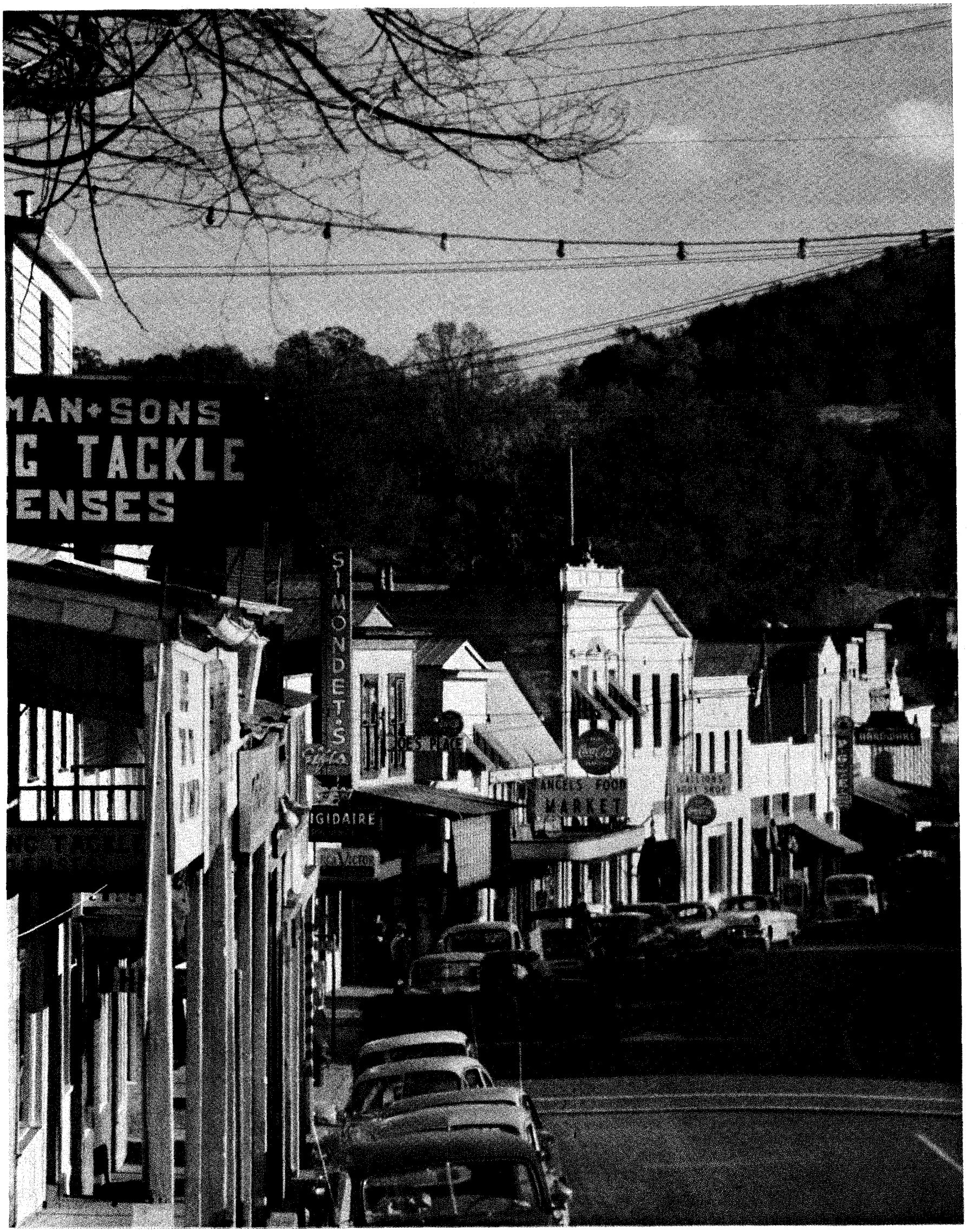

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Editorials

Need We Butter Up Russia's Red Overlords?

For many years now communists and fellow travelers have been telling us that in Russia resistance to the Red tyranny was confined to holdovers from the Czarist regime, people who no longer counted in the dynamic upsurge created by the revolution of 1917.

That alibi served its purpose for a good many years, but it hardly holds water any more. The sailors who refused to return to the Soviet Union, despite the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon them by goons disguised as Soviet diplomats, are young men. According to Eugene Lyons, writing in the news weekly Human Events, the average age of the inmates of the Soviet concentration camps is well below thirty. Indeed, the recently reported riots in Tiflis and other areas suggest that the rioters were "juvenile delinquents." Perhaps some of them were, but it is equally probable that young Russians who take the extreme risk of revolting against the Soviet dictatorship are motivated by something stronger than a taste for rock and roll.

It should be plain by this time that the humiliating downgrading of Stalin would not have been undertaken by his successors unless they felt themselves compelled to yield to popular sentiment against communist tyranny. If this is the case, the obvious move for Khrushchev and Bulganin would be to indicate a fictitious aversion to the crimes of Stalin. The reputation of Stalin would be a small sacrifice if it succeeded in softening people to the crime of communism itself.

What the heirs to Stalin need more than anything else is evidence of the approval of the free world. The free world seems determined to supply this highly desirable factor. Missions of industrialists, churchmen, military personages and educators parade to the Soviet Union, where many of them are promptly utilized by the Soviet propaganda machines to show the helots how high the Red dictatorship stands in Western cultural and religious circles. Unfortunately, it occurs to too few statesmen in the West that these exchanges of personnel do nothing for the people of the Soviet Union, but tend rather to fasten their chains more securely than ever.

If this country would insist upo having more say about which Russian to invite to the United States, some the highly touted purposes of thes missions might be achieved. But things are, we have to take the Krem lin's goons and MVD agents, while th Kremlin picks Americans whose visi might be expected to do Soviet pro aganda the most good. The most re cent mission of Russian clerics wa headed by Metropolitan Nikolai, wh accused us of dropping "infected in sects" in Korea and whose speech include this statement: "Capitali America, this fanatic prostitute the new Babylon, is trying to seduc the peoples by pushing them int war." Coexistence does have its em barrassments.

Many Americans have visited Russi and returned with realistic accounts what they saw. But on balance, Sovie propaganda has done pretty well.

Isn't it time to insist on real reciproc ity in the matter of these visits? Pres dent Eisenhower has already lai down conditions which must be me before our military brass will be per mitted to accept further invitations t visit Moscow. Similar caution migh well be exercised by religious, intellec tual and other nongovernmenta groups. After all, Americans can mak effective propaganda too.

Most People Behave the Way Mrs. Grundy Expects Them To

It is unfashionable nowadays to suggest that one possible explanation of the increase in divorce and upper-class drinking is the relaxation of former social condemnation of persons who departed from the then accepted standards of conduct. Most people who have a few years under their belts recall the days when a divorcee was considered to be pretty much beyond the pale, and a man or woman who insisted on getting drunk at the wrong places soon discovered that he or she wasn't being asked out as much as formerly. However, modern social scientists dispute this, and attribute such symptoms as marital infidelity and alcoholism to vague factors described as "pressures of modern life" or "a sense of insecurity."

It is almost a shock, therefore, to find one of the most eminent social scientists, Prof. A. H. Hobbs, of the University of Pennsylvania, contending, in his new book entitled The Vision and the Constant Star (The Long House), that the relaxation of accepted rules of behavior does have considerable influence on the actual behavior of individuals. "In earlier days," writes Professor Hobbs, "those who stanchly resisted temptation to temporize and who steadfastly eschewed cheaply won plaudits for good-fellowship were fortified in their inner resolve by strong social and religious pressures. Such strong and clear-cut social and religious pressures—firm social controls—have had their foundations sapped by pseudo-scientific theories and their substance leached from them by secular rationality." The result is, according to Professor Hobbs, that the average person hesitates to take a firm stand on anything for fear of being condemned or at least ridiculed as narrow-minded, bigoted or mid-Victorian.

Few would bring back the rigors of former days in many communities when conformity was too highly regarded as a virtue. Past social pressures were often cruel, but it is silly to deny that they affected behavior. And it would be a pity, in the interest of some fatuous objectivity, to attempt to get along with no ethical standards whatsoever.

The current leaders in the field of social science will probably reject Professor Hobbs' theory. He already stands condemned by many of them for having the temerity to introduce common sense into the mysteries of their trade, but there must be many laymen who have been hesitating to come up with ideas like these, and who will be grateful for their endorsement by at least one professor.

Puerto Rico Steps Up the Drive to Get New Industries

In May, Puerto Rico held what the boosters called Boot Strap Week to celebrate the opening of its 400th industrial plant. The fact that industry has made such strides in Puerto Rico will come as a surprise to many Americans, who had supposed that Puerto Rico produced mainly sugar, rum and Puerto Ricans. Puerto Rico is still a poor country, but the figures for 1955 give the net income from manufacturing as $151,500,000, which is fairly close to the $159,500,000 derived from farming. At the same time, incomes from wages and profits have risen enormously, enabling the island to increase its educational and social-service activities.

Of course, this has not all happened automatically. Under Gov. Luis Muñoz Marin, new industrie have been encouraged by a lenien tax policy and other inducements t locate in Puerto Rico, although th mere transfer of existing American plants to Puerto Rico is discouraged Similarly, the United States Federa income tax is not levied on th Puerto Rican income of citizens o corporations.

According to the official publica tion of the commonwealth, "by 195 it could be said that living standard were higher in Puerto Rico than elsewhere in the Caribbean and higher than in any part of Latin America except Argentina and Venezuela. But, even so, per capita personal income was still about hal that of Mississippi."

Leading Puerto Ricans believe that a balanced economy, created by the introduction of industries capable of employing the people in other lines than farming, will raise the standard of living. In this, o course, the policy of Puerto Ric differs little from other so-called "underdeveloped areas," and one naturally wonders what will happen when the whole world is bustling to produce the same things. Nevertheless, that crisis seems reasonably far in the future, and all Americans will join in wishing good luck to their newest commonwealth.

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Here are five hearty dishes fairly singing with flavor—in the true Italian tradition! In mere minutes—right at home—you can enjoy the zestful kind of foods that make feasting a highlight of colorful festivals from Venice to Sicily. Easy—when you let Chef Boy-Ar-Dee do the cooking!

Secret of this authentic goodness is Chef's grand old Italian recipes—and his very special way with sauces. You'll find it hard to decide which dish is most delicious!

Plan your own festive Italian dinner soon. Your grocer is featuring Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Italian foods now. When you serve your favorite Chef foods, add a summer green salad, fruit and coffee—celebrating is easy!

Spaghetti and Meat Balls
Tender spaghetti in Chef's special tomato sauce, plus juicy pure beef meat balls . . . ready to heat and serve.

Ravioli
Famous Italian delicacy—tender little macaroni pies filled with pure beef, smothered in a rich, tangy tomato sauce.

Spaghetti Dinners
Fine-strand Italian spaghetti ready to cook, slow-simmered tomato sauce with meat or mushrooms plus a can of grated cheese—all in one box.

Sauces
With Meat or with Mushrooms. Add new zip to chicken, spaghetti, rice, *any* dish by pouring on Chef Sauce, made with choice tomatoes seasoned to Italian perfection.

Pizza Pie Mix
Now—you get all the makings in one handy box—flour and yeast for tender crust, Chef's special, tangy pizza sauce and grated Italian-style cheese.

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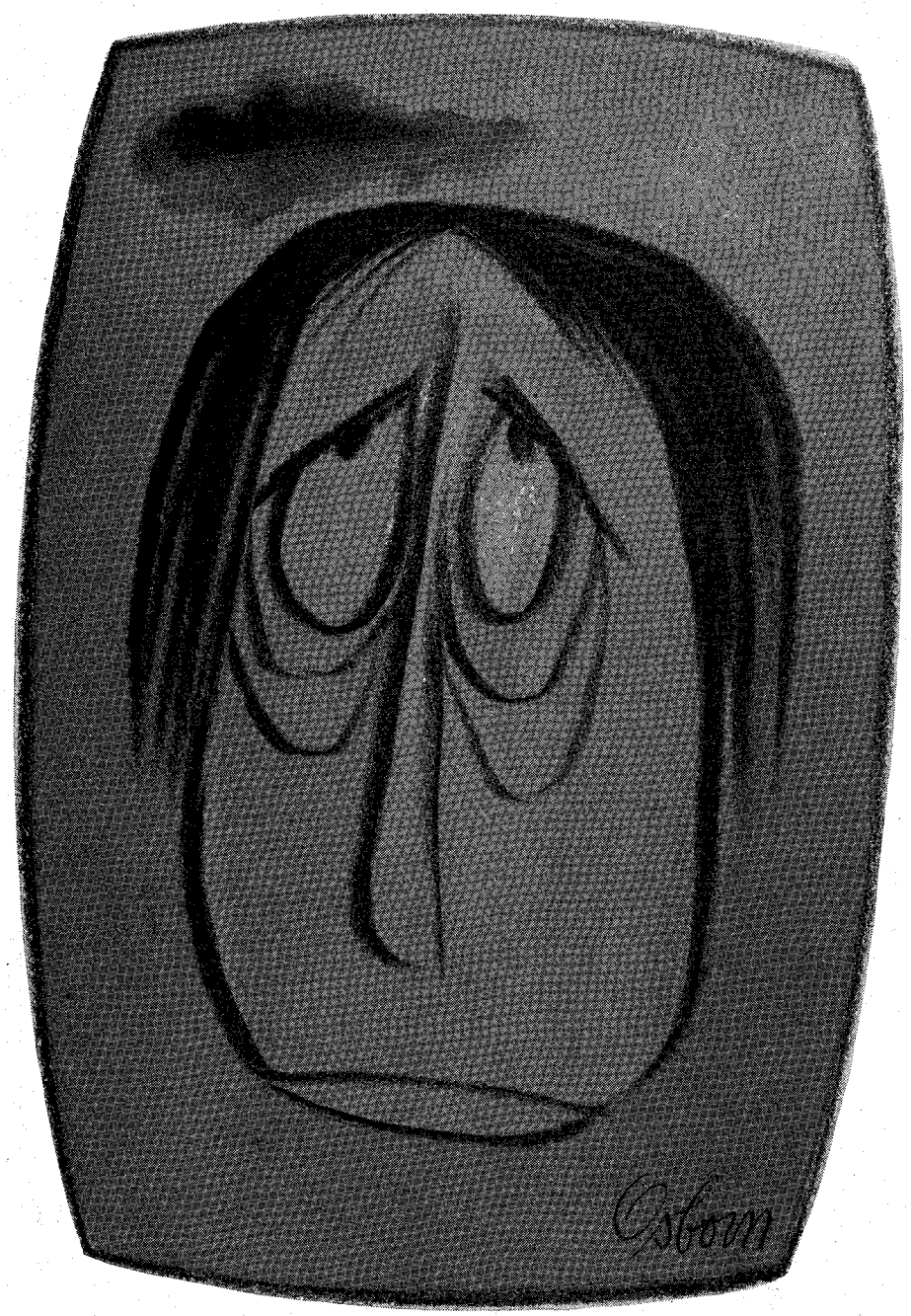


How do you feel about appliance service?

Do you scowl at the thought of the troubles you've had?

The search for *any* type of service . . . the long wait . . . the poor job . . . the high price you paid? Many women have unpleasant memories such as these.

Or do you smile at the thought of fast and friendly General Electric Service?

Remember how all you had to do was telephone —and how quickly an authorized G-E Service Technician appeared? And the job he did! Just like magic—and at a reasonable cost. You can well afford to smile at pleasant memories like that!

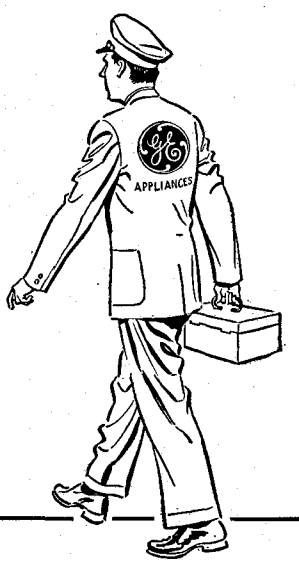
Millions of women do. They know they can rely on their *dependable* G-E major appliances and trust their friendly General Electric Service.

You see, every General Electric Service Technician is fully trained. He knows every one of your major appliances from top to bottom . . . whether it's freezer, range, refrigerator or room air conditioner. His courteous skills are always as close as your phone.

You'll be mighty happy with such an expert at your constant beck and call. Look in the classified directory for the name and address of your local authorized General Electric Service Technician.

General Electric Company, Product Service, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

G-E Major Appliance Service is friendly, swift, nearby



Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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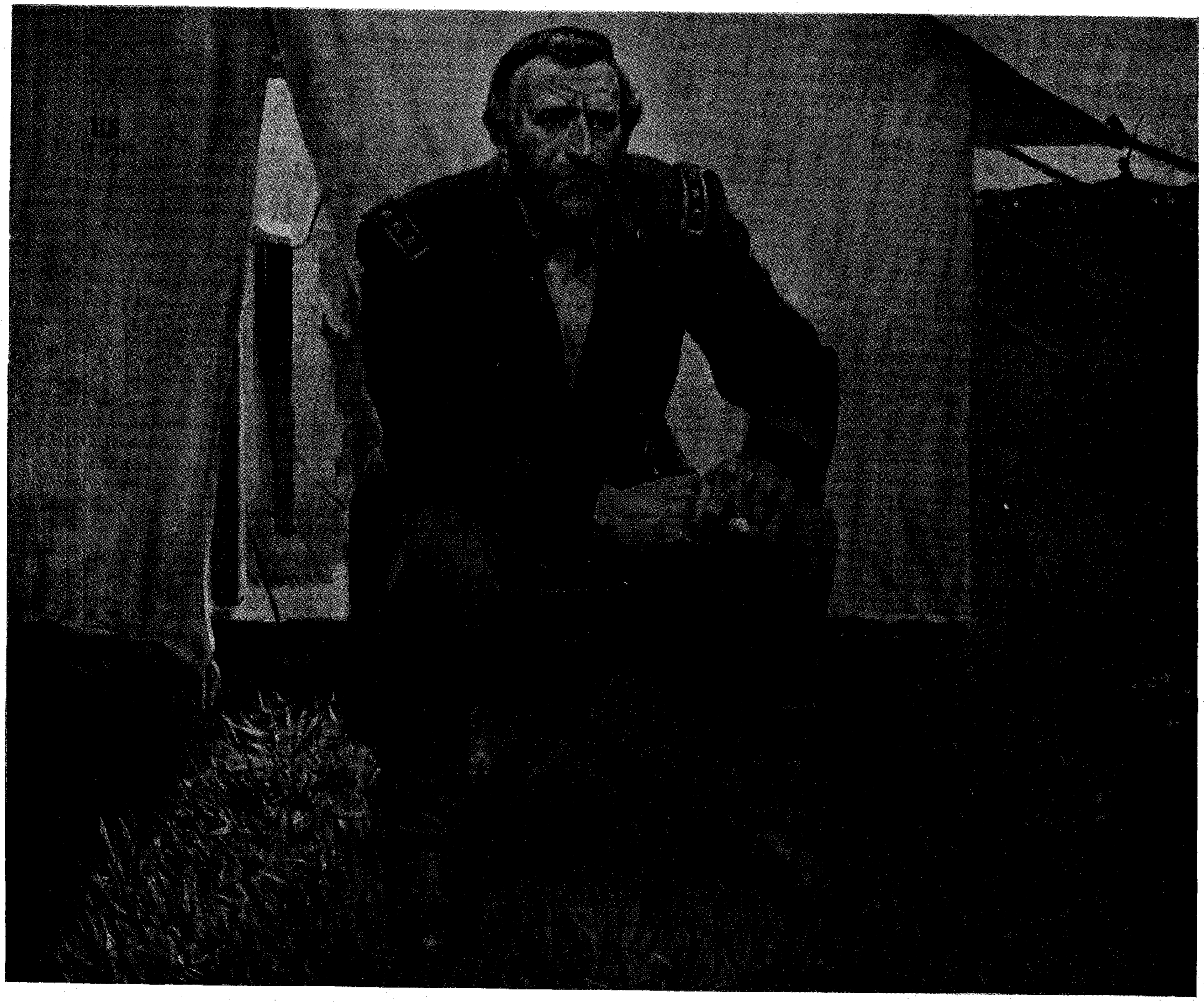

He showed us the glory of quiet courage...

In 1860 history was about to tap Ulysses Grant for a mighty big job.

He didn't seem to be the right man at all. He'd never had much luck with jobs, though he had tried half a dozen.

The important thing was this: he never gave up and he never whined.

Grant's whole early life trained him in the tough business of hanging on when all seemed black and hopeless. He passed his course in the school of hard knocks. *Grant could take it.*

It was odd that he had ever become a professional soldier in the first place. He never liked army life. To his quiet, sensitive nature, war was an abomination.

Yet when war came, he went back into the service. Nobody paid much attention to him until he took Fort Donelson, with the whole garrison. Then suddenly he was famous. The public, weary of generals who fell back and made excuses, hung upon his every word.

Thus the character molded under the buffets of earlier years revealed itself. In the red moment of sudden danger, when other men panicked, Grant was cooler than ever. The more desperate and confused the situation, the keener his concentrated energy.

At such times he thought fast, straight and clear. And he fought. Above all, said Lincoln, he *fought*.

Grant didn't hold much with textbook tactics. He applied common sense to the mechanics of war. Too many generals, he said, were always wondering what Napoleon would do.

After Appomattox they sent him to the White House. He had his troubles, both there and afterwards. But he met them all without flinching or side-stepping.

When cancer put a term to his life, he was nearly penniless. In order to provide for his family and despite almost constant suffering, he wrote his memoirs, racing death to the last word.

In this as in all things, Grant never admitted defeat. And at last he won, most gloriously. This is the human story behind the white tomb on New York's Riverside Drive. It is a story which should hearten and inspire every American when the way is hard and the night is long.

John Hancock

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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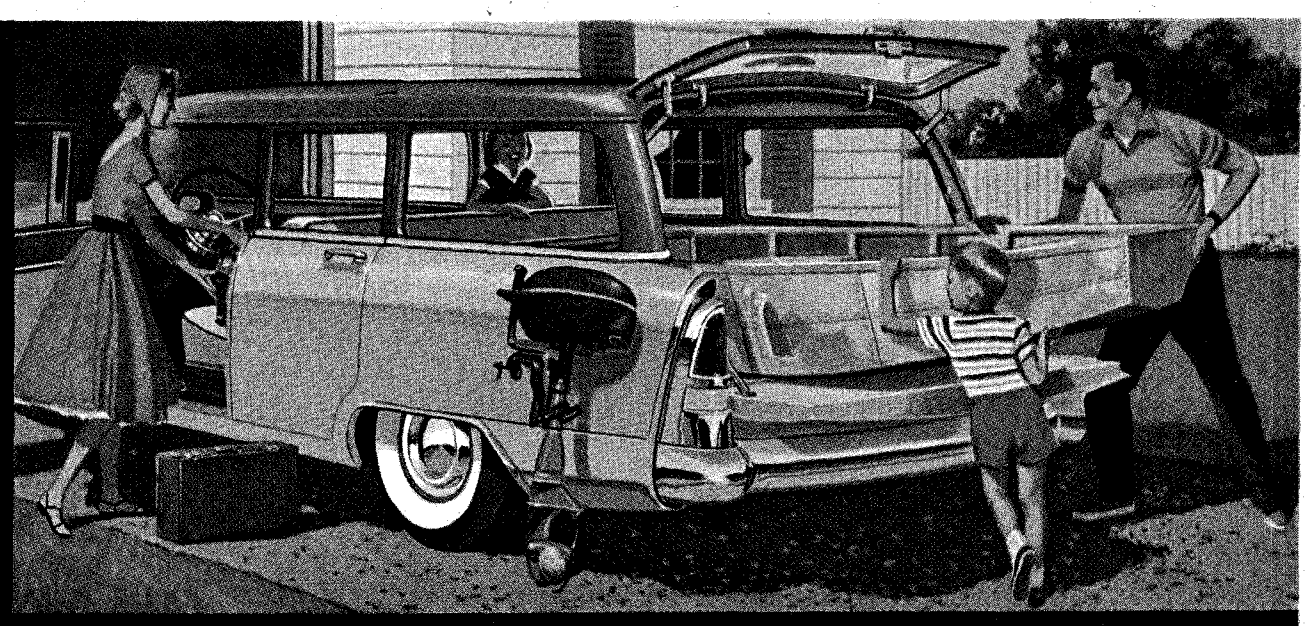

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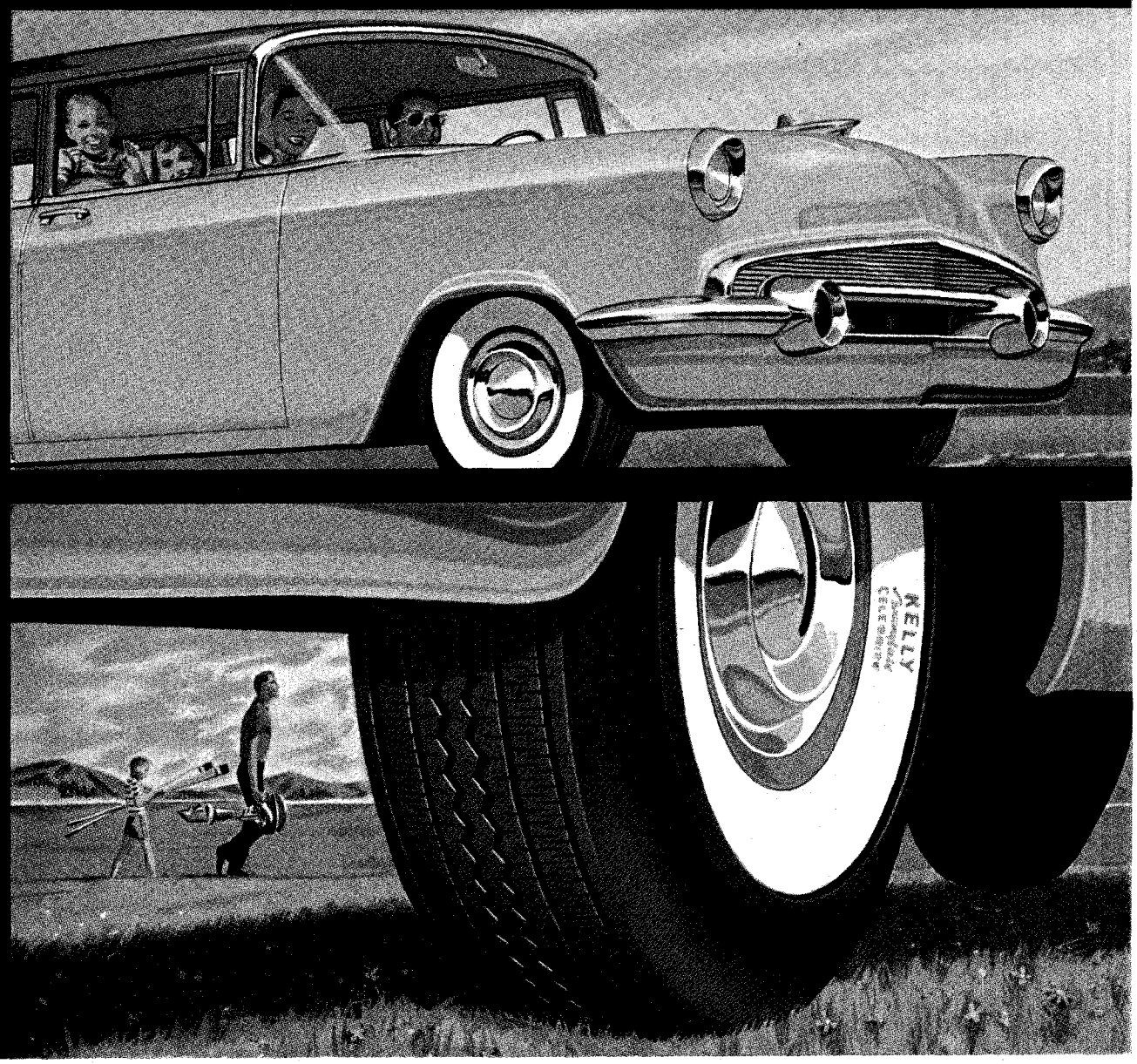

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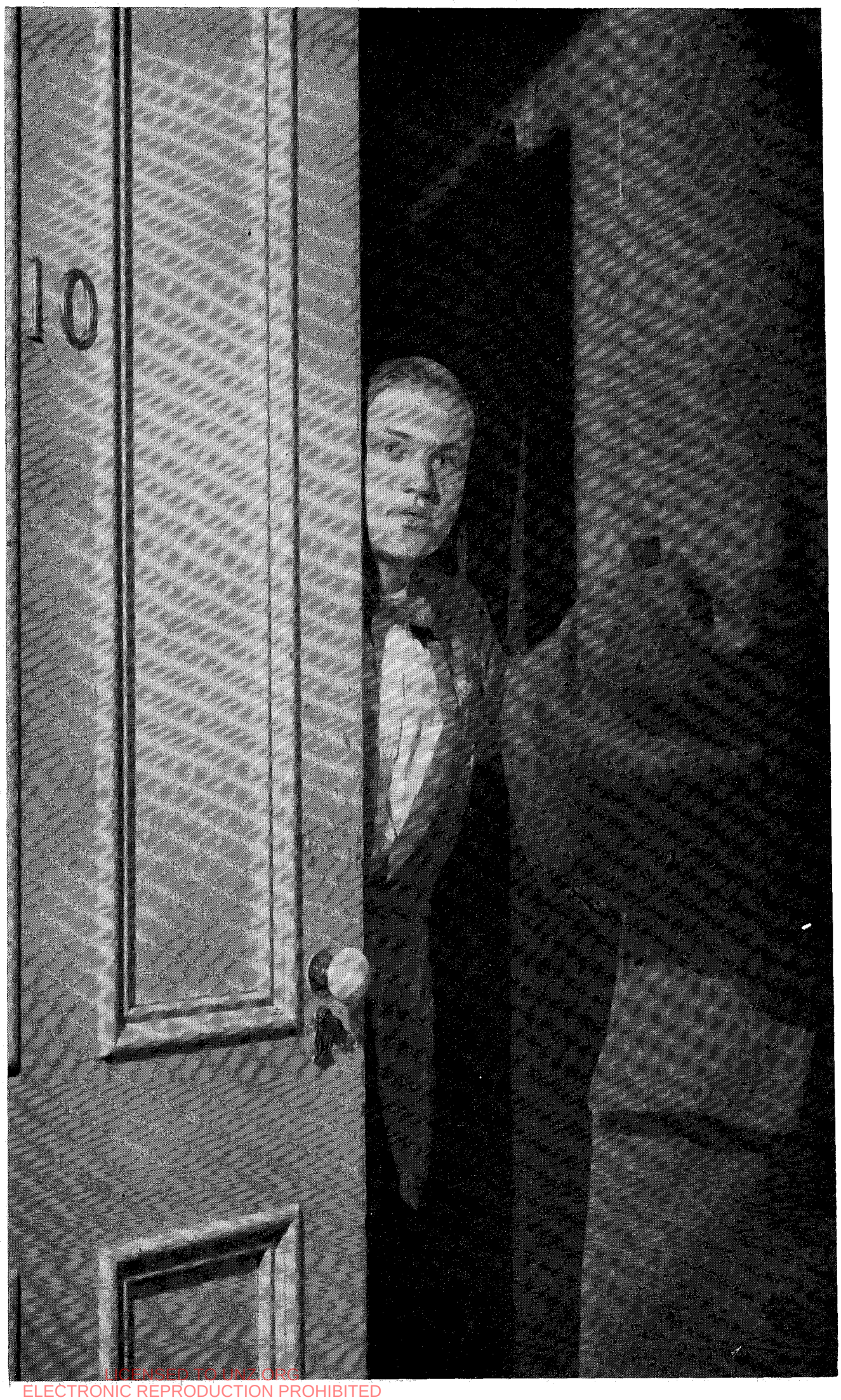
The Saturday Evening

FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

Would you believe that five men could be kidnaped by communist thugs in the middle of New York City? An intended victim tells how he escaped his shipmates' fate and why he waits for a second attempt.

RED KIDNAPERS ARE AFTER ME

By Viktor Solovyev,
as told to Ellsworth Raymond



Since the abduction of his friends three months ago, the author, a Russian seaman, lives in fear. "I wish I could carry a gun to protect myself," he says.

Only a miracle saved me from being kidnaped by Soviet police on last April fifth and sixth in the heart of New York City. During those two terrible days, five Russian refugee sailors were shanghaied into the Soviet Mission to the United Nations and then flown from New York to Moscow. I was their shipmate and I was on the purge list too. MVD agents even visited and threatened me in my Manhattan hotel. I escaped them only by leaving the city.

In October, 1955, the five kidnap victims, three other shipmates and I arrived safely in America. We all expected a happy future, at last completely free from fear. Instead, we were hunted and tormented by communist agents here in America from the time we arrived.

Some naïve people believe the Soviet propaganda tale that my five shipmates returned to Russia "voluntarily." This is sheer nonsense. All five were my good friends, and I know they hated communist slavery. Does a willing traveler to Moscow forget to take his suitcase, clothes, pictures, phonograph records, camera, and even his pocketbook? Each of the five left these personal possessions behind.

Today, I live in fear. Sooner or later, the MVD will try to kidnap me again. Pravda has already threatened that I will "joyously" return to Russia at the "first opportunity." I

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Of the nine Russian shipmates, only these four (the author is in foreground) evaded capture.

April 7: Red guards, and girls from the Soviet Mission to the U.N., escort the kidnap victims to a plane at Idlewild airport. A day earlier, the sailors had vowed, "We won't go back! We don't want to die in prison!"

Landlord Wassillii Kowalew and his wife show a torn, bloody shirt they found in the Paterson, N. J., house where two of the victims lived.

Immigration inspector Wilfred Olson was on duty alone when the victims were herded onto the plane. Each man carried a brand-new "diplomatic" passport. None had luggage.

wish I could get a permit to carry a gun to protect myself from this "opportunity."

From MVD attempts to seize me, one might believe I was some high official in the U.S.S.R. Actually, I was just an able-bodied seaman. I was born twenty years ago in the village of Vednoe, in the Kalinin region northwest of Moscow. My parents were poor peasants. Working hard on our "average" collective farm, my whole family earned less than $400 per year. But poverty alone didn't drive me to sea. As long as I can remember, everywhere on the collective farm there was fear. We were terrified of the police, our communist overseer, and especially the state grain collector, who took our bread, leaving us each winter with little more than potatoes to eat.

In grammar school I read Russian translations of American books. Jack London's The Sea Wolf fascinated me. From his exciting words, life at sea seemed truly free. I dreamed of becoming a Soviet sailor and enjoying this freedom too. Friends helped me enter the merchant-marine school at Nikolayev, on the Black Sea. After two years of study, I was assigned to a Soviet tanker sailing between Soviet ports on the Black Sea. In 1954 I was transferred to the large tanker Tuapse, which cruised to foreign lands.

As a Soviet sailor, I was well paid. In two months at sea I earned as much as my entire family in a whole year on the collective farm. Black marketing gave me extra income. Clothes are scarce in Russia and foreign goods fetch fantastic prices. I bought a suit in Gibraltar for twenty dollars and sold it in the U.S.S.R. for $500 worth of rubles. On shipboard, such trading was considered quite the thing. The whole crew played the black market. So did the captain and the political commissar.

At sea, life on the comfortable, Danish-built Tuapse was not so bad—though not like Jack London. But the moment we moored in a foreign port our ship became a floating prison. We were not allowed to go ashore, except in groups of three or four. No sailor could talk to a foreigner without arousing suspicion. We could not even take a drink at a bar. At sundown all hands had to be back on ship. What's the good of being a sailor if you can't have fun in port?

In June, 1954, the Tuapse was off Formosa, carrying aviation gasoline from communist Rumania to communist China. Early one morning, two Chinese Nationalist gunboats stopped us. Both the Tuapse and her crew were taken to Formosa and interned.

I am still amused by the Soviet-press description of this peaceful incident. The Russian newspapers reported that the Tuapse was shelled and that the crew was robbed, beaten, dragged off the ship by boat hooks and marched naked through city streets to a Kuomintang prison. In fact, neither the Tuapse nor its men were harmed. Far from

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being robbed, hooked or imprisoned, we sailors lived like kings in Formosa hotels. Do you wonder that I doubted Soviet promises of forgiveness when they were trying to lure me back to Russia?

Formosa kept the tanker, but permitted the crew to take passage to the Soviet. Twenty-nine of the Tuapse sailors and officers decided to go home. Most of them were middle-aged married men who feared for the safety of their families in Russia.

Before leaving, one told me, "If I were young, I'd stay and start a new life. But I'm old—so what's the use?"

Twenty others from the Tuapse crew, including myself, refused Russian repatriation. On Formosa, at last we had found freedom. The Chinese Nationalists treated our refugee group very kindly. But a good many of us wished to come to America. Finally, in October, 1955, nine of us arrived in New York City.

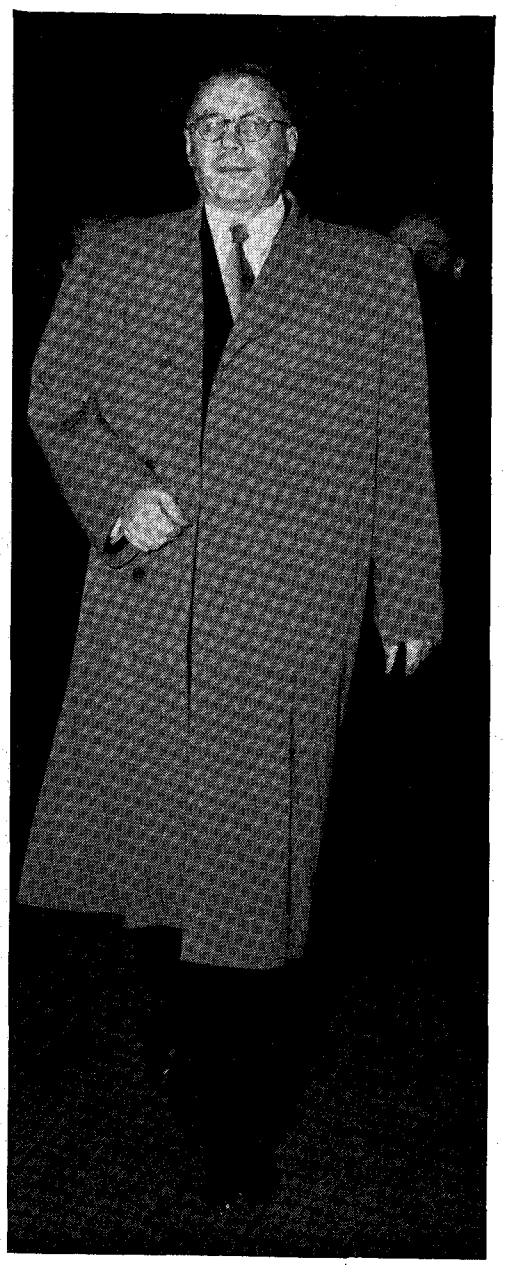
Not once in Formosa were Tuapse sailors molested by communist agents. But after one week in America, two of our group were approached in an uptown Manhattan subway station by an elderly, gray-haired stranger. It was one o'clock in the morning.

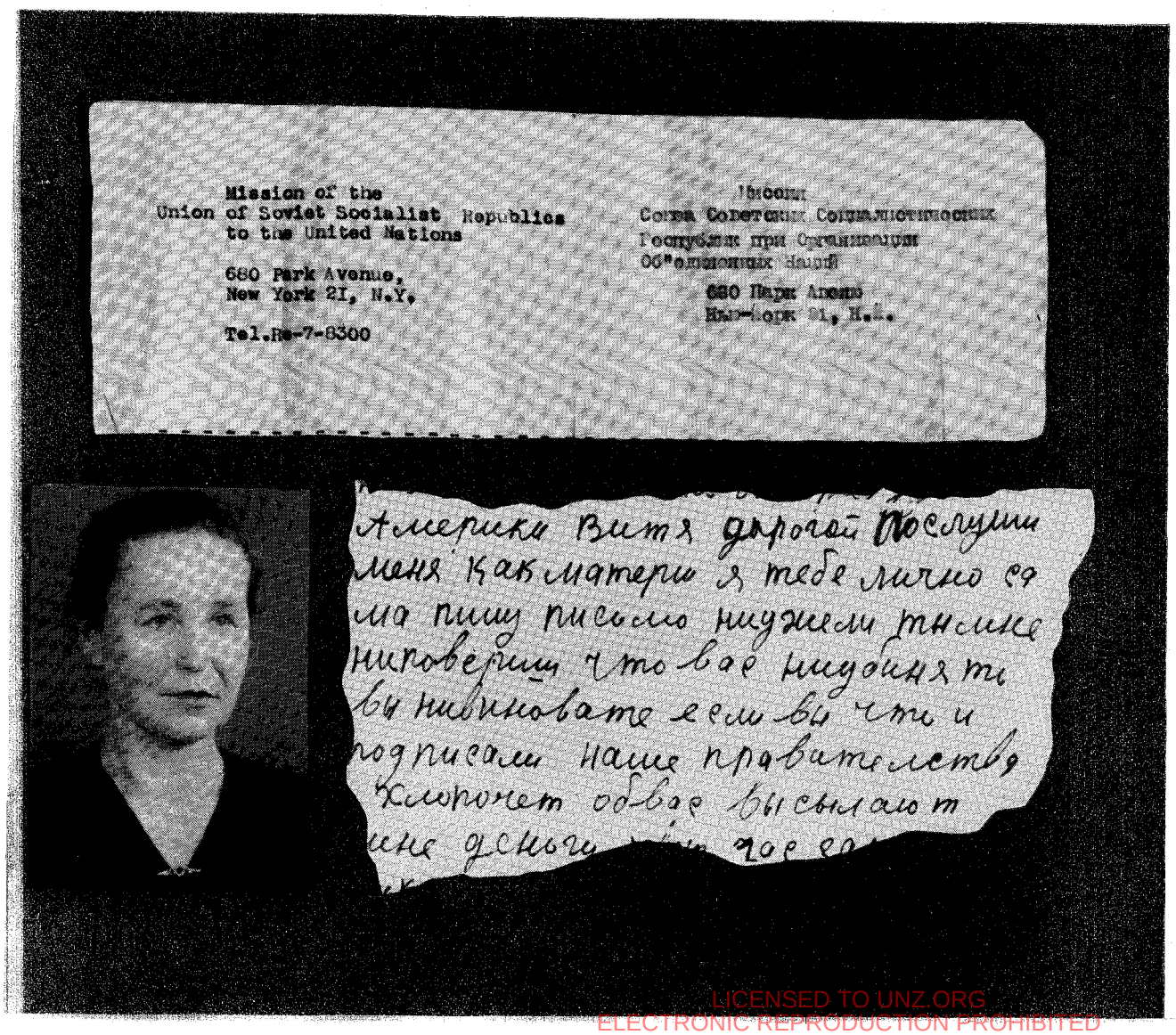
Speaking perfect Russian, he said, "I have lived here forty years. American life is strange for Russians and very bad for workers. Your families in Russia are waiting for you. Soon you will try to go home." My friends wished to rid themselves of this unwelcome stranger, but he boarded the subway train with them. All the way to Times Square he preached the same propaganda. Finally he left, grimly predicting, "You will perish here."

Two days later, the same two boys were on Lexington Avenue in upper Manhattan at midnight, coming (Continued on Page 50)

April 27: Soviet Ambassador Georgi Zaroubin has no words for newsmen after failing to convince the four remaining refugees that they should return to Russia.

Arkady Sobolev, Soviet Ambassador to the U.N. As a result of the kidnaping, two of his underlings were ordered out of the U.S. for abusing their diplomatic privileges.





Before the Red agents started getting tough, slips of paper like the one at left were occasionally handed to the author by strangers on the street. "With such crude devices," says Solovyev, "the Soviet police tried to lure us back to Russia."

A photo of the author's mother and a letter believed to have been dictated by communist officials were delivered to the author by Russian officials. This portion reads: ". . . America. Vik, dear, listen to me as your mother. I personally, myself, am writing this letter to you. Can't you believe me that you are not accused, and that you are not guilty if you signed something? Our government is busying itself about you. They send me money, your part . . ."

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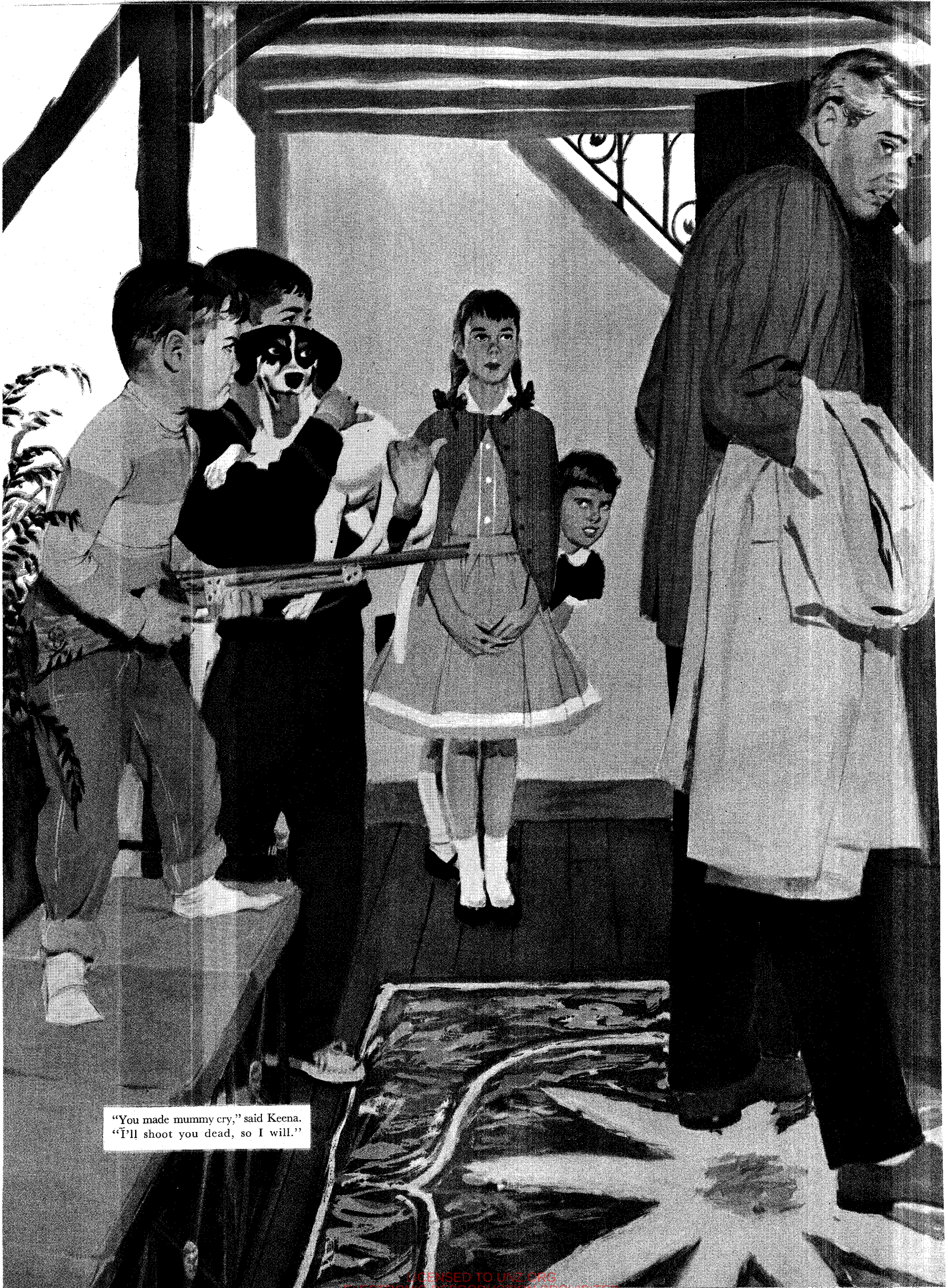

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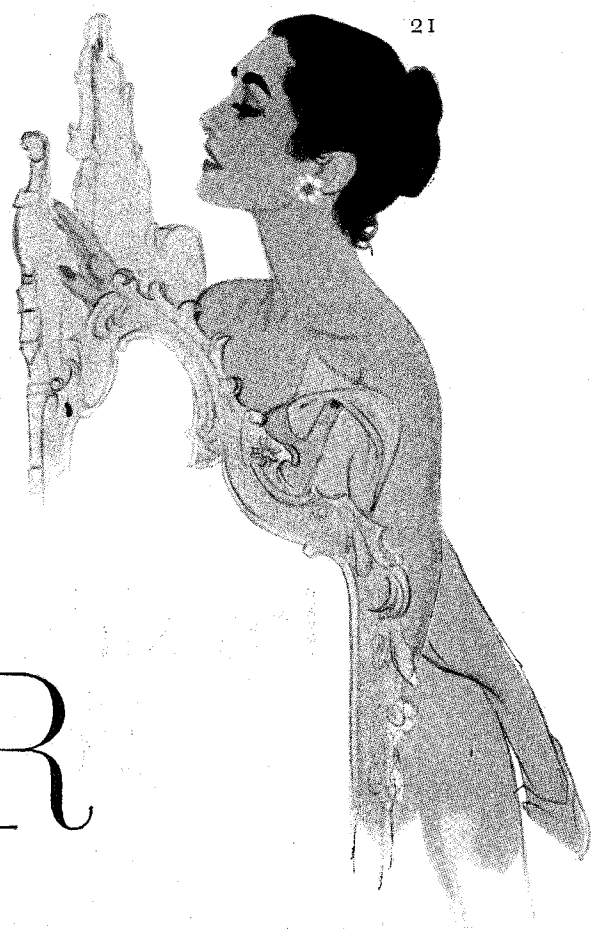
Roger was going to steal five kids from their mother.

It was all part of his job.

THE HOME WRECKER

By GRACE AMUNDSON

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham



"What's all this hanky-panky about the board of education?" she asked.

Though a bachelor, Roger Hession was slightly human. As a lawyer, he had no way of knowing it. At the great, encrusted gates, several miles in the country, he idled his car. Through the October dusk and the sprawling radiance of Virginia creeper, he made out the gloomy lettering: DRUIDSTONE. A good half mile away, above the soft antlers of catalpa lining the drive, the great house sat like a Persian lantern. Spotted modestly at various distances were lesser lights. Slave quarters, he thought ironically. It was one of those, Krippner had written; a dairy house of fieldstone, remodeled in some ultra conceit. All of it too imposing for his blood. Krippner had been honest enough.

. . . I rarely ask a favor of a colleague, Hession, but this is a dessert fee. I'd hate to pass it up. But I'm a family man, as you know, and this is life among the butterflies. The hell of the law is you're so busy looking backward you never have the chance to look forward to anything. I can't come that distance and play around indefinitely. It requires someone on the spot, who can carry on as usual and pounce when the evidence is ripe. You're the only relentless bachelor I know—not apt to be flattered by an environment of silk and honey. Not that I'm sold on our clients, the Iveses, at this end. Last year it was meaningful religion they couldn't live without. This year it's children. Five at a blow they must have. That's a lot of children at one clip, Hession. But apparently the youngsters would be better off at that. The Iveses are distant relatives of the late father, P. A. Goddard. At least there'd be two inspired parents here as against one indifferent mother there. They tell me that's important. As a father I wouldn't know. At any rate, prove the gross negligence of Mrs. Goddard as parent and we'll split the melon. None of this should be difficult from what I hear. Your job is to find the Achilles' heel. On second thought, does a woman have an Achilles' heel or merely marry one? I leave it to you. All the usual and expenses, of course. . . .

Hession wheeled the car through the gates and explored the lesser loops of driveway. The first dead end led to a renovated gardener's cottage with an iron Moor grinning toothily at the entrance and a foreign sports car nested at the curb. He turned around. At intervals he caught the distinguished shadow of horses grazing in the fields. Mists drifted from the hollows. The tobacco of autumn hung a fragrance on the air. It was no night to murder a family.

An eighth of a mile or so behind the transformed greenhouse he came on the remodeled dairy, its grounds littered with tricycles, bicycles, a dismantled airplane motor and a tunnel of old tires. From the limb of a tired oak, a battered tree house hung like a loose necklace.

He parked the car, barked his ankle on a blowtorch and picked his way across the lawn. As he touched the bell button, a truck horn bellowed through the house. Immediately the place sprang alive. Lights flashed forth and he found himself staring at a pack of young heads.

He addressed the eldest, a girl. "Is this the Goddard residence?"

"Percy Ashton Goddard?" she inquired.

"Mrs. Percy Ashton Goddard," he corrected.

"Percy Ashton Goddard is deceased," said the girl, "but the residence is still in his name. If our mother were divorced, it would be the residence of Mrs. Gowdey Goddard. But she's a widow. Some people call her Mrs. Magil Goddard."

"I understand." He felt acutely the gaze of five pairs of raisin-colored eyes.

"I doubt it," said the oldest boy, his thumbs in his belt. "But go on."

"I'm calling to see Mrs. Goddard."

"If you're a bill collector," said the lad, "we'd like to pay our bills all at once. But there are primary and secondary bills. If you're a secondary-bill collector, it's after hours and not cricket. Come back next week."

"When we'll pretend we're asleep and not hear you. And we wouldn't be lying if we said we didn't," piped up a young fellow somewhere in the vicinity of six years.

"I've come on a different matter," said Hession.

"Oh," said the older girl with infinite weariness. "It's about us then." She made an inlet for him. "Mother's at the big house for cocktails. She'll be home with supper soon."

He hesitated, then walked through the cluster of children into the well of the living room and sat down on a rattan chair which creaked beneath him. A triangular hole stared from the middle of the fiber rug. The tubes of the radio stood nude.

The children surrounded him in a crescent of inquiry.

"My name is Hession," he said.

"I'm Cornelia," said the older girl, flinging heavy braids over her shoulders and glancing down the line of her brothers and sister. "This is Chadwick. He's next oldest to me. That's Jonathan; he's nine. Then there's Collis. She's seven next month. And last you have Keena. But he's only six."

"I'm glad to know you all," said Hession.

"Did you get your name from a Hessian fly?" asked Jonathan.

"I hardly think so."

"A Hessian is a paid soldier," said Chadwick.

"That's me," muttered Hession vaguely. "Mercenary."

"May we get you a glass of water?" asked Cornelia. "We can pretend it's Scotch."

"You can have supper with us when mother brings it," suggested Collis.

"All the leftover canapés," explained Cornelia.

"I just love sturgeon caviar with eggs, don't you?" asked Keena, rubbing his stomach with gustatory anticipation.

"If they're the Kidders' canapés," said Chadwick sourly, "you have to pick the capers off."

(Continued on Page 52)

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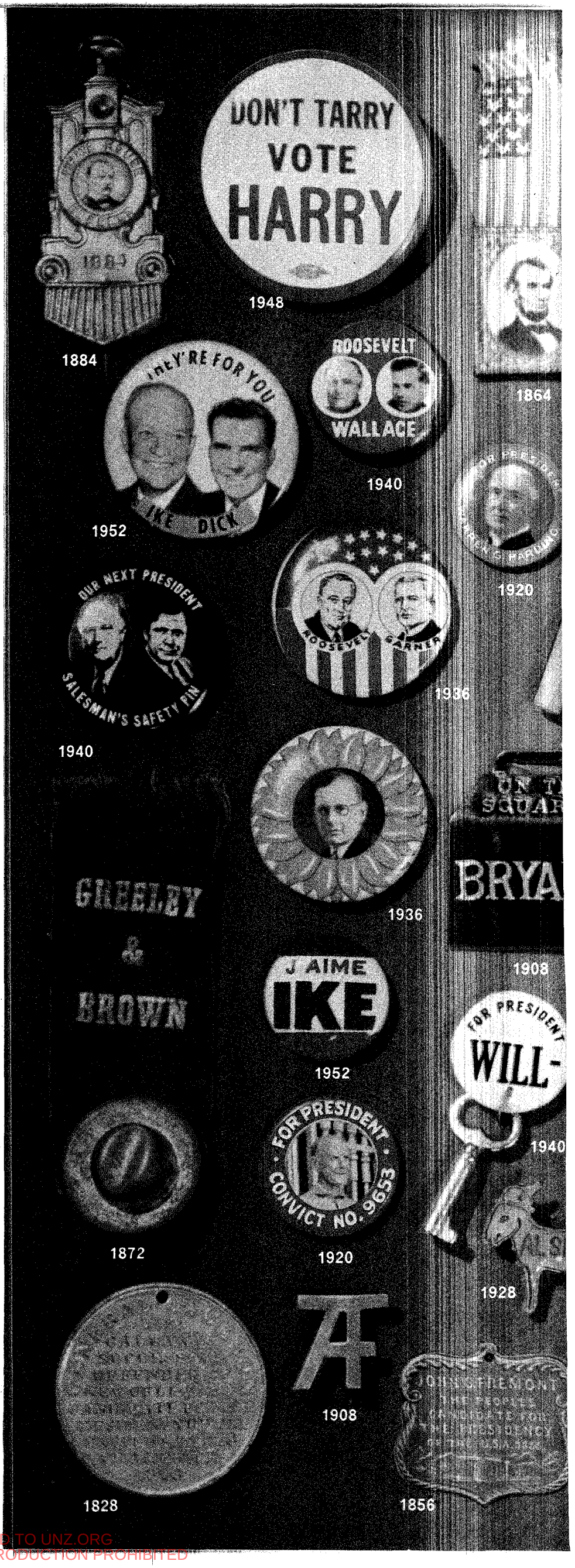
The Price of AMERICA

Presidential Fever

Every four years about this time, lapels sprout campaign buttons. Most of the inventive ones date back to grandpappy's time. The whiskered gents in the eyeglasses pin are James G. Blaine and John A. Logan, who were derailed in 1884 by Grover Cleveland, (who is shown riding the "White House Express.") Both William McKinley and "boy orator" William Jennings Bryan favored a clean sweep in 1896. The monogram pin helped William Howard Taft win in 1908, but the novelty wore thin by 1912: Taft ran third, behind Woodrow Wilson and Bull Moose maverick Teddy Roosevelt. Another memorable third-party effort was waged in 1920 by Eugene Debs, the perennial Socialist candidate, who ran while serving a prison term for sedition. The victorious Democratic vice-presidential candidate of 1892 was the original Adlai E. Stevenson, Grover Cleveland's running mate. So the game of politics goes on—with such modern gimmicks as the bipartisan "salesman's safety pin" of 1940 and the Ike button for Americans in Paris. The insignia shown here belong to Mrs. Damon Douglas, of East Orange, N. J., who has 450 different Willkie ("Will-key"—get it?) buttons. Now, as convention time approaches, button makers brace themselves for the rush. At least one candidate already is handing out campaign souvenirs: Former farmer Henry Krajewski will try his luck as standard-bearer of the newly formed American Third party. In 1952, Krajewski ran on the Poor Man's ticket and polled less than 5000 votes. Photograph by George Lazarnick



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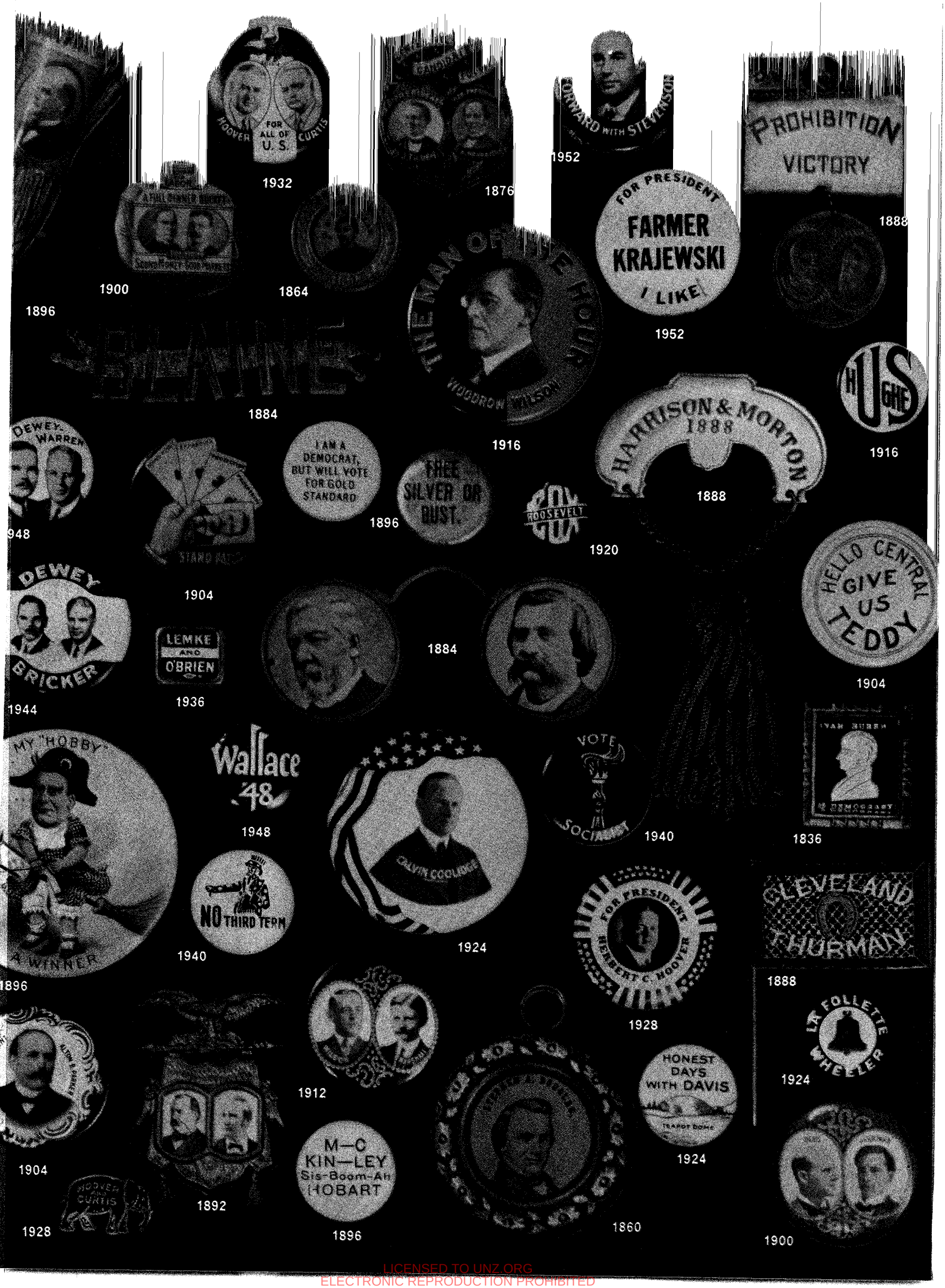
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THE SCANDALOUS MRS. PIPER

She had no business butting in, but she thought she knew all about men.

By JOHN DE MEYER

Everybody on Bleeker Street knew that her husband had left Mrs. Piper well fixed. There was the house—like most on Bleeker Street, it was considerably above average—and there was the trust fund. Nobody ever quite knew how everybody knew about the amount of the trust fund, but somehow everybody did. Just as they seemed to know all about the insurance. And everybody said that it was nice to know that Mrs. Piper was so well fixed. All except Mrs. Piper.

Mrs. Piper was an unusual person. For one thing, she was as straight as the proverbial ramrod. She didn't look a day over sixty, though she was actually seventy-one. And not twenty-four hours after the funeral she was seen walking down the street with her market bag under her arm as always, her trim little feet briskly tapping the sidewalk, her face straight ahead, like a woman walking with a purpose. As indeed she was. Mrs. Piper believed a good walk was a cure for most anything and she never hesitated to say so to anybody—Democrat or Republican. So far as anybody could see in the succeeding weeks, nothing whatever was changed about Mrs. Piper.

There were some—because eventually everyone got the details—who claimed it was five weeks to the day that it happened. But, of course, Mrs. Piper knew better; she knew that it had happened nearly three days before that. As usual, she was briskly tapping her way to the supermarket—Mrs. Piper approved of supermarkets; she liked the enormous display cases. Honest, she called them. And as usual she browsed through the aisles, picking up a dib here, a dab there, for with only herself she didn't require much. At the meat counter, with its bountiful (Continued on Page 67)

"A man is a peculiar animal," Mrs. Piper said crisply. "To take him too lightly is foolish. To take him too seriously is fatal."

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Lou Lurie (right) has a flock of tickets to the Broadway hit, My Fair Lady. Lawyer Jake Ehrlich frisks him unsuccessfully and says, "Hell, Lurie, all you have in your pockets is money." Girl is songstress Lisa Kirk.

"Angel" With the Midas Touch

This fabulously wealthy ex-newsboy finances Broadway shows, hard-of-hearing bootblacks and struggling students. In an average year he gives away $30,000 worth of theater tickets alone.

By FRANCIS CHASE, JR.

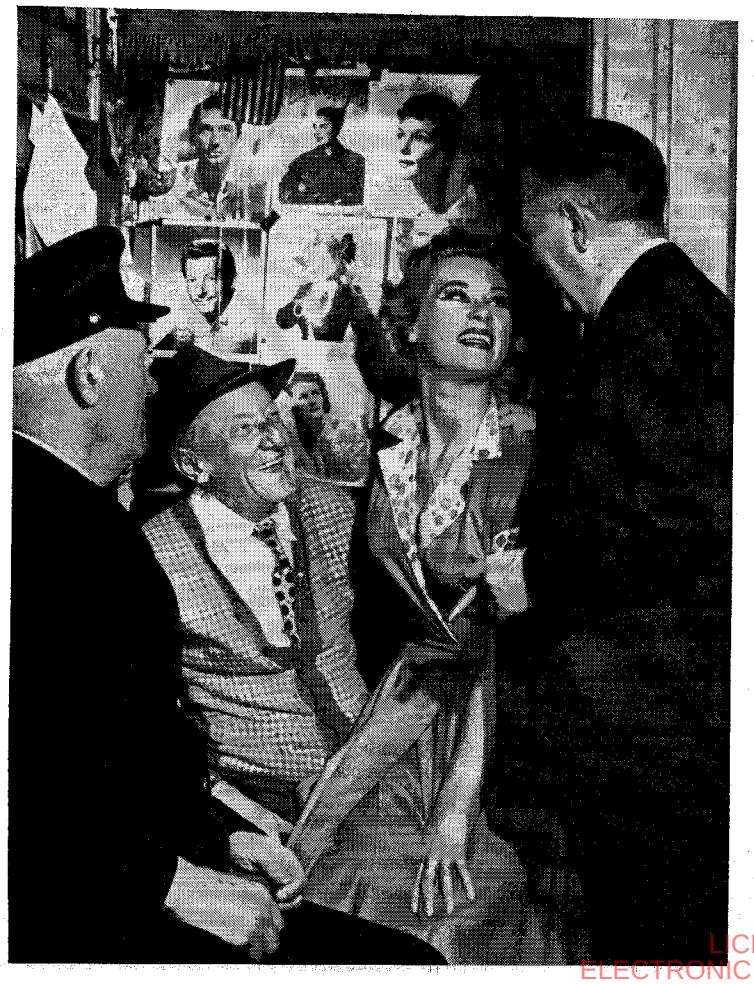
Back in the winter of 1951, when performances of The King and I were sold out for months in advance, the late Senator and Mrs. Robert A. Taft planned a short vacation in New York. Like thousands of others that winter, they particularly wanted to see The King and I. And, like thousands of others, they quickly learned that neither ticket agencies nor influential friends could produce a pair of seats.

Resigned to accepting lesser entertainment, the Tafts were about to board their train in Washington when a friend had a happy brainstorm.

"Have you tried Lou Lurie? He's probably backing this show, and even if he isn't, he can get tickets to anything."

The senator hadn't, but he sent a hurried telegram to Louis R. Lurie, in San Francisco. Five hours later,

(Continued on Page 62)



"Angel" and friends backstage at San Francisco's Curran Theater, which Lurie owns and personally operates.

Lou, who made his millions in real estate, guffaws over an old sign his pal Ehrlich posted in front of one of Lurie's buildings as a gag.

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The round, plastic radomes on the tower provide weather protection for revolving radar antennas. The cluster of men is standing on the helicopter landing area.

The first Texas Tower, a weird structure 110 miles at sea, looks as if it came from Mars, but it cost us $13,000,000. Here's what life is like aboard

America's Strangest Island

By Craig Thompson

The "island" goes to sea—with 12 temporary legs. It was engineered by DeLong Corp., of Washington, D.C.

This summer brings a first birthday to the first Texas Tower—the mosquelike Air Force radar station that perches on three iron stilts sixty-three feet above the lashing Atlantic Ocean 110 miles east of Cape Cod—and hence a fitting time for a shakedown report on the men and machines inhabiting this monstrous gadget.

Deriving its name from the faintly similar, deep-water drilling rigs used by some oil companies off the Texas coast in the Gulf of Mexico, the tower, strategically, is one more installation in the Air Defense Command's effort to button up the continent against enemy air intrusion. Operationally, according to those best qualified to judge, it more than justifies the $13,000,000 spent to construct and equip it by extending the effective range of guided interceptor protection more than 200 miles seaward.

However, dollars alone are an inadequate measure of the costs of proficiency, which also include a severe toll on human nerves. Although the six officers and fifty-four men who make up a tower crew always get their work done, a thirty-day period aboard tends to make them all more or less rock happy. Their prevailing attitude was put into words by Lt. Alvin Dale Size, who quipped, "On Alcatraz you get a better view."

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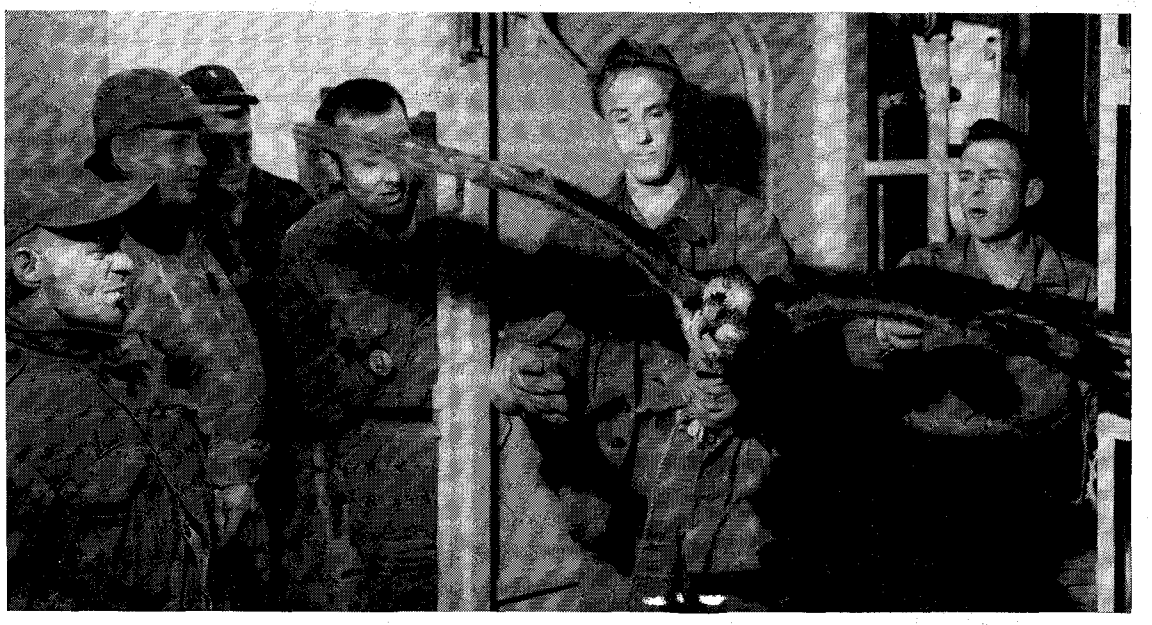
Perhaps the most revealing thing about the ⁄isecrack is that it comes from Lieutenant ize. He is not the introspective type, given to rooding darkly on the barbs of fate, but, ather, a bouncy, busy young man whose sense f humor would seem to make him better fitted or tower life than most. Size is a rare bird mong Air Force career officers because he is a raduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. His ambition was to serve in submarines, but round graduation time the doctors found ome minor flaw in his vision which, they uled, made him unacceptable for undersea uty. Not caring for surface ships, he switched o the Air Force in expectation of working out cozy career as a ground officer. However, ince the tower is more like a ship than anyhing else hitherto known to man, his training n naval engineering caused him to be among he very first assigned to it. Having reported board in October, 1955, he is now one of the ldest inhabitants and, therefore, a voice of xperience.

"The first thing that gets you," he says, "is he noise. Then monotony, then boredom. The more you give in to boredom the more ou resent the noise. It robs you of sleep. You et tired and edgy. Then it takes twice the hysical effort to get your work done and at east three times the normal self-control necesary to keep from blowing your stack over rifles."

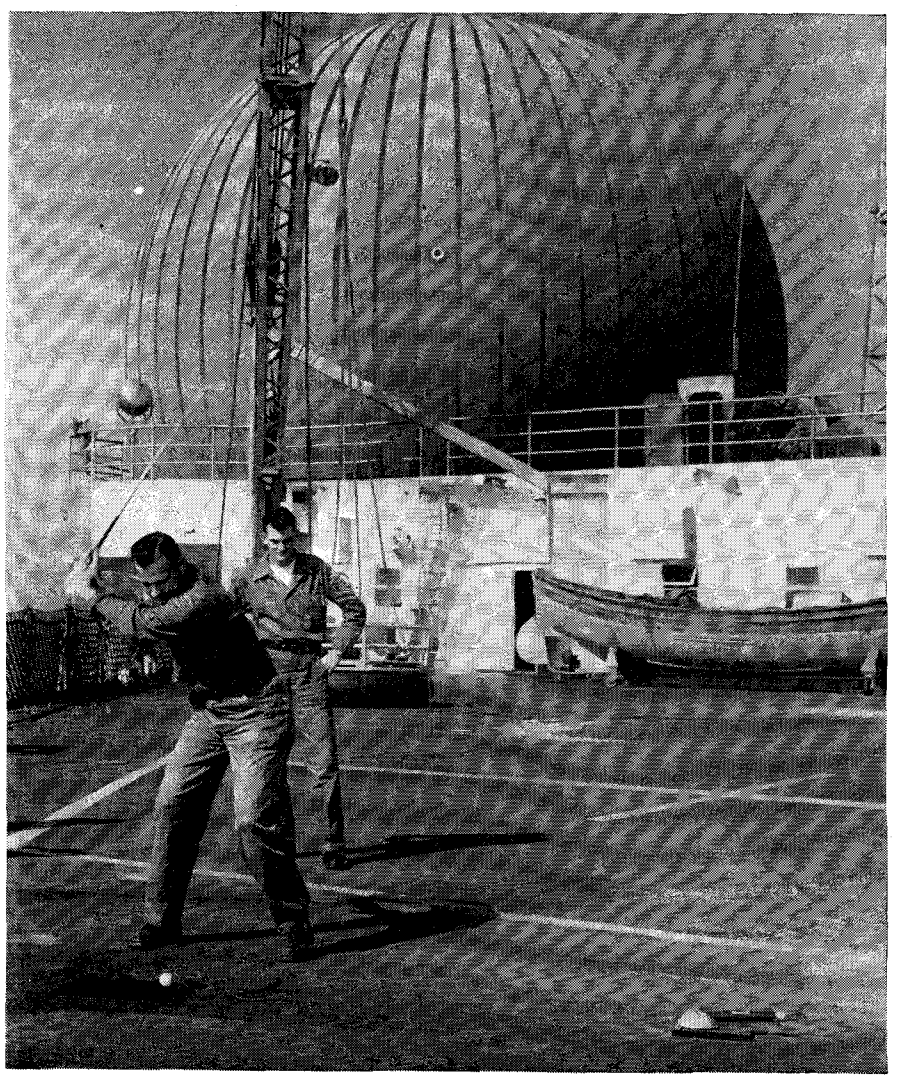
Earlier than most tower hands do, Size discovered, the nerve-racking way, that stack lowing is a futile waste of energy and that here the noise is concerned, a man can't win. Construction was still in progress at the time, and civilian workmen swarmed over the structure around the clock. They seemed never to lay one tool down to pick up another; they simply dropped it. Because the tools were heavy, the resultant clatter fractured a lot of sleep.

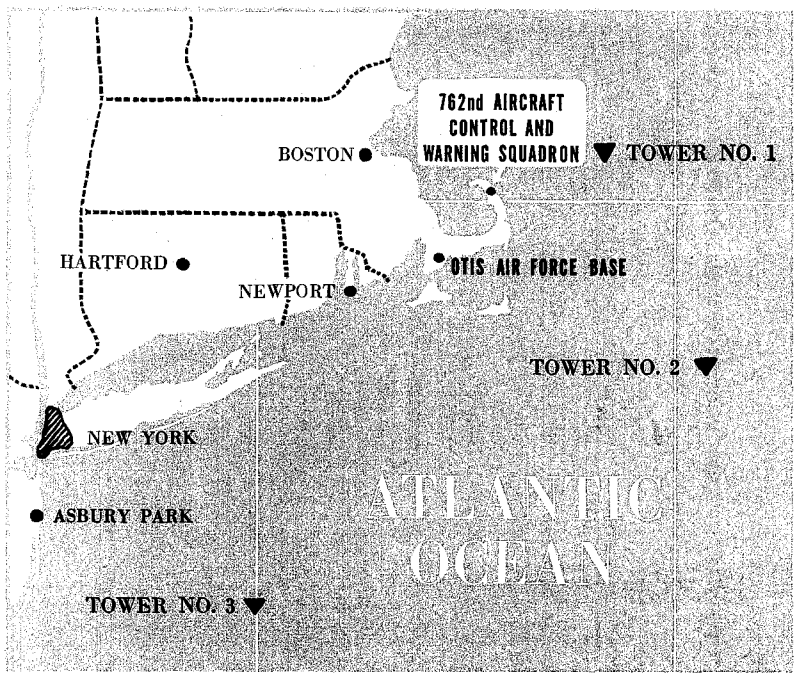
One night while the workmen were below at mess, Size went topside and welded all the hand tools he found lying about to the steel deck surface. Then he ducked happily back into his bunk in blissful anticipation of at least one night of unbroken rest. But hardly had he sunk into a blessed torpor when the whole tower began quivering under the yammering impact of pneumatic chipping hammers which the workmen were using, with vindictive glee, to free their equipment. So Size learned, as every towerman one day must, that the best defense against noise is just to gripe and bear it.

Griping, of course, is the commonest characteristic of the American serviceman, in whatever branch. On the tower, however, it is more frequent and more vehement than in any other military installation of my experience, and that covers (Continued on Page 85)



Airman John Childers risked his neck to save the unfriendly bird he's holding. Why? "It was something to do."





Men on the first tower belong to the 762nd, and spend half their duty days there. The two other towers are scheduled to be towed to sea this summer.

Imaginative athletes on the tower may play 18 holes of golf with this device, which measures the distance and direction the tethered ball might have traveled in free flight.

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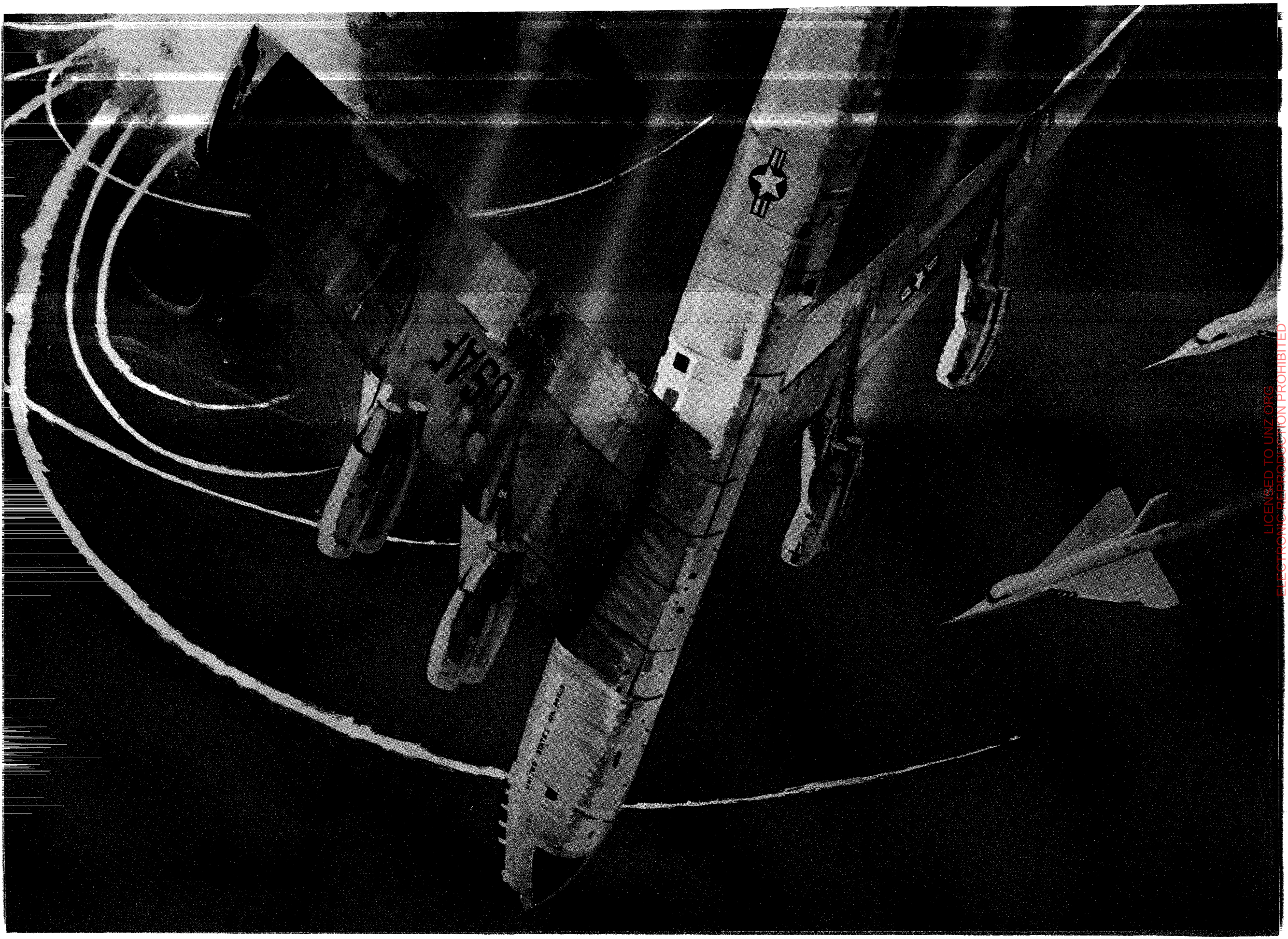

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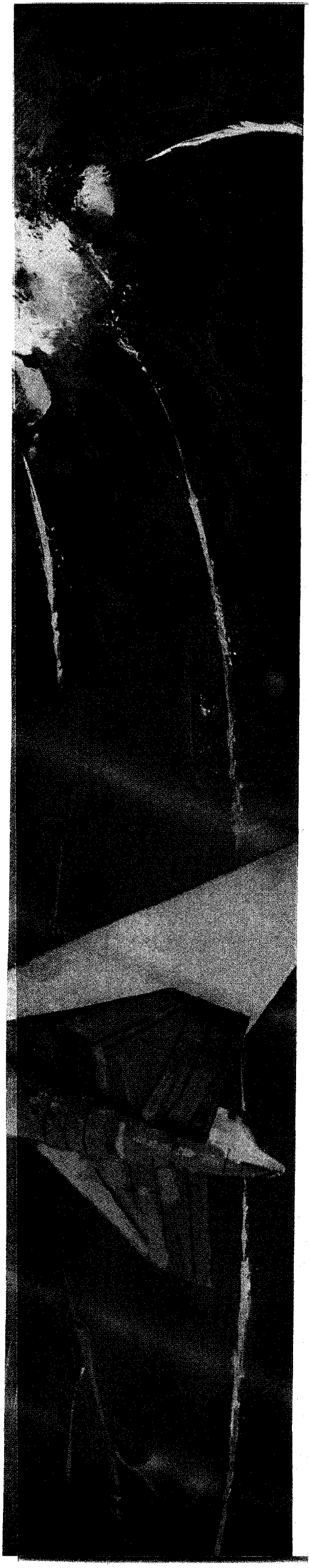

A chilling story of the shortest war ever fought.

INVASION!

By WILLIAM SAMBROT

The enormous silver, swept-winged bomber slipped through the thin air, miles above the earth, heavy-bellied, graceful in the manner that a smooth-muscled Bengal tiger or thirty-six-foot shark is graceful. Full of power, a thing of swift implacable purpose.

She carried just one bomb—a bomb so huge it crowded even the immense ribbed belly of the jet. She carried ten men, whose aggregate age was less than three hundred years. She flew alone. She flew high. She flew with the speed of sound, leaving a thin, icy trail and the flash of brilliance from the setting sun to mark her passage.

"Altitude, forty thousand; course, two-twelve," the flight engineer said.

"All right. She's on automatic," the skipper said.

Through his green sun visor, the eyes of the skipper, Maj. Ed. Morrisey, keen and pale, flashed whitely as he scribbled on his knee pad. Behind the great jet bomber the contrails spread, miles long, glistening in the sun that was already invisible to the infinitesimal mortals, far below on the snow-splotched ground. The skipper stretched his arms and yawned briefly.

"Radar," he murmured into his throat mike, "what's the tale, tall and pale?"

"Negative."

"Mort?"

"Fuel, twenty hours. Power, sixty-five." The flight engineer, Morton Anderson, first lieutenant, snapped off the power and fuel ratings, his helmeted head an orange ball in the dimly reflected setting sun.

The skipper nodded. "De Napoli," he said into the intercom, "what's with you, old man? Going to keep quiet all the way? No songs? No lies?"

"So I'm older than God," De Napoli's voice came, from far back in the tail of the huge bomber, "but a liar I am not. I was just thinking ——"

"Now who's lying!" The others barked and hooted.

"Do you know, once three women—three of God's fairest—fought the good fight for me?" De Napoli said, when the uproar subsided. "This was in Weinheim, in '45."

"Nineteenth or twentieth century?"

"Yeah, be explicit, Nap."

"There was this big hall we had," De Napoli said, his voice a quiet sound in the intercom. "Kraut P.W.'s for orchestra. Round tables, shiny floor. Nothing but the smoothest of grogs. All captured stuff."

"Including the women?"

"Including the women," De Napoli said.

"Say," Levitt, the waist gunner, broke in, "they got this crazy hi-fi in the new cars—why don't they put one in here? We could have nothing but a ball, all the way there and back."

"Shut up," De Napoli said evenly. "In them days I had all my hair." The intercom buzzed with hoots and rasping sounds as the nine crewmen razzed De Napoli.

"Hello, Snapdragon." The voice, harsh and alien, from far below, ripped at the men inside the plane. "This is Evergreen One. Stand by for weather check."

"Roger, Evergreen One. Go ahead."

The navigator bent over his board, checking with the radar advance-warning post already miles behind and below, lost in the dark curtain of forest and cold.

"Angels, five o'clock," Radar said softly.

From far below, blunt-tapered snouts pointing toward the sleek bomber, six pinch-waisted, swept-winged F-102A's swam up through the blue-black arctic air. Within minutes they moved silently alongside, easily matching the bomber's speed. They remained stacked above and below, wing tip to wing tip, the hottest planes and pilots the nation had.

"Pretty, pretty," De Napoli murmured.

"Hello, Snapdragon." The flight leader of the fighter group came in. "This is Blackbird One. Do you read?"

"Hello, Blackbird One," the skipper said. "I read you well."

(Continued on Page 65)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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Our Tony

A mother who "adopted" a temporary son from Italy tells about his memorable year as an American teen-ager. . . .

By MARIAN MITCHELL

Antonangelo Pinna helps his American mother with the dishes—an unfamiliar chore for an Italian boy.

To most of us, it is an accepted fact that Antonangelo Pinna was born in Milan, Italy, on March 8, 1938. There are two small residents of our town, however, who maintain that Tony's beginning occurred in the New Bedford, Massachusetts, bus station one hot afternoon in August, 1955.

Whenever we pass that now historic spot, our four-year-old son asks, "Is that where we got Tony, mommy?" And our six-year-old daughter, her eyes twinkling, adds, "Was he a tiny little baby?"

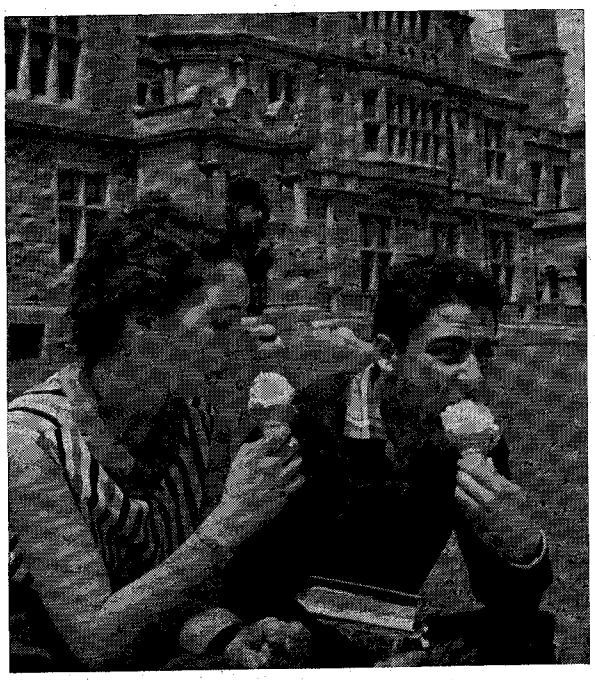
It was not a tiny baby, but rather a dusty, hungry-looking seventeen-year-old boy who awaited us that humid August day in the bus station. This youth from Milan, whom we had never seen before, was to be a member of our family for a year. My husband and I knew that his name was Antonangelo Pinna, that his father was a doctor, and that he was one of 653 teen-agers from Europe and Asia, selected by the American Field Service to live for a year with an American family and attend an American high school.

We had awaited his coming with some anxiety. The evening before he was due, we were busy with preparations. "Will this do for his desk? And I guess we'd better bring down another bookcase from the attic."

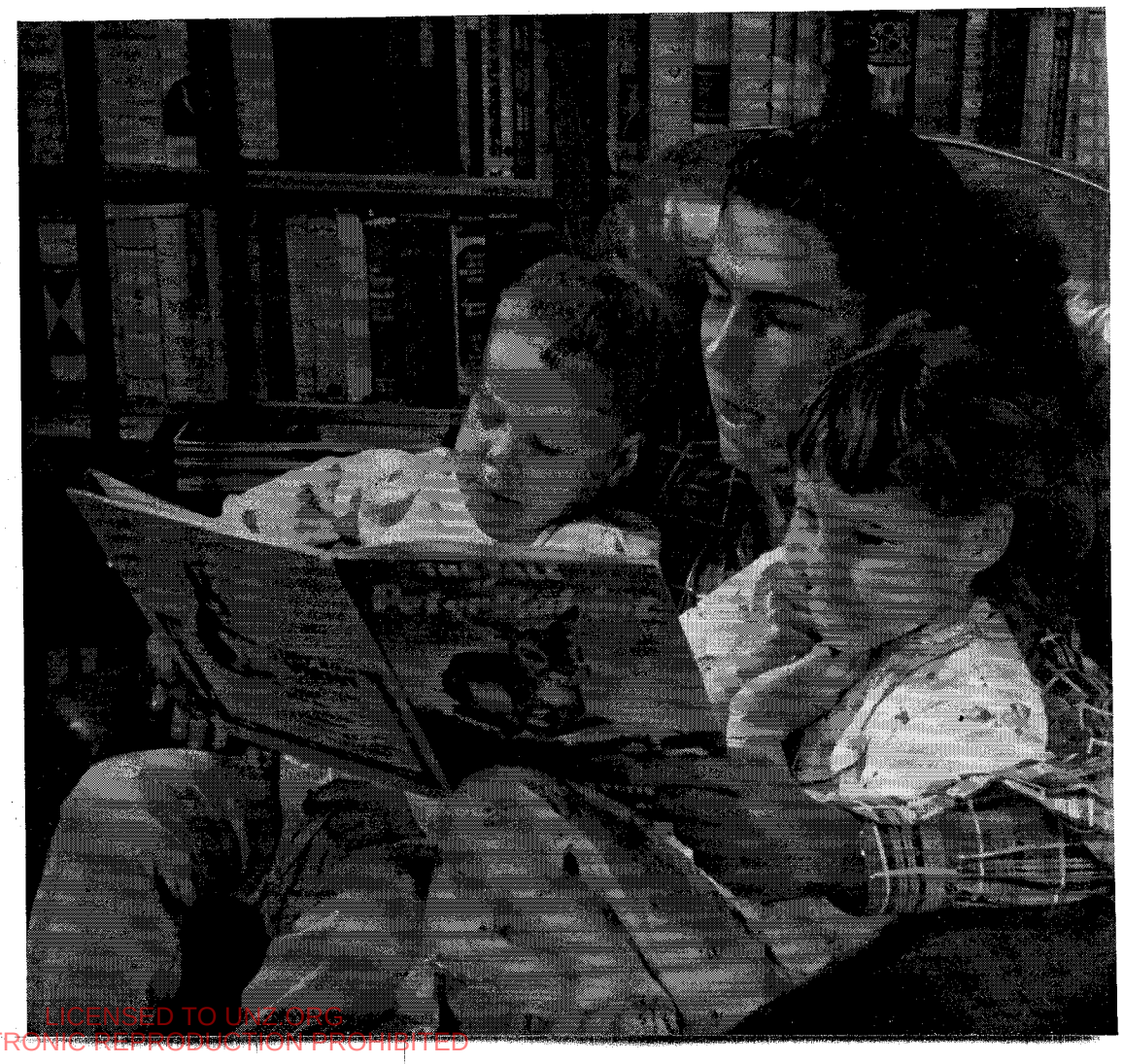
A perspiring member of the Massachusetts bar—my husband, Ray—was transforming a flouncy guest room into a young man's bedroom-study. The boy who was to be our son for eleven months would need extra chairs, a bed light for reading, a table. So the four of us, Ray and I, our five-year-old Anne and three-year-old Kim, hurried to gather up the needed furnishings. Yet beneath the excitement Ray and I felt trepidation.

Who was this boy? Coming from a far-off country and an environment unlike ours, how could he become a member of our family? Would we ever understand one another? Questions like these kept us awake far into the night just before Antonangelo's arrival.

But we were not the only ones to harbor fears. That afternoon, when we reached the bus station and (Continued on Page 60)



Carol French and Tony in front of Fairhaven (Mass.) High, where he was an A student.



"I'll never forget Tony reading Peter Rabbit to Anne and Kim, with an indescribable Italian accent," says the author.

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Candy measured him, a half-smile playing around her red lips. "Nobody will see you kiss me, if you want," she said.

Girl Without a Heart

She taunted him, lied to him and deceived him—and he always came back for more.

By GEORGE MORRILL

When Gregg remembered Candy Malone he always came back to a remark she had made when they were seventeen: "I guess you're my dashing Desert Prince or something, honey. I must arise and follow."

Of course, she had said it after Guy Prentis, the football captain, had thrown her over and she wanted a date for the Halloween Hop. Still ——

You had to consider Candy Malone. She was a redhead with long, tapering legs. She had lovely lashes and pearl-white teeth. In high school that year—1938—she reigned like a spoiled princess. Even years later, after Gregg had become a national celebrity and Candy had sunk out of sight, he grew misty-eyed thinking of her.

"Look the babe up," advised one of his director friends sourly. "That will cure you."

"I will someday," said Gregg.

Then the telegram from Connecticut arrived:

MOTHER WORSE. CAN YOU COME? SIS

And he went back. His mother was dead. He rode to the cemetery with his sister, Helen, and stood in a correct posture of grief while the coffin was lowered. It had been ten years since he had seen his mother, a whining woman who had scoffed at his attempts to be an actor.

"Ashes to ashes ——"

Helen tugged at his arm. There were crowds packed between the gravestones, straining to see him. "Turn this way," she whispered. "I think they want a picture for the Register."

Everything was changed. Gregg lay on his old iron-poster bed and stared bleakly out at Long Island Sound. The shore line was crowded with new cinder-block houses, almost like a city.

After supper, he walked down Indian Beach Lane, his Panama (Continued on Page 81)

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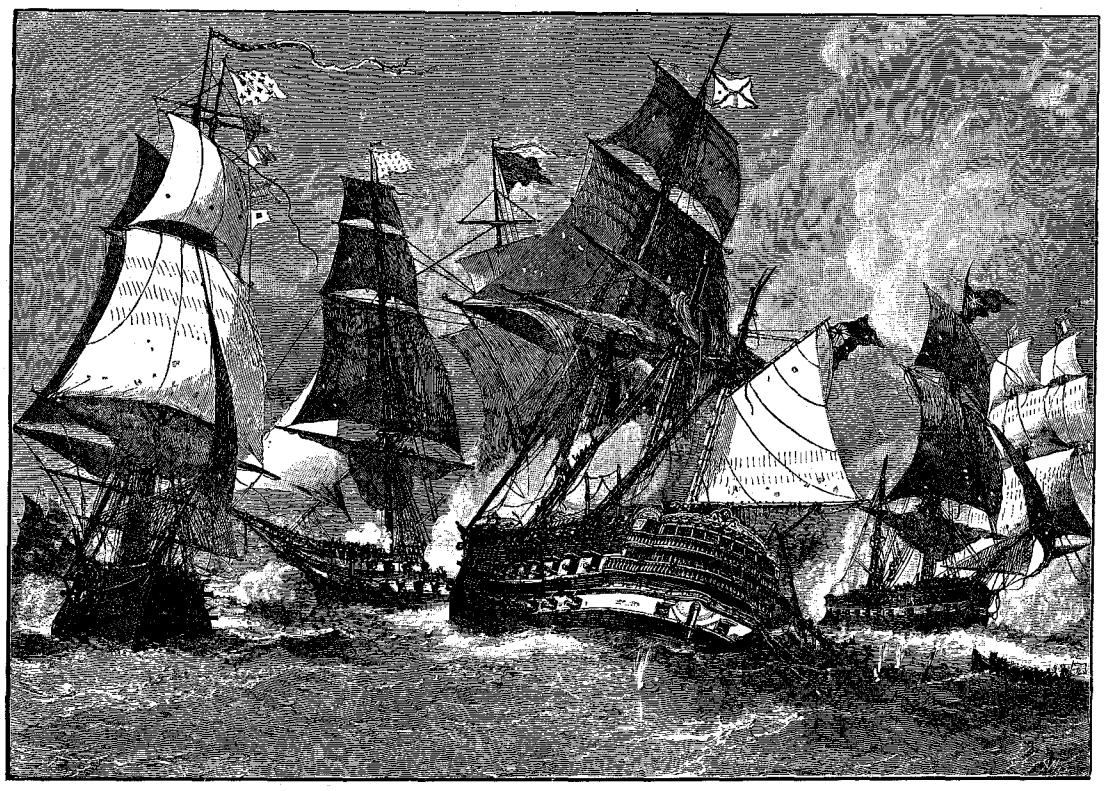
The Battle that Set Us Free

A famous naval authority tells the exciting story of how a daring French sailor won a victory that saved America.

By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON



The battle off the Capes of the Chesapeake took place on September 5, 1781. "Bear down and engage!" signaled Admiral Graves, and for more than two hours, the French and British warships dueled at close range.

About the Author

"The great historians, with few exceptions," says Samuel Eliot Morison, "are those who have not merely studied, but lived." Following this precept, Morison has lived a full and vigorous life, and in the process has gained a reputation as America's most readable historian. In 1939–40, to gather material for a biography of Columbus, he built a model of the Santa Maria and re-sailed Columbus' voyage across the Atlantic. The resulting book, Admiral of the Ocean Sea, one of the twenty-four Morison has written, won the Pulitzer Prize. When World War II broke out Morison took leave of his professorship at Harvard to become a lieutenant commander in the naval reserve (he retired in 1951 as a rear admiral). Within hearing of gunfire he began preparing his monumental naval history of the war, a fourteen-volume project, of which ten have been published to date. *The Editors*

On a bright September day in 1944, United States Coast Guard Cutter Campbell was standing out of Hampton Roads by the swept channel through the minefield. I was on board, a Johnny-come-lately in the Naval Reserve, attached to the staff of Capt. W. A. P. Martin, USN, the escort commander.

As a maritime historian, I am always thrilled at entering or leaving Hampton Roads. There passes through my mind a pageant of sail, from the visit of the first Spaniards to the engagement that marked the finish of the sailing Navy three centuries later. So, when Cape Henry was falling low under the western horizon, I stepped to the starboard side of the bridge and saluted.

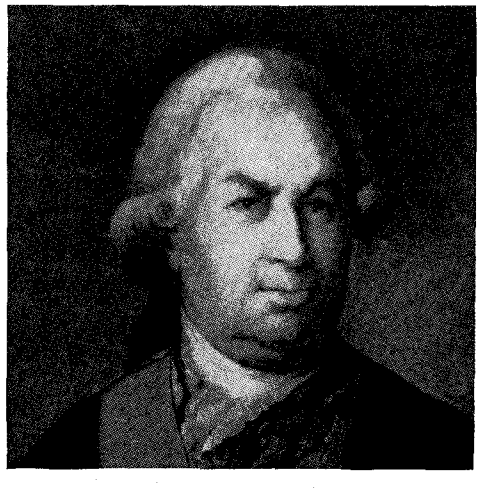
"What's this all about?" said Captain Martin.

"I'm saluting the ghosts of Frenchmen."

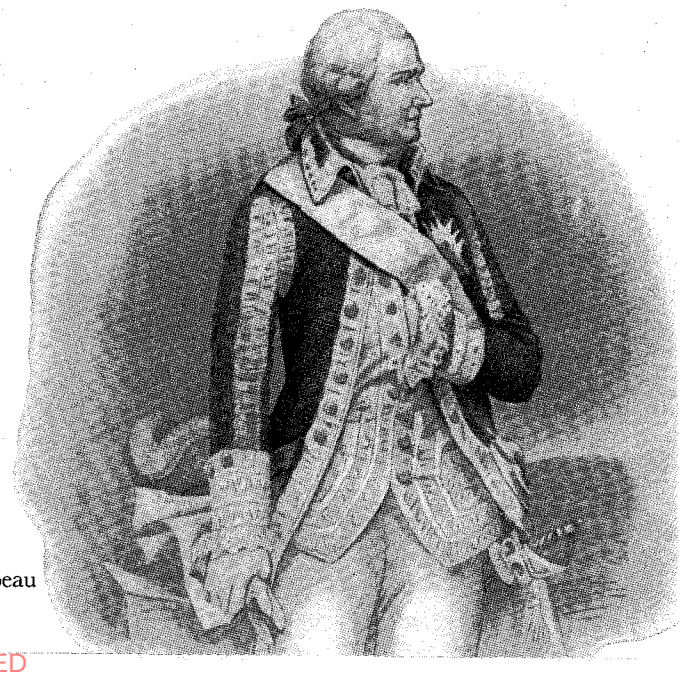
"What Frenchmen?"

"About fifty sailors in the fleet of the Comte de Grasse, who were killed here in battle and

Rear Admiral Bougainville



Rear Admiral de Grasse



Lieutenant General Rochambeau

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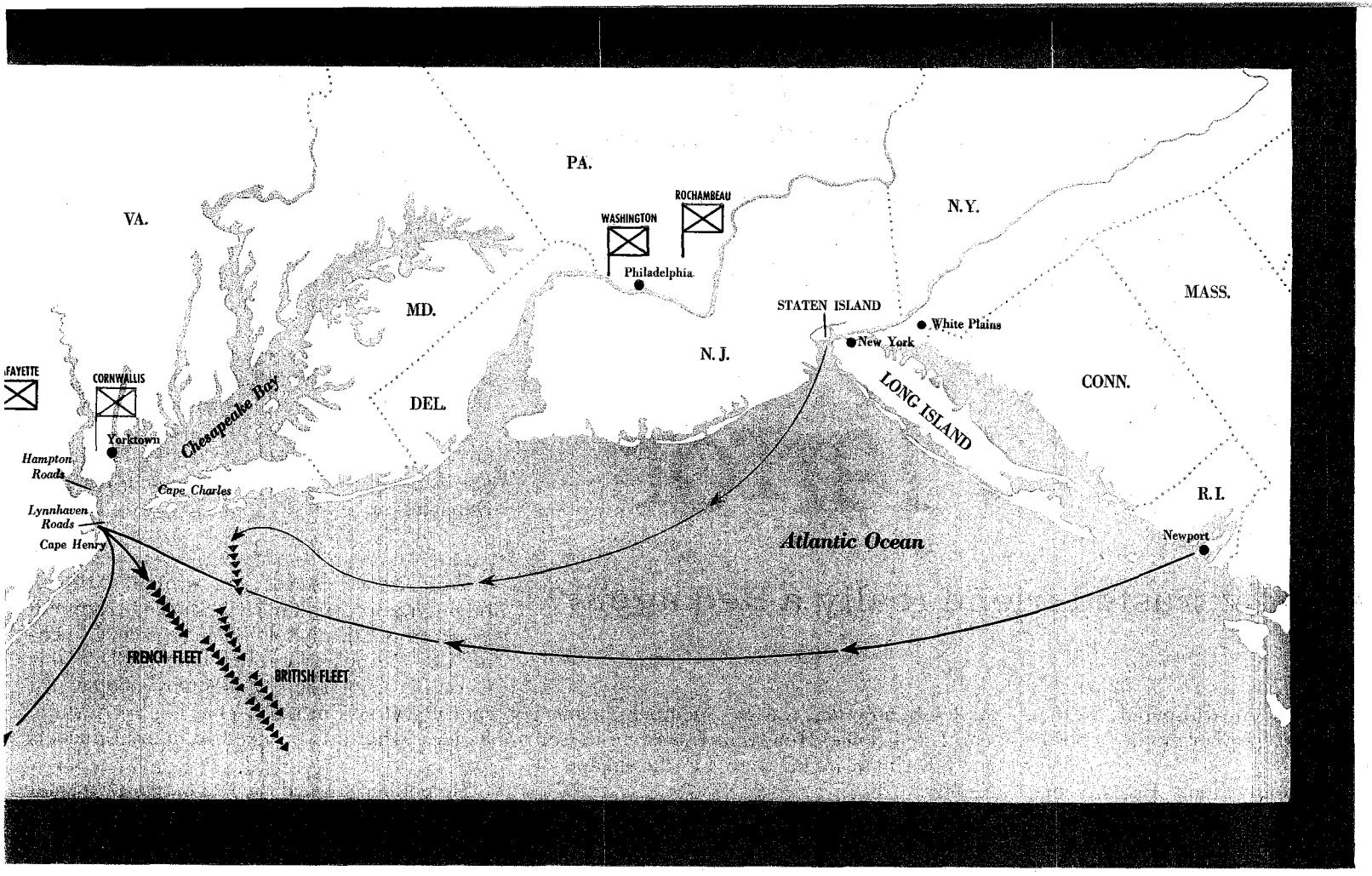


The king's general, Lord Cornwallis, hoped to lure Washington south, slice the United States into three parts, and cut off our flow of supplies from France. He might have succeeded, but this battle cost Britain the supremacy of her sea power in American waters.

buried at sea—our convoy must be right over their bones now."

"What in heaven's name were they doing here?"

"Fighting for the glory of France and for American independence," said I. "If de Grasse hadn't won that fleet action, Cornwallis would not have surrendered and America would not have won her independence—at least not when she did."

"Well, tell me about it as soon as we are in blue water," said the captain.

And I did.

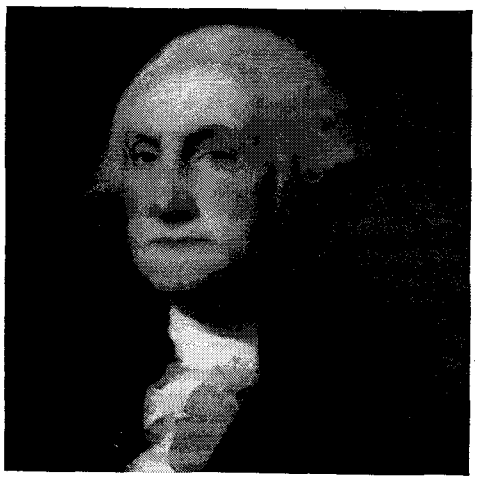
Here is the story that I told my friend, Captain Martin, at sea, and which I have had ten years to check up on and correct from innumerable books, old ships' logs and the naval archives of three countries.

The winter of 1780–81 was the darkest period of the war for the American cause. The British held beachheads at Castine, Maine, New York City, Charleston, South Carolina, and Savannah, Georgia. Washington was stalemated on the Hudson, too weak to attack the British force holding New York City. Army desertions were numerous; the states provided reinforcements slowly and reluctantly. Washington could spare only 1000 troops to protect the Carolinas, where Lord Cornwallis was marching northward to Virginia, receiving plenty of help from the Carolina loyalists.

Rochambeau's French expeditionary force of 6700 men, protected by a small French naval squadron, had been at Newport, Rhode Island, since July, 1780. But it was accomplishing nothing except to amuse the local damsels and enrich the Rhode Island farmers, because there was nothing it could do while the British fleet had naval superiority off our coast.

"Without a decisive naval force," Washington wrote to Lafayette about this time, "we can do nothing definitive; and with it, every thing honourable and glorious."

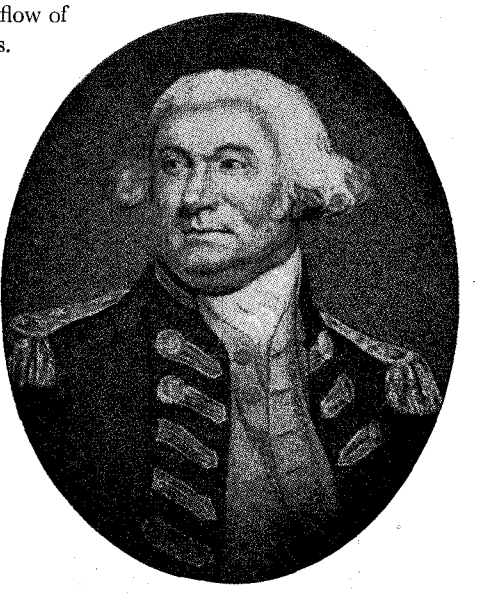
And where, you will ask, was the United States Navy? Part (Continued on Page 56)



General Washington

They Wrought Victory at Yorktown

The siege of Yorktown, decisive engagement of the Revolution, succeeded because of the co-ordinated land-sea effort by Washington and his allies, at left. The place of battle was chosen by the daring Comte de Grasse, described by his sailors as being "six feet tall most days, six feet six on days of battle."



Rear Admiral Graves

Rear Admiral Hood

With Their Defeat, England Lost the War

The men above commanded the two British fleets which lost the battle off the Capes. Graves probably would have won the day had he not stubbornly insisted on fighting "by the book."

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By MARTHA ALBRAND

Reunion With Terror

Was her most trusted friend really a Red agent?

"Dead?" Lisa Linden whispered as the ambulance carrying her mother's body drove off. "Dead?"

Kenneth Ward gently took Lisa's arm. "Come," he said. As if in a trance, Lisa turned and walked away from the scene of the accident.

Lisa had come to Eisenstein, a town on the Czech-German border, to meet her father, Dr. Franz Linden, who was being released by the Russians after years of imprisonment. While waiting, Lisa met Ward.

Ward introduced himself as Martin, a correspondent for a Munich newspaper. Ward's main job, however, was as a member of American Intelligence. He was in Eisenstein to iron out a wrinkle in his plan for the escape of Nemec.

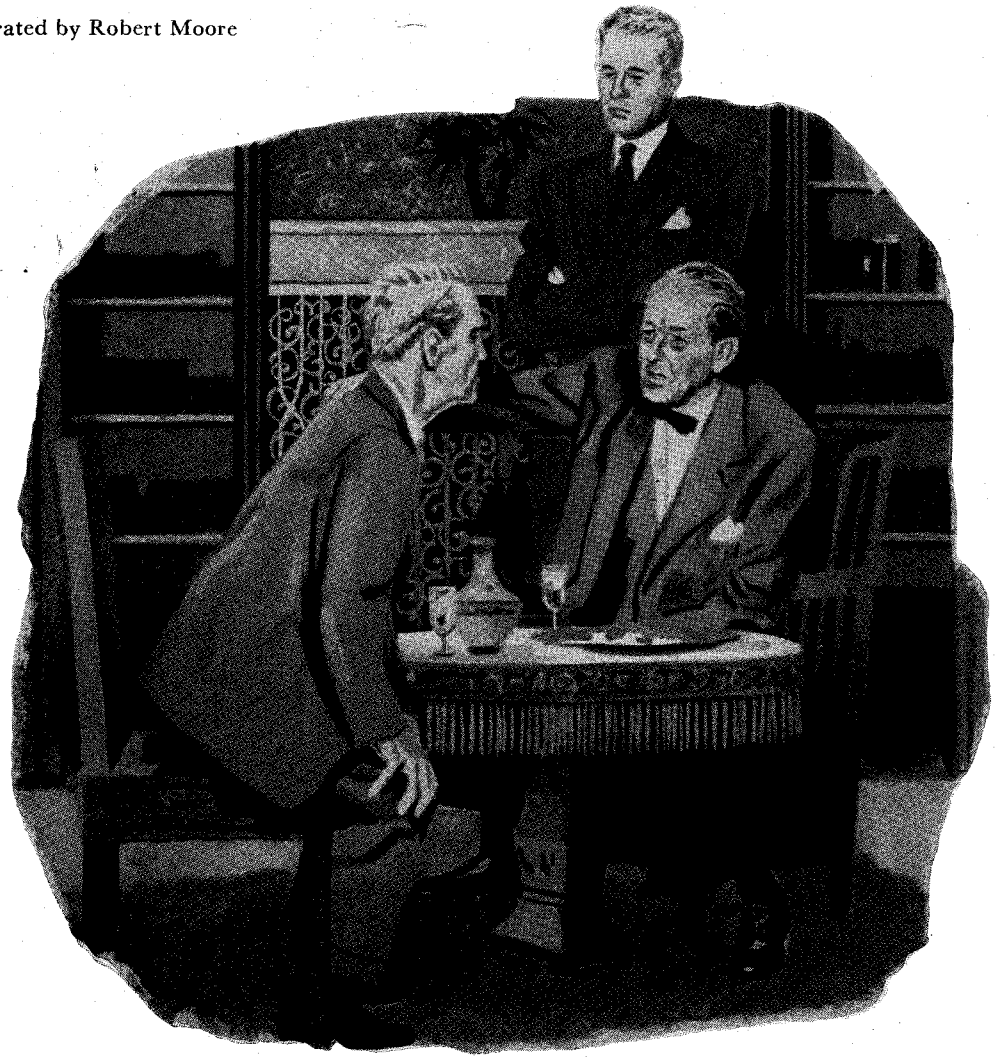
Nemec was a high Czech-government official who, until the Reds got on his tail, had been feeding information to Ward.

Ward was with Lisa and her mother, Tilly, when the prisoners were released. Seeing her husband, Tilly darted across the road to meet him. As she did, a heavy truck ran her down. Ward led Lisa back to her hotel. She was met by George Holm. Ward assumed that Holm was her boy friend. He left Lisa with him, never expecting to see her again.

The man who had been repatriated was not actually Lisa's father. It was Kozlov, a Red agent who had been carefully trained to pass as Linden and obtain a high position in the German government. Tilly Linden was murdered so that she would not discover the impersonation.

With Tilly out of the way, Kozlov was readily accepted as Linden. Lisa suspected nothing. However, Kozlov was determined to do something about Holm. Not only was Kozlov jealous of Holm as Lisa's closest friend, Holm was also a member of the West German Security Department.

Illustrated by Robert Moore



"Please don't leave," said Kozlov, laying a detaining hand on Nemec. "After all, we've hardly begun to talk."

II

"You simply cannot run around Munich buying raincoats all over the place," Kenneth Ward emphatically told the little man, crouching like a monkey on the window sill. "Your German is not good. Too many people will spot you if you insist on entering every shop. Besides, what do you need so many raincoats for?"

He pointed toward the bed on which he had hoped Nemec would rest; instead, it was covered with green and gray Loden capes, whitish trench coats and shiny black and blue slickers.

"Wherever I go it seems to rain," said Nemec, in his high, old man's voice. "And I find myself unprotected." He knocked on the windowpane, against which a storm was throwing great gushes of water. "Maybe it's a hangover from childhood, when I had no coat at all. Maybe I just happen to like them." He grinned at Ward. "Dear boy," he said, "after all, if you hadn't got me out I couldn't run around."

It had taken exactly three weeks and two days before Ward's plan for Nemec's escape could be executed with a chance of success. Now, with Nemec actually safe in front of him, anxiety gave way to irritation. "You just like to act the eccentric."

"How else can one amuse oneself?" Nemec jumped from the window sill and strode across the room to where Ward stood. "My dear young American," he said, shaking a finger at Ward, "don't you know that people adore oddities in others? It makes them think that their own manners, tastes and idiocies are so much less deplorable."

Ward laughed in spite of himself, but grabbed the long, agile finger and held it. "Listen, professor; I am not concerned with your antics, but with your safety. I understand it will take a couple of days before your papers are cleared and you can leave for the States."

"I know that," said Nemec.

"And until then I don't want you to take any unnecessary risks. Your presence in Munich should be kept as secret as possible. It would be too bad, wouldn't it, if, after all the trouble we have taken, you were fished out of the river or found shot?"

The professor chuckled. "Dear boy," he said again, "I wonder how often in the last weeks you wished you had never meddled with my conscience." The professor had grown serious. "You know, Ward," he said—"and, by heaven, it's the truth—all these weeks when I knew they were hot on my trail—as they may be still—I wouldn't have minded dying. I don't mind now. And you know why? Because

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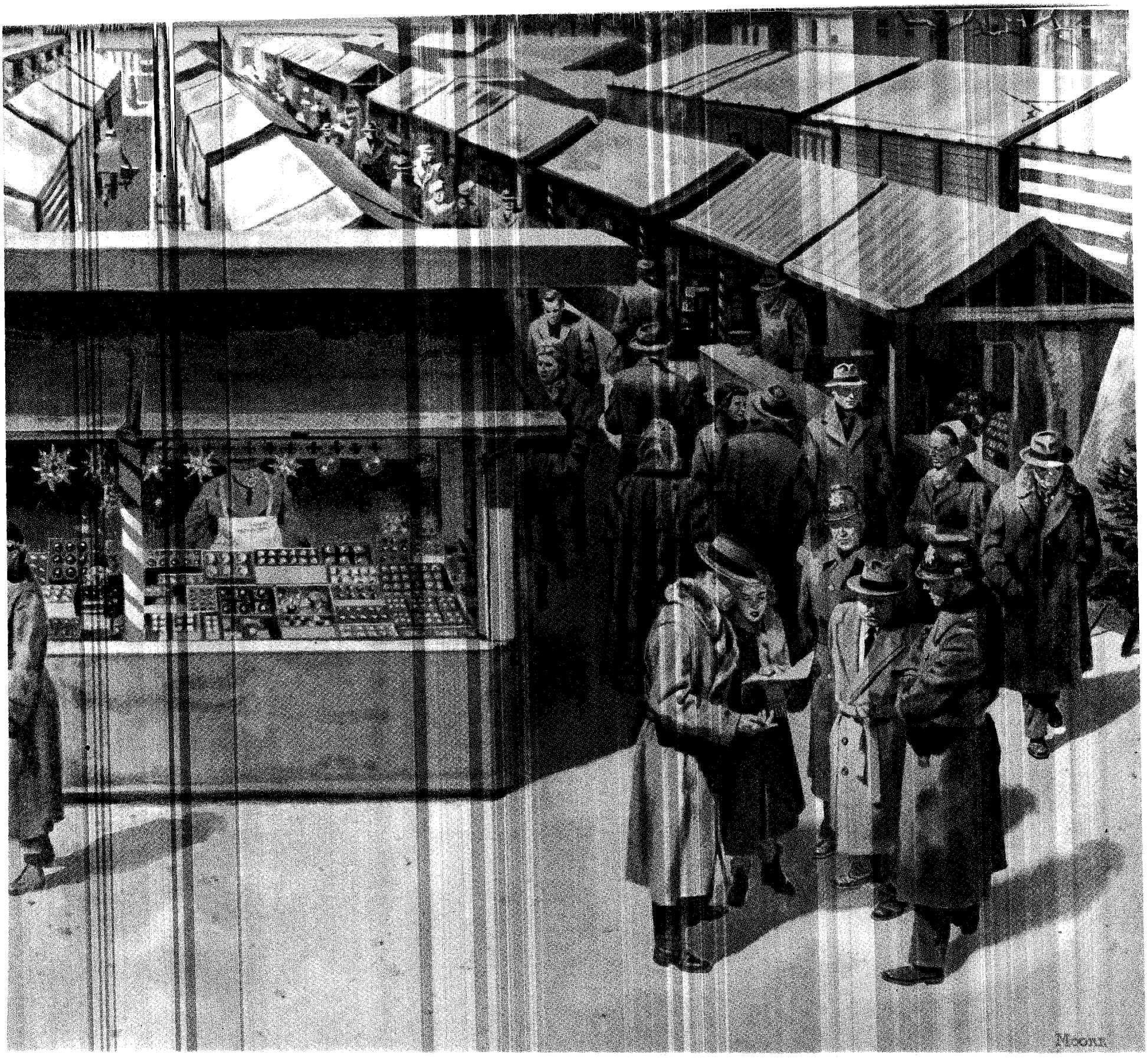

Holm read the paper, stunned. "It's a mistake," he said to Lisa. "Somebody is making a mistake."

you saved my soul." The small brown eyes narrowed to slits. "My self-respect. You little punk of an American made me free."

Ward, though deeply gratified, made light of it. "If your idea of freedom is buying raincoats, wait till you get to America."

"There are two plain-clothes men watching me," said Nemec, tapping his pipe against the bedpost. "Courtesy of the German police. I don't think it very likely that I'll be murdered here, so I have made certain appointments."

"With whom?"

"I'll be careful whom I see," Nemec said. "There's Vanner, for instance, the heart specialist. I don't think he'll stab me, except, perhaps, if he's short of a guinea pig. And a lady I used to know as a young man. I was told she is confined in a wheel chair. What a fate for a dancer as famous as Marie Maurer. But I promise I'll make sure the tea isn't poisoned. And then the chief of the Security Department of Bavaria has invited me for an interview. Do you think a man like Linden would draw a gun on me?"

Dr. Franz Linden. A week ago he had been offered and had accepted the position Nemec had just mentioned and had become chief of Bavaria's Security Department.

"Of course not," Ward said, but his mind lingered for a moment. He had not seen Lisa again. It had been absolutely impossible to find any free time, with Nemec still behind the Iron Curtain and, in a way, he had not even had any desire to meet her again. There was, after all, somebody else to comfort her. But he had written a letter of condolence and sent some flowers to the grave of the woman with whom he had sipped champagne just before she died. They had been acknowledged by a printed card which, he was sure, not even Lisa, but some secretary had signed.

"But I would like to stroll through the city," Nemec was saying plaintively. "I have not been in Munich for almost twenty years, and I'd like to see the Rubenses again, and some of the other galleries, and maybe drive out to Nymphenburg."

"None of it," Ward told him. "Remember, Munich has changed. Since the war ended, it has become the haven of the homeless and a tramping ground for spies."

"All these last weeks I've dreamed of having a beer in a beer hall, dinner at the Walterspiel and dancing at a night club."

Ward shook his head. "Definitely, no." He got up and held out his hand. "I have your promise?"

(Continued on Page 70)

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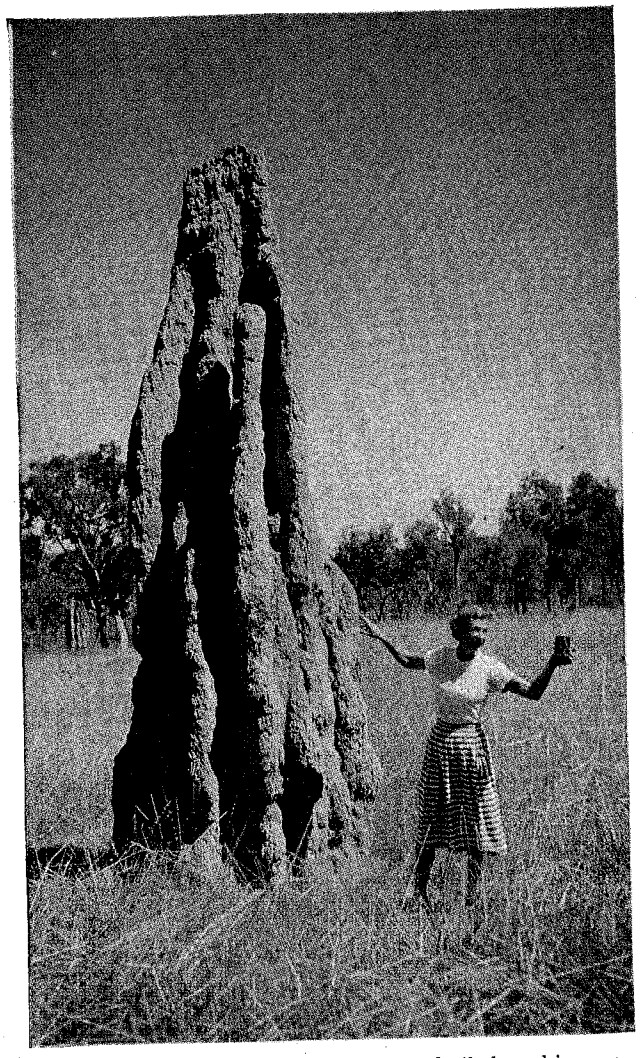
I Prowled the Outback:

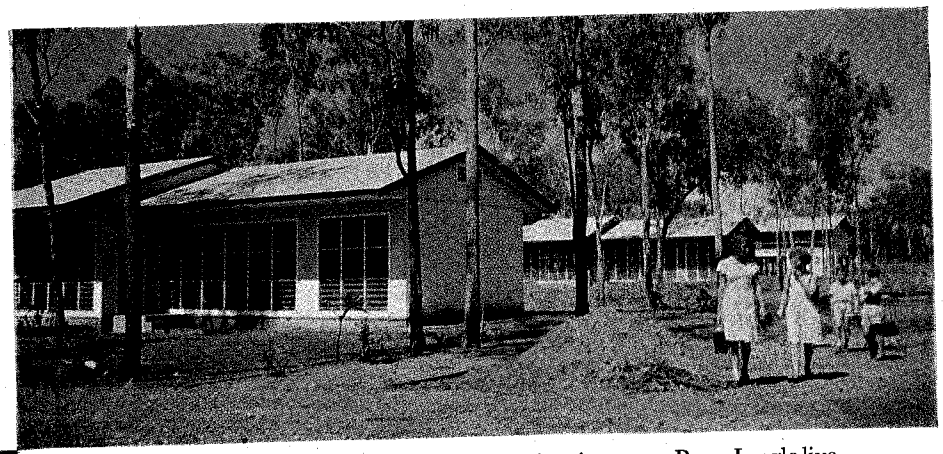
THE WORD IS URANIUM

From Rum Jungle to Radium Hill, adventurers explore the Dead Heart of Australia, in the greatest treasure hunt this prehistoric land has ever seen.

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN



Millions of these gigantic mud towers, built by white ants, stand a grotesque watch in the Northern Territory plains.



Workers at the government-run uranium mines in remote Rum Jungle live in better houses than most middle-class city Australians can afford.

Prospectors quench their thirst and trade rumors outside the hotel in Pine Creek, an old gold-rush town which came back to life with the uranium boom.

Bush pilots will transport almost anything. Here eight milk goats are loaded aboard a plane at Pine Creek for a 160-mile trip to Oenpelli.

Darwin sportsmen can find adventure, in the form of crocodile hunting, just outside the city. The trick is to hit the thick-skinned critter in his tiny brain.

Tom Harrap brought this baby kangaroo back as a pet for Radium Hill youngsters. As a rule, however, kangaroos are slaughtered as pests.

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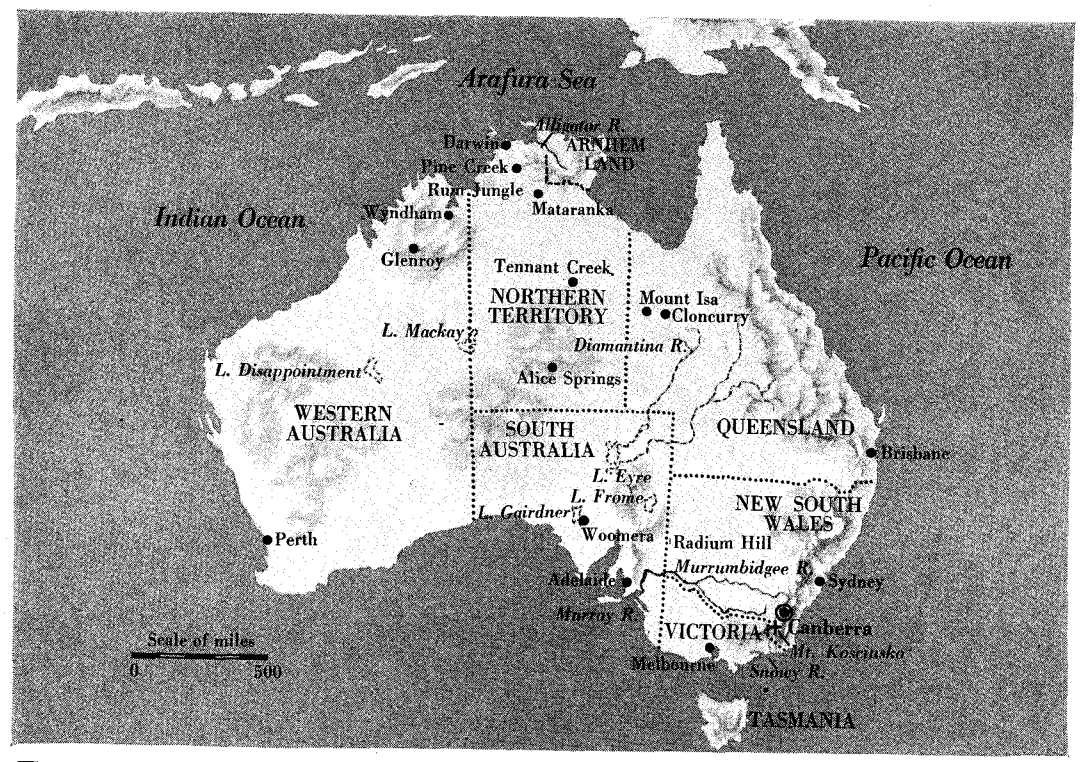
CONCLUSION

MATARANKA, NORTHERN TERRITORY, AUSTRALIA.

The food is good at Mataranka's only pub, and the dining room is clean. These two facts make it almost unique among the shocking hotels in Australia's great Outback, where it is assumed that the traveling Australian really likes bad food and an uncomfortable bed. If the guest rebels, that's too bad. The next glittering hostelry is about 200 miles down the road, if there is a road.

But at Mataranka, 250 miles south of Darwin, the cook is careful and the dining-room manager even finds time to take an interest in foreigners eating there. She looks at a rented automobile outside, listens briefly to the accents, and says, "Oh, you're Americans. Are you uranium?"

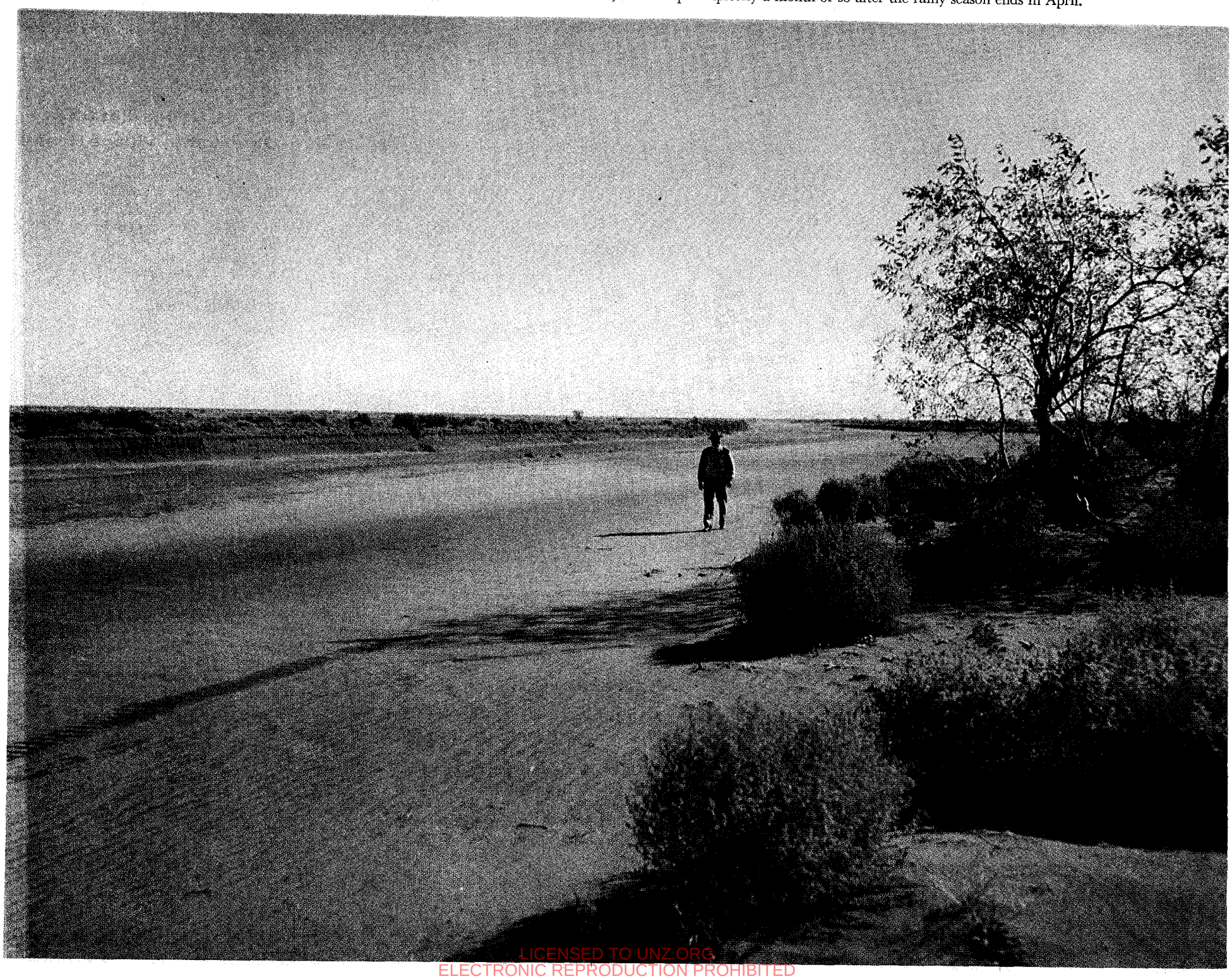
The abrupt wording is startling, but the question makes sense. Many strangers are ferreting around the Outback today. Even if they don't carry Geiger counters, it's a good bet that most of them are uranium prospectors or developers, or mysterious experts from any of three governments. (Continued on Page 74)



The Australian Outback covers a territory almost the size of the United States. It is a country of heat and floods, deadly pests and poor roads. It's also a land of untapped mineral and agricultural riches.

Photographs by Larry Keighley

Part of the year a torrent rages along this river bed, but, like most Outback streams, it dries up completely a month or so after the rainy season ends in April.



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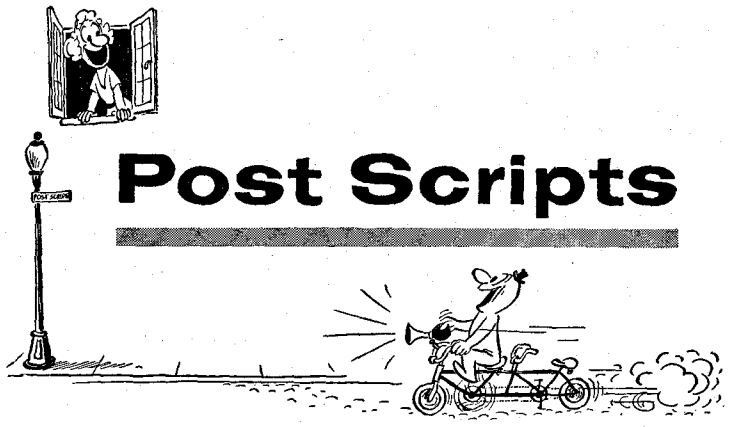


Post Scripts

We're Only Human Once

The ad said, "Make your mind a complete blank." I tried, but it wouldn't stay blank. The ad had foreseen this and offered advice. "Think of a perfectly plain surface, completely colorless, and put a frame around it." I thought of a square mile of Marie Byrd Land, and used a frame with no glass to cut down the glare.

"Now," said the ad, "you have taken the first step in developing the hidden powers of concentration that lie deep within all of us." I read the next instruction carefully. "In the center of that empty framed area place a small black dot. This represents the problem you are trying to solve."

I summoned up a small black dot, but when I started to place it in the center of the area, I noticed several other small black dots moving around in the lower left-hand corner. *Penguins*, I thought bitterly. *Wouldn't you know?* There was nothing to do but wait for the penguins to leave, and they didn't seem in any hurry. In the meantime I could sense a growing impatience on the part of the ad, anxious to move along.

"Concentrate on the dot," said the ad, "and all distractions will vanish. You are now experiencing the first sensations of power."

That might have worked on ordinary distractions, but it had no effect whatsoever on penguins. Suddenly from the top of the picture a convoy of powerful snowmobiles came streaming into view. The penguins took one look, flapped their wings wildly and disappeared. "That does it," I exulted. "Good-by, penguins. Now I can get to work on my powers."

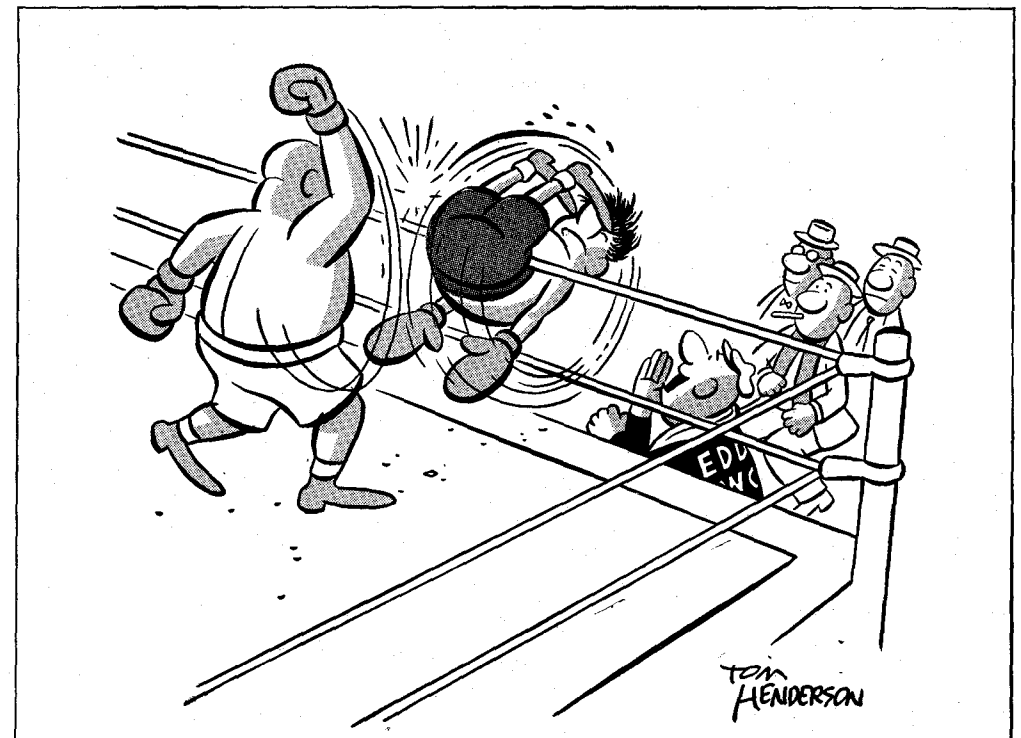
I spoke too soon. The convoy came to a halt and the crews began unloading equipment. A pole was raised flying an American flag, tents were erected and a man started to brew tea. "A base camp," I groaned. "Wouldn't you know?"

The ad was strangely silent.

DICK ASHBAUGH

"Dry enough for you, sir?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"That's it! Roll with the punch, Eddie-boy!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I Never Mind Seeing a Good Picture Twice

What's that, dear heart? . . . Which movie
Do I think I would like to see?
Oh, you choose the picture, sweetheart.
Whatever you say will suit me.

Here's the list in the paper.
Would you like to see Bottom Gun?
Or, Love Me or Beat It, with Doris Knight?
Or, perhaps The Big Shiv would be fun.

The Man With the Scrawny Arm, dear?
Or Smarty, or —— What, pet? . . . The Astor?
Why, they're showing Danny O'Shay, dear.
Danny O'Shay in Court Plaster.

(Shall I tell her I've already seen it?
That I went with Jimmy and Dot?
And that later we went to a night club?
Well, no. I rather think not.)

Er—no, dear. I haven't seen it.
Er—yes, I do like O'Shay.
All right, dear, we'll go to see that one. . . .
Why, yes, dear. Whatever you say.

Oh, yes, dear! The picture was funny!
Oh, ha-ha! I liked it a lot!
And what about you? Did you like it too?
You did? . . . But you —— Huh? You what!

You saw the picture before, dear?
But you thought of my pleasure? How nice!
Well, thanks to your wifely devotion
We have both seen the darn picture twice!

JOHN BAILEY

Bzzzz—zzz

Mosquitoes are widely distributed and are found everywhere from away up in the Arctic Circle to away down on your ankles.

The male mosquito does not bite, but he will point you out to the female.

Inhabitants have been known to set out for an evening walk and return inside of two minutes with the news that "the mosquitoes are thick." Personally, I have never seen a thick mosquito.

Things are not quite so bad as they were before DDT. DDT makes a mosquito feel ill, and it's sometimes five minutes before he feels able to bite you.

Some people tell you not to scratch a mosquito bite. These are usually people who don't have any mosquito bites themselves.

JOHN SWARTWOUT

Lines to be Recited at 3 A.M. in Ye Olde Homey Village Hostel

This is that Friendly Rural Inn
The signboards recommended,
Toward whose enchanting hilltop site,
Whose Village Green and breeze at night,
Our weary way we wended.

This is the Inn, and there's the Green,
And on that Green a tower,
And in that tower there is a chime
Which groans and clashes out the time
Each quarter of an hour.

This is, alas, that Constant Breeze.
It is a breeze, I grant—
I only wish it didn't blow
Directly from the dump below
The fertilizer plant.

How friendly is this Inn, and, ah,
What friendly folk live near it!
For in the tavern on the square
Even at this hour they cannot bear
To part in flesh or spirit.

This is the hill, the road whereon
Night long the truckers go
Toiling along in second gear
Till they get halfway up, and here
They halt and shift to low.

O Village Green; O Friendly Inn,
How quaint you are, how pretty!
But if by chance I should survive
To greet the dawn, by half past five
I'm heading for the city,

And any urban hostelry
To whose embrace I'll creep,
And in some air-conditioned room
Soundproofed above the traffic's boom,
I'll lay me down to sleep!

SARA HENDERSON HAY

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IGHTER FROM CARTIER

"KENT" AND "MICRONITE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

If you smoke a lot . . . CHANGE TO KENT . . . CHANGE TO KENT

Now, more than ever, you want a cigarette that really tastes fresh. Better change to Kent. It's the only cigarette with the Micronite Filter . . . the filter that gives you high filtration to help you keep your smoking moderate. And besides, the Micronite Filter smooths the flavor. With every puff, you get the full enjoyment of Kent's custom tobaccos. If you really like to smoke a lot, why not make that change to Kent, today? And why not start with a carton?

King Size and Regular length

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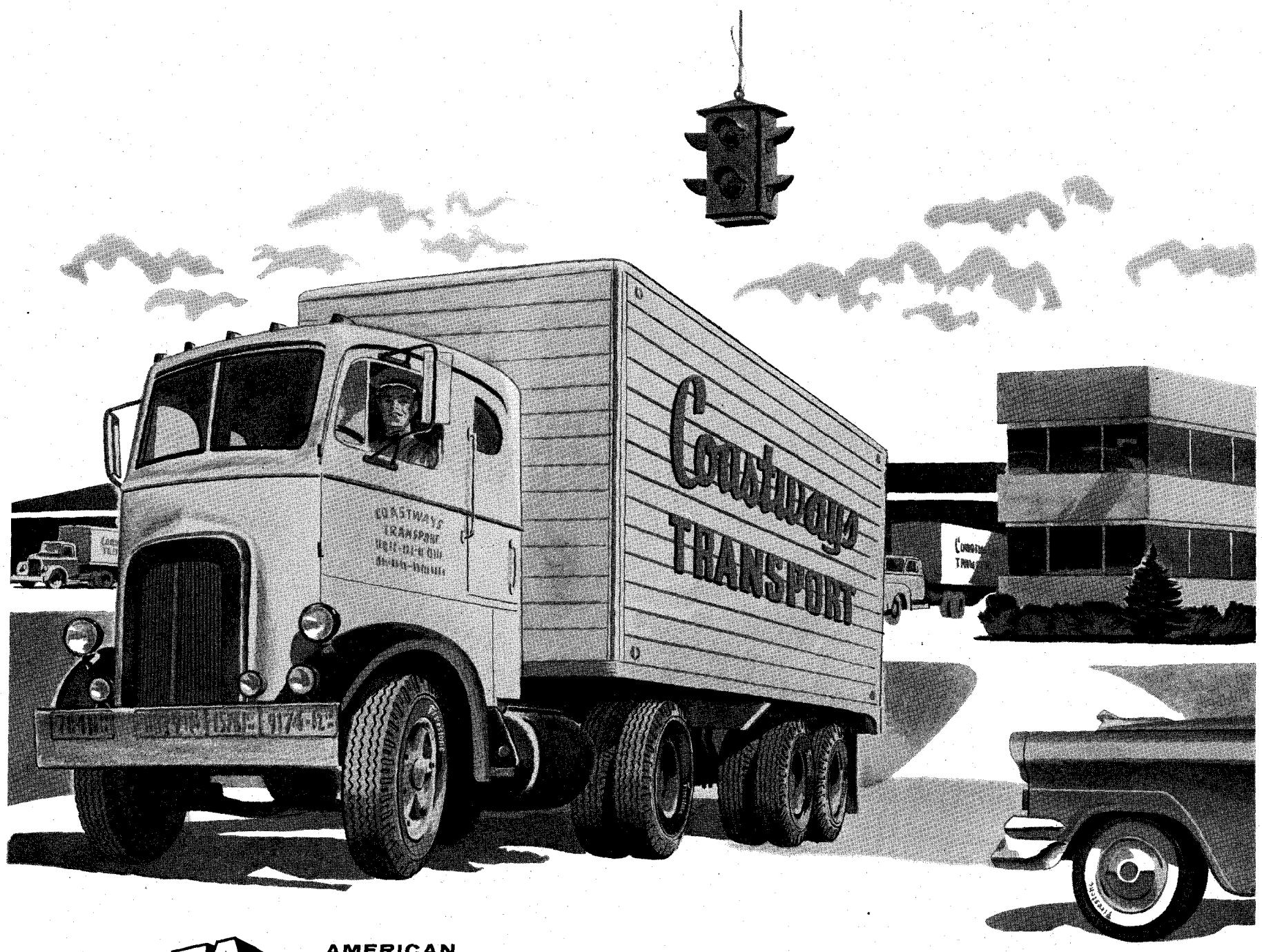
25,000 Communities Depend Solely Upon Trucks For Deliveries

LIKE THE AIR WE BREATHE, the services of truck transportation are often taken for granted without fully considering their meaning to us or the hardships that would be thrust upon us if trucks were to stop running for just 96 hours.

Trucks are vitally essential to our present day standard of living. 25,000 American communities depend solely upon trucks for the things they need.

In all other communities at least 75% of all the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life arrive through the services of trucks. Trucks move a million pounds of goods, commodities, supplies and equipment for every American family each year.

As was so graphically demonstrated in two world wars, our national defense and our security depend greatly upon the efficiency of our truck transportation system. We were glad then and we should be glad today that it is the best in the world. It's to the interest of all Americans to keep it the best. So when the trucks roll by, remember that all the while they are serving us, they are also helping to make our place in the world secure.



MEMBER ATA FOUNDATION INC. AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY Washington, D.C.

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THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

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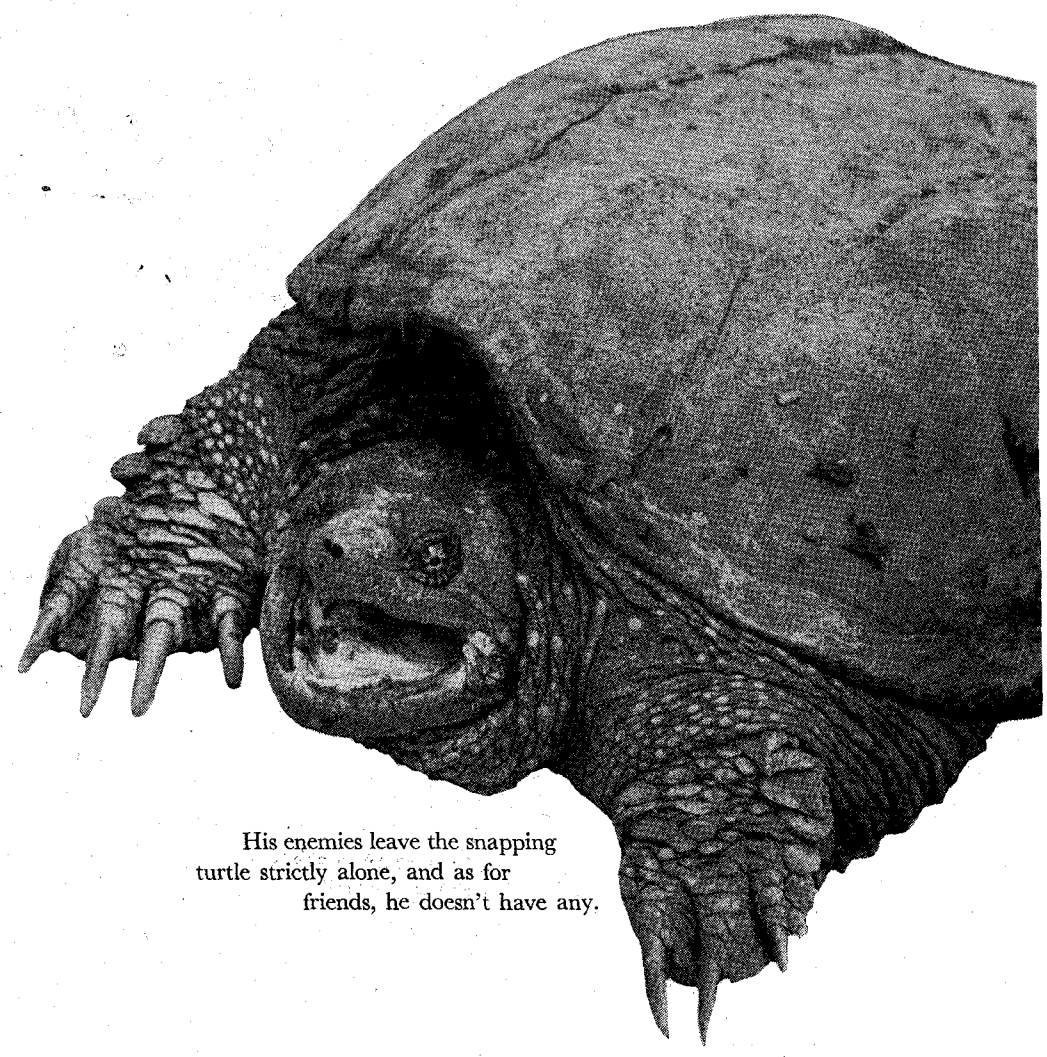
Wickedest Critter in the Water

The surly snapping turtle may weigh 150 pounds, live more than a century—and he can bite a man's hand off at the wrist.



His enemies leave the snapping turtle strictly alone, and as for friends, he doesn't have any.

By William Byron Mowery

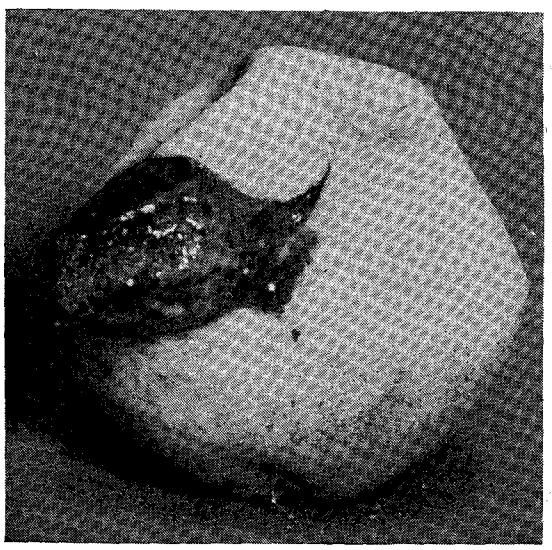
I had a bone to pick with old bobtailed Baldy, the Old Man of the Lake. One bright May morning I was sitting in my boat and watching a group of little wild ducklings paddle around in a creek mouth. Suddenly one of them vanished. The swirl and roil meant a turtle had taken it, and I hadn't any doubt old Baldy was the villain.

As snapping turtles go, he wasn't huge, only about thirty-six pounds, but he had the surliest disposition I'd ever seen among his surly kind. In his vicious mating fights his tail had got bitten off, down to an inch or so of stub; his head was all scarred up and he had several toes missing. But I'm sure his rivals weren't alive to brag any. He was the undisputed despot of that cove in the upper end of the lake, and any intruder got out fast or got killed.

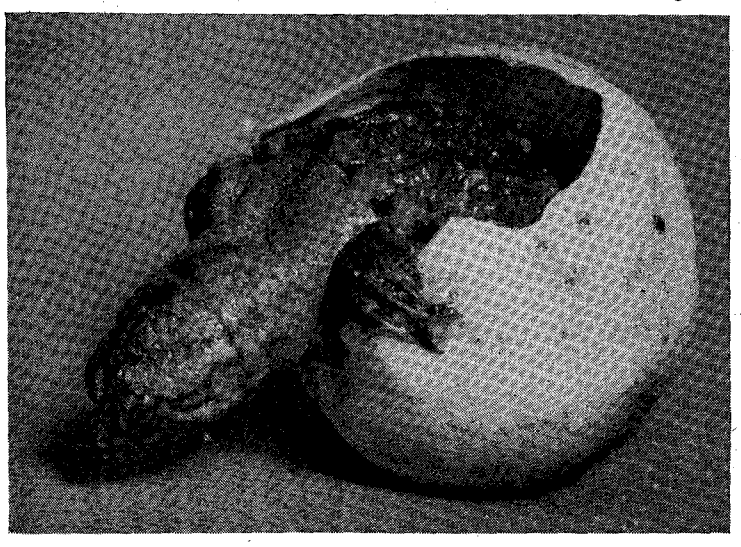
A second duckling vanished in less than a minute. A proper scientist would have sat still, observed, recorded. But I'm not that much of a scientist, and when the third duckling vanished I went scooting over to the creek mouth and got there just as the big, darkish shape was rising under a fourth duckling. I gave old Baldy a good whack or two with an oar, the only weapon I had, and sent him scurrying out to deep water.

Within two days the rest of those ducklings got gobbled up, and that was the bone I had to pick with old Baldy. Several times in other summers I'd tried to bag him, but he was a cagey one, old and shrewd in wickedness, and none of my turtling stratagems had worked with him.

A week later Pete Lash and I were poling along the shore near the creek, fly-fishing for yellow perch, and ran aground across the mouth of a little side pocket, on a bottom of hard sand. Blow (Continued on Page 46)



Out of the egg climbs a baby born with a mean disposition. "I have kept hatchlings in a glass 'turtle-arium' for months," says the author, "and no amount of feeding and handling could get the little stinkers over the habit of biting me every chance they got."



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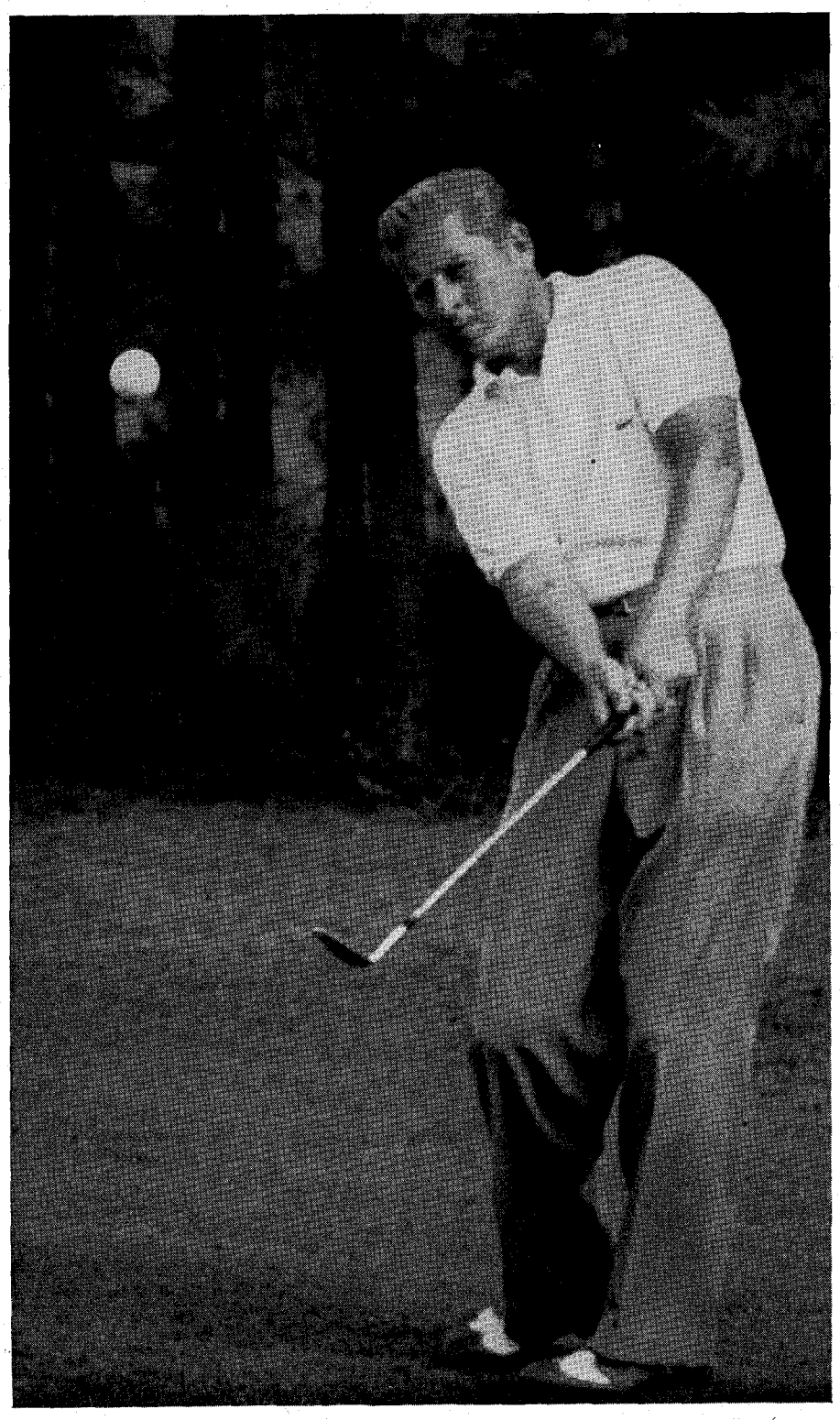

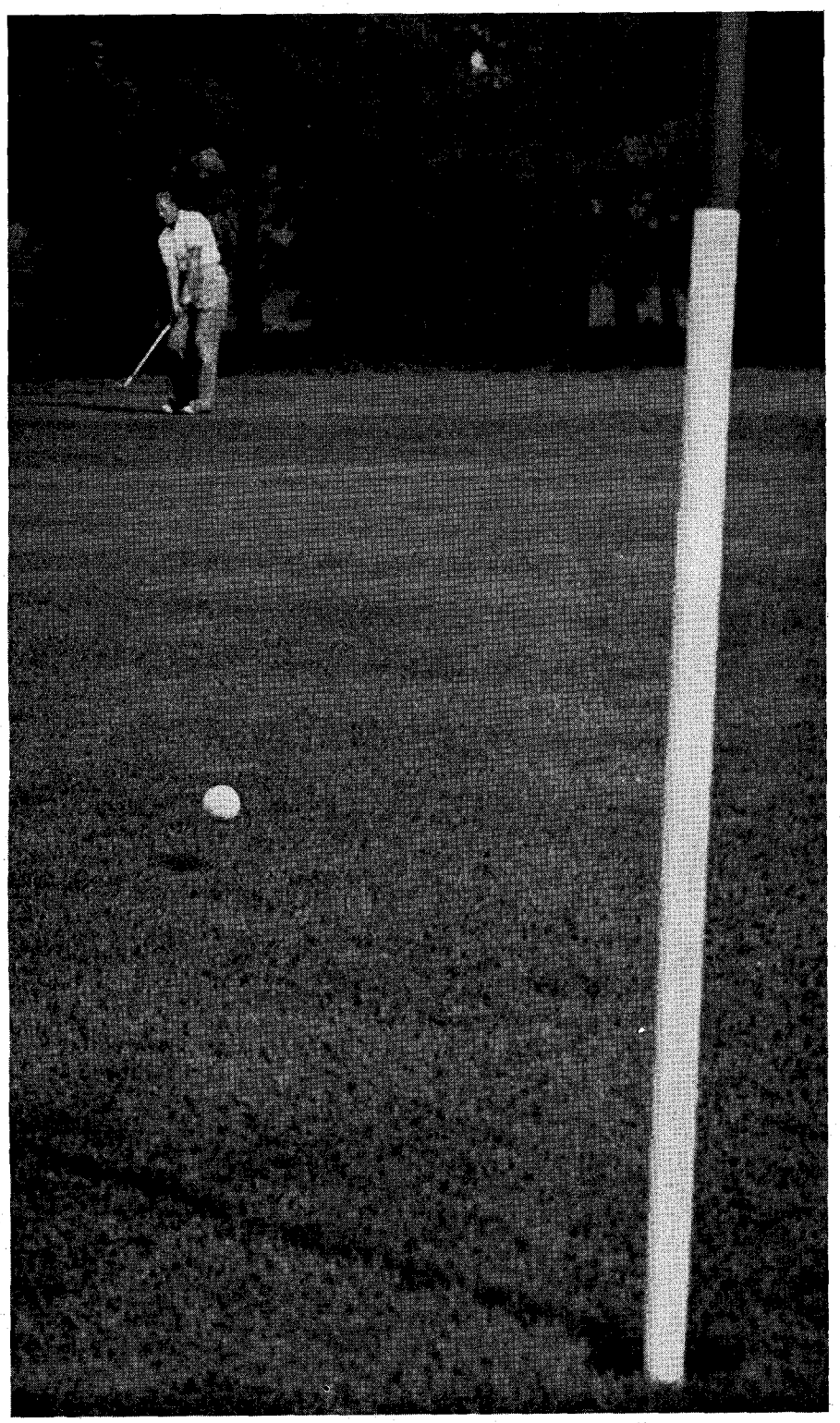

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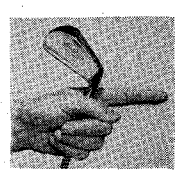

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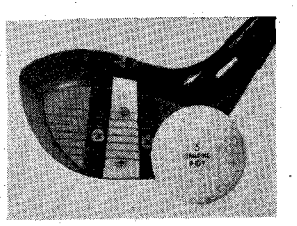

SPALDING

SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

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Counterfeit Cavalier

Two underworld gangs declared war, and lone-hand Agent Baldwin was the man in the middle.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Secret Service agent Artemus Baldwin opened the laundry box and gazed in astonishment at its contents. The box was full of neatly packaged counterfeit currency. Artemus turned to Jick Roché. "Do you wish to live?" he said somberly. "Then keep your very attractive trap shut about this."

The money belonged to Nita, the Roches' cook. She had received it from her lover, Sweet Lips Chavez, a passer who had been murdered. Nita did not know where Sweet Lips had obtained the money.

Baldwin had been sent to Arizona to join the underworld and track down the counterfeiters. Jick and her family knew Baldwin was a Secret Service agent. He was the idol of Jick's brother, Pomfret Lionel, who wanted to become an agent too. But in the Phoenix underworld, Baldwin was believed to be a fugitive Chicago gunman.

As Jick and Artemus were examining the money, Walker Bayside arrived. Baldwin suspected that Bayside, an artist, was one of the counterfeiters. With Jick's help, Artemus prevented Bayside from seeing the money. Artemus then mailed the counterfeits to his boss, Norman Wessler.

Baldwin returned to his motor-court cabin and found a letter from Marvin Leeds awaiting him. It read, "Get results." Leeds, front man for a Phoenix gang, had recruited Baldwin for his gang.

Leeds assigned Baldwin to work the Yaqui gold swindle on Col. Semmes Beauregard, a rich Southerner with a beautiful daughter, Jennifer. The assignment had involved Artemus in a gang war with the Baffin brothers, Phoenix gangsters who regarded the Yaqui swindle as their exclusive racket.

As Baldwin was leaving the theater with Jennifer one evening, his informant, Porque the Egg, warned Artemus that the Baffins were gunning for him. "What sort of a man have I allowed myself to be mixed up with?" Jennifer said. Then, as they stopped at a light, she leaned over and kissed him. Too late, Baldwin observed two men jump into his car.

"Keep your hands on the wheel, buddy," said one of the intruders. "You're headed for a spot where you can canoodle real private."

"Nice planning," said Artemus to Jennifer bitterly.

VII

The gunmen in the rear seat were grimly silent until the light turned green. "Left," one of them commanded tersely.

"Anything to oblige," Artemus said, and turned left on Thomas Road. "The local boys weren't good enough, eh?" he said over his shoulder.

"Button it up," was the reply.

They drove past the country club. This was it, Artemus thought. He was in the war now, and it looked as if he would be out of it all too suddenly. These imported hoodlums in the back seat would not be of the quality of Moose and Burps. They would be efficient specialists, brought in to do a job expertly.

"Why," asked Jennifer in a tremulous whisper, "should you think that I ——"

"On second thought," Artemus answered, "I don't." On second thought, he did not believe that Jennifer could have had any part in the thing. These thugs were working for the Baffins. Between them and the Beauregards there could be no connection—if the Beauregards had guilty connection with anything.

"Talk it up," said a voice from the back seat. "You got time to say good-by."

"How's for letting Miss Beauregard out?" Artemus asked. "She's not in it."

"Her tough luck," was the answer.

Jennifer was frightened. He could feel her trembling. But there was sturdiness in her which even now he could admire.

"You remember what I said to you on our first drive together?" she asked.

"I remember."

"I meant it," she said, and pressed against him. "I want you to know—while there's time—that you are my man."

"Sudden, isn't it?" he asked.

"But certain," she answered.

He scarcely heard her. His mind was busied searching for expedients, for possibilities. Nothing but desperate measures could avail. Before him he could see a blaze of light from a night club. A desperate chance flashed into his mind.

"Brace yourself," he said, and suddenly swung his car to the right. There was rending impact, a startled ejaculation from the back seat. The car (Continued on Page 77)

Artemus' second shot, fired low, broke the second gunman's leg.

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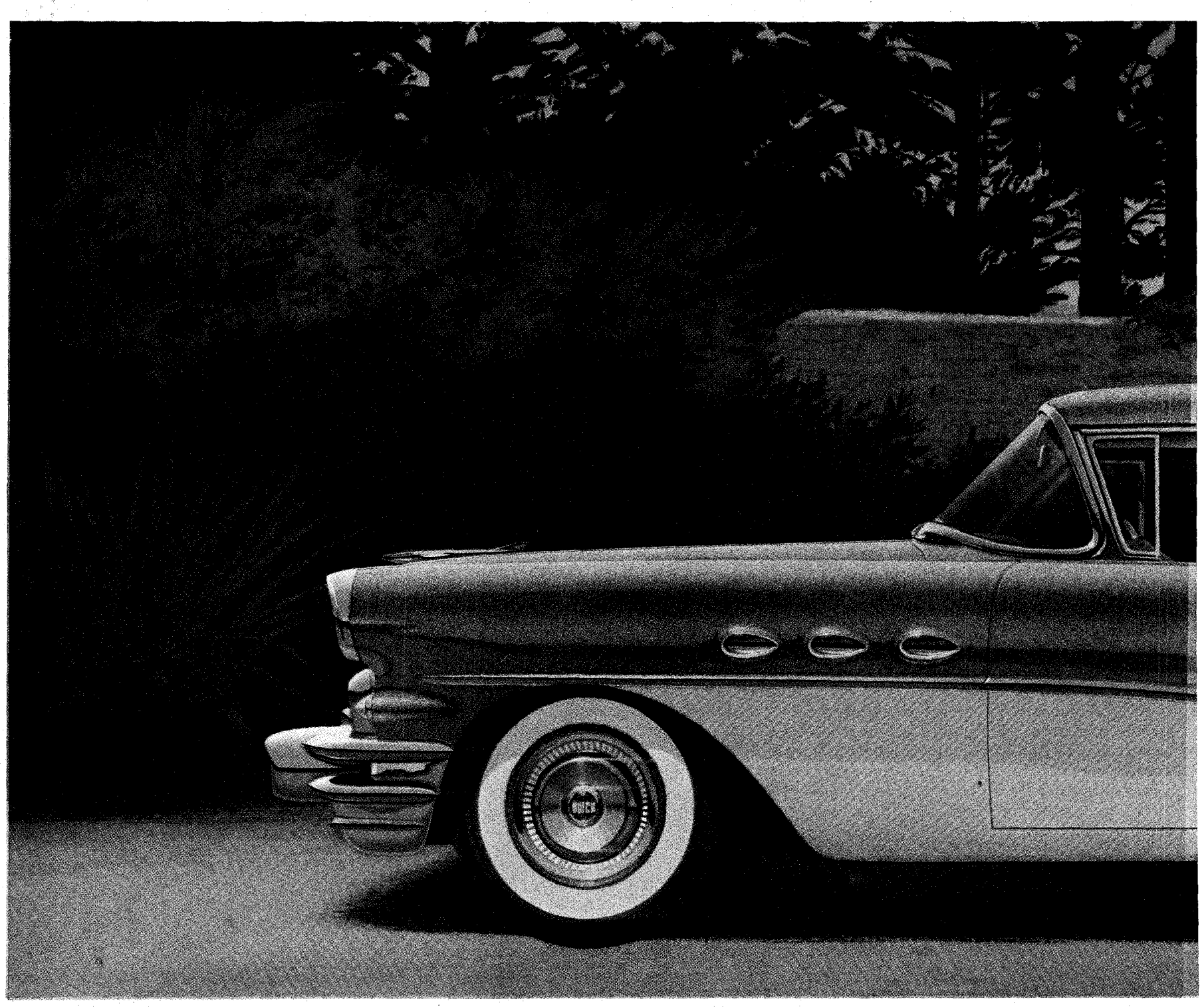

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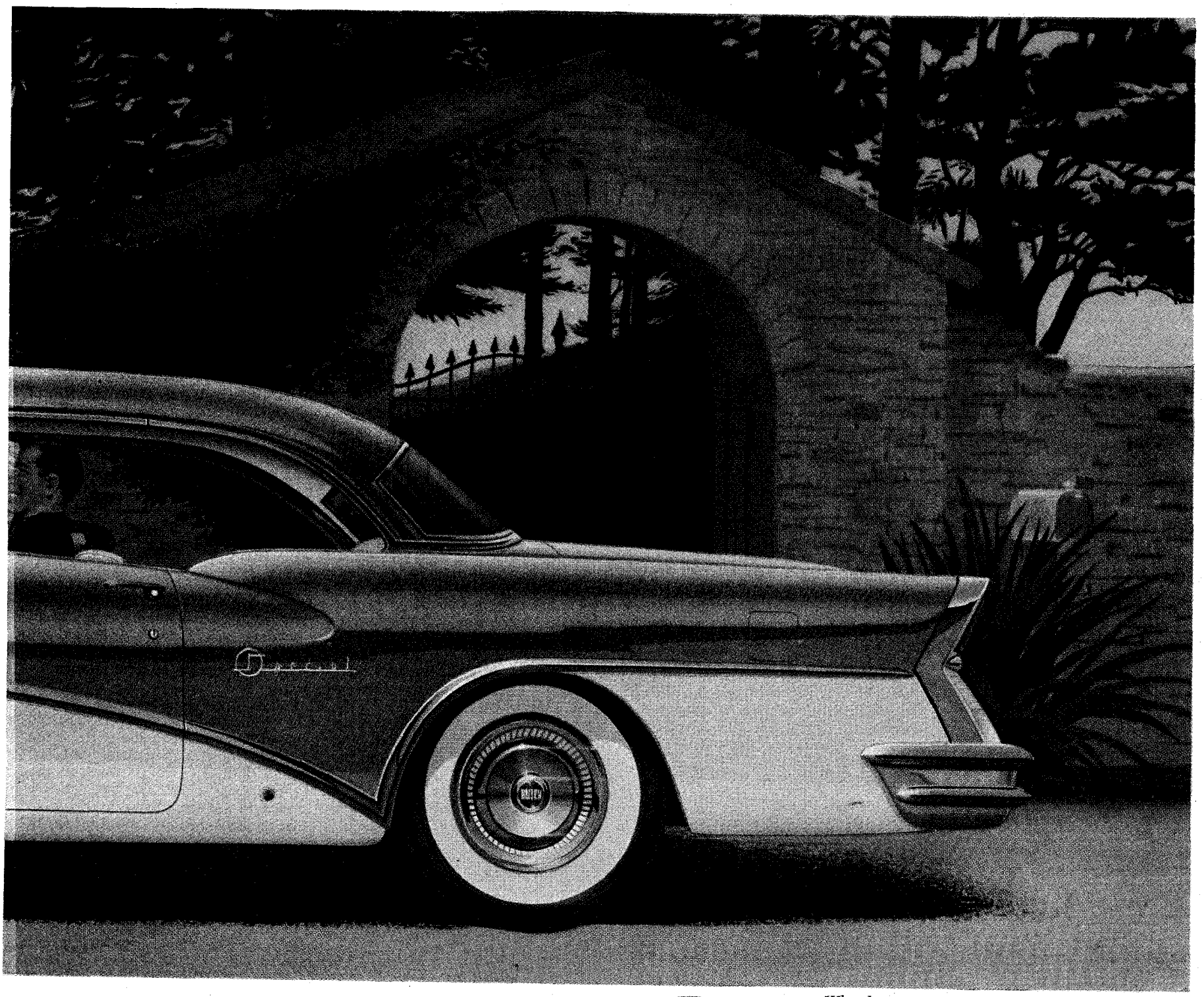

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Wickedest Critter in the Water

(Continued from Page 41)

me down, old Baldy was basking back in there and we had him penned up! Not proposing to stay penned up, he came straight for our boat, and I thought he was going to tie into us. But he wasn't mad enough for that. Instead, he plowed in under our boat, lifted it up, barged out on the other side and hit for the candleweed depths of the cove.

Pete blinked. "Gr-r-reat Jee-rusalem, did you see that!" But I wasn't too surprised; I'd seen other instances of the snapper's enormous strength. A mere fifteen-pounder can pull a boat all over a lake. Give a thirty-pounder traction and he'll tow an automobile or walk off with two men standing on his back. They may look slow as mud, and in some ways they are, but they can lash out flash-quick to seize prey or bite an enemy, and their knife-sharp jaws of hard horn, backed up by powerful mandible muscles, are nothing to take chances with. A medium-sized snapper can sever a person's finger. The huge alligator snapper of the South can sever a wrist.

My next encounter with old Baldy was in a little cove at the lower end of the lake. I was poling along the shore examining a colony of Tubifex worms, and to my astonishment I spotted old Baldy down there, basking in the sun-warmed shallows by the bank.

This peculiar basking habit needs a word of explanation. When a hard-shell gets to be ten pounds or over, it rarely crawls out onto logs, rocks or shore to bask, as do small chelonians like the painted and the mud turtle. This would injure its plastron, or soft belly shell. So it edges out into three, four inches of bank shallows and basks there, where the water on a still, sunny day is ten to fifteen degrees warmer than the main water body.

What astonished me at encountering old Baldy there was that his domain was the uplake cove, three quarters of a mile away, and I'd never seen him out of there. Old hard-shells stay put, except for unusual reasons. It was a mystery to me what had ousted him and I was several weeks discovering the answer.

The instant old Baldy saw me he started hauling freight out across the knee-deep flats. In my light boat I overtook him, and with those pert little ducklings in mind I harpooned him good and plenty, through the rear of his carapace, or upper shell.

The throw put me slightly off balance and old Baldy's hard yank toppled me out of the boat. The bottom was gooey and I had a time getting back aboard, but I made it. My spear had a line attached, with a small buoy, so I pulled the boat along the line till I got hold of the spear handle again. At that moment old Baldy whirled around and went barging in under the boat, and out I went, by golly, a second time.

When I stood up I was muck all over, but I didn't care a hootenanny about that just then; I was worrying about old Baldy taking a hunk out of my leg. It's true that snappers, even the largest, hit for deep water when you surprise them, but if a fight develops, you can find yourself in several kinds of trouble. Old Baldy's change of direction said he wasn't studying the deep water any more; he was studying me, and getting madder by the minute. So I got back into that boat nimble-like.

As I was wiping my face on a sack, I heard some individual hollering around over by the airstrip and turned to look. In his nifty two-toned crate, Pete had taxied down near the lake and wheeled for a take-off, but had seen me battling old Baldy and come down the shore. He was shouting and laughing around at my fix and yelling encouragement—to the turtle.

Somewhat recklessly I seized the spear handle and tried to haul old Baldy up to gaff. That was a bad mistake. What with the mucky, slippery footing, a violent wrench from the turtle started me going down again. I managed to grab the gunwale, but all this did was upset the boat.

Clambering up on top of an overturned light-metal boat ordinarily takes considerable doing, but it's as easy as pie when you have a big, mad hard-shell swimming around in the muddy water looking for your legs. As I lay on the boat top, enduring Pete's whoops, I saw my spear floating on the water. This meant that the violent wrench had freed old Baldy and he was now cruising around unimpeded, snapping at anything he bumped into, as they will do.

After a while he surfaced at a safe distance. I righted my boat, bailed it out some with my hat, retrieved my gear and went off home.

Two weeks later, Pete and I, hunting turtles, ran into old Baldy for the third and last time. He was basking in the shallows near where I had battled him. As he took off for the open lake, I handed the spear to Pete, grabbed the oars and angled out to intercept.

"Take him, Pete," I said, hoping they would both drown or something. Since Pete was pretty much a novice at turtle spearing, I felt that the chances of his taking a header into the muck were pretty good.

Now, there's only one vital spot in a turtle—its small, primitive brain. Pierce it through the heart and it will fight you for an hour, but if you hit the brain, it's done for; it hardly moves thereafter. Hitting this brain spot, located somewhat frontally in the head, takes skill and luck to boot. On top of that, Pete was standing in a lunging, rocking boat and hurling at a fast-moving target. But—well, you guessed it. He got that old snapper squarely through the brain box and killed it so dead I didn't even have to gaff it.

"Nothing to it," he said, in swaggering tones. "Why'd you make such a production of that job the other day?"

So now I had another bone to pick, and I told myself that sometime and somehow I was going to maneuver Pete into a fight with the biggest, meanest old hard-shell in the county.

We dragged old Baldy ashore and looked him over. He had the usual assortment of leeches, and his carapace was thickly furred with water moss. I had often wondered about the peculiar grayish color of his head, and on close examination I found it was due to some sort of fungus growing on the scars of his savage mating fights.

One August day many years ago, when Teddy Roosevelt was President, our old Baldy started out life as a tiny hatchling, in a sandbank 200 yards from the lake edge. In that same nest about thirty other turtle eggs were hatching. A favorite nesting place for hard-shells, that sandbank had been visited by five other gravid females in June, but all the other nests had been dug out and the eggs eaten by coons, foxes, possums.

When little Baldy clawed his way up through the sand to the light of day, he was not much bigger than a half dollar, but already he was equipped with the snapper's disposition to bite first and ask questions afterward. I have kept hatchlings in a glass "turtle-arium" for months, and no amount of feeding and handling could get the little stinkers over the habit of biting me every chance they got. Their built-in surliness and unsociability, their puzzling behavior patterns, have been commented on—but never explained—by herpetologists.

Along with his nest mates, but without the slightest instinct of kinship or sociability, little Baldy started for the lake, down a small streamlet. It was a slow journey and the mortality was high. The hatchlings were gobbled up by coons, mink, herons, muskrats, water snakes; and only half of them reached the lake edge. There, during their first two years, as they "lurked" for minnows and water bugs and browsed on duckweed, they were preyed on by pike, bass, pickerel and other turtles, till only Baldy was left, of all those six nests of eggs.

By the end of his third full season, when he was the size of a small saucer, all his enemies were leaving him strictly alone. All except other hard-shells, of large size, which would have chopped him up and eaten him in a couple of gulps. His punishing bite with the horn jaws made even the sagacious, turtle-loving raccoon pass him by. As for friends, he didn't have any, didn't want any, didn't want any trade or truck with any creature around him. Except at mating time, a hard-shell's own kind are either something to eat, if smaller, or something to get away from if larger.

Turtles keep on growing as long as they live, steadily but slowly. The old rule of thumb, "a pound a year," is too high. That is, a fifty-pound hard-shell would, I think, usually be seventy-five years old or older. We have reliable records of this age, and it is fairly certain that the hard-shell lives much longer. In a good situation it probably reaches a century and a half.

Again and again in textbooks on the Reptilia you see it stated that the snapper, Chelydra serpentina, is strictly carnivorous. How this gross inaccuracy ever got started or why it's repeated, I just don't know. I have precise stomach-content records on sixty-seven snappers and rough records on many more, and I've queried other turtle hunters on this point, and there's simply no question about it—green stuff constitutes at least 65 per cent of Chelydra's food. When he first emerges in the spring he eats large quantities of water-edge skunk cabbage, biting off a big leaf and backing into the water with it. Later he eats waterweed (Elodea), Sagittaria, young lily leaves and duckweed. This last is his favorite in the salad line. I've taken two pounds of it from one stomach. He will go cruising slowly along the surface with his mouth open till he's gathered up a gollop of duckweed; then he sticks his head under the water and swallows it.

To be sure, the hard-shell does eat meat—mostly fish, frogs, waterfowl, snails and suchlike. Since he has no chewing apparatus, he chops off big bites of his prey or tears it to pieces with his powerful front claws and swallows it in hunks.

The swift and agile soft-shell (Trionyx) takes its fish mostly by pursuing them. On land it's as awkward as a floppy pancake, but in chasing fish it's a model of graceful tilting and banking. The cumbersome hard-shell, while a fairly fast swimmer, catches its fish by lurking. It dives to the bottom, snuggles into the candleweed and gives an expert flip that throws mud or sand over its back. Added to this, its carapace is usually covered

The Perfect Squelch

The busy minister was hurrying to an appointment when he met his next-door neighbor, a loquacious salesman. Although the salesman never appeared in his church, the minister paused politely to ask how he was. This query proved unfortunate, as the salesman launched into a detailed account of his troubles. People just didn't realize how difficult selling was, he complained for the next ten minutes.

When the minister, trying to break away, suggested that he himself in a sense was selling religion, the salesman quickly waved the idea aside. "You don't know what salesmanship is, parson," he said. "Why, I've been living next door for almost two years, and you've never persuaded me to come to your church."

"What?" the minister said with a smile. "And lose my closest horrible example?"

Robert W. Jonte

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with a dark-green water moss. Whence the term "old mossback."

Besides the camouflage, Chelydra has a special wrinkle which lures fish right into its open jaws. In the floor of its mouth it has a tonguelike process which looks like a fat, whitish grub and which it can wiggle like a worm. In the huge alligator snapper this angler process is as much as three inches long and is nonretractile. In the Northern snapper it is much shorter and can be retracted, which is why it's seldom noticed. A fish comes along, sees that wiggly grub-worm, makes a go for it—and bye-bye fish.

Among sport fishermen you hear it said that the hard-shell turtle is a menace to fishing, but this definitely isn't so. It eats mostly weed fish such as carp, suckers, yellow perch and cats. The game species, like bass, pickerel and trout, are seldom taken. Conservation experts say that, on the whole, the hard-shell is a benefit to sport fishing because it eats

... ...

I Didn't Catch the Face

By Pegasus Buchanan

I thought I saw him on the street,
And he thought he saw me,
So we were both prepared to greet
Each other jovially.

But when we got a closer look
To name each mother's son of us,
Our outstretched hands remained unshook.
It wasn't either one of us!

... ...

the undesirable species which, in turn, destroy so much spawn. But its guilt in regard to waterfowl is so plain and so serious that state and Federal conservation agencies try to eliminate it in lakes intended as rookery grounds or other sanctuaries.

Since the northern limit of Chelydra is roughly the Canadian border, it could be that its dreadful destructiveness to the duck and goose tribe is the major reason why the great rookery grounds of the Anatidae lie north of its habitat.

The mating fights among hard-shells are clumsy, slow-motion affairs, but vicious and deadly just the same. At this time a ten-pounder thinks nothing of tying into a thirty-pounder. In many instances of such inequality the smaller rival is soon killed by a brain puncture or badly crippled and driven away. But a battle between evenly matched rivals goes on for hours or even days. Circling around each other on top of the water, they bite off toes, tails, hunks of shell or anything else that sticks out and can be snapped off.

In these fights the two contestants are oblivious of everything except the enemy. One morning in Illinois, while gathering mushrooms near a lake, I noticed a fight going on out in the shallows between two twenty-pounders. The next morning that same fight was going on at that same place. Having nothing else handy, I got a bushel basket, waded out, slipped it under one of the battlers, and by dint of whacking him over the head, I towed him ashore. His opponent, the last I saw, was swimming around looking for his rival and snapping wickedly at the empty air.

The actual mating is another slow business. I have noticed instances of three days' duration and it is said to take a week sometimes. At this season the female's eggs are already fully formed and ready for laying, and the fertilization is for next year's eggs, which are the size of buckshot. Sometimes fertilization is for two years ahead.

Hard-shell hatchlings are about fifty-fifty male and female, but at twenty pounds the males outnumber the females at least five to one. Nobody knows why this is. It can't be that any sizable number of females get killed during their inland egg-laying trip; no animal in its right mind attacks the mature snapper. I have a suspicion—though with only a few observations to back it up—that many of the females get attacked and killed by larger males at the onset of the mating season. Some males apparently enter the mating phase sooner than the females, and that could cause trouble.

The first crisp weather in the fall sends the hard-shell burrowing deeply into the bottom mud or back under the roots of a water-edge tree, and it goes into a profound hibernation. Since the turtle is an air breather and will readily drown if caught in a submerged trap, a person might wonder how it can live for five or six months under water. The answer is that its metabolism drops to nearly nothing; only a tiny amount of oxygen is needed to keep the life processes going, and this tiny bit is absorbed through the skin.

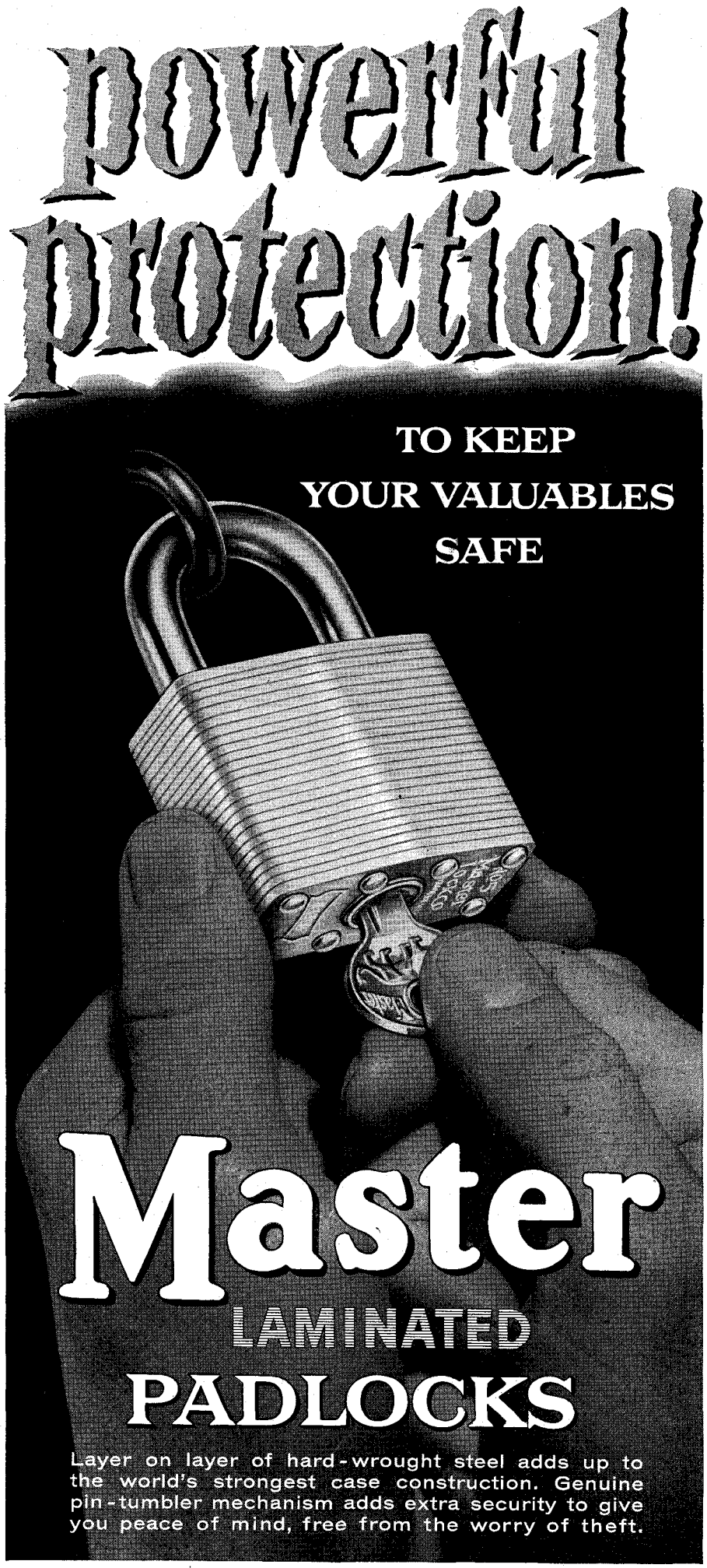
The huge alligator snapper of the South attains a weight of 150 pounds, but the Northern snapper never approaches this figure. My own record weighed fifty-three pounds, and I've hunted turtles many years in the East, Midwest and South. However, there are records of sixty- and seventy-pounders, and there's one doubtful instance of eighty pounds.

Turtles are often called "living fossils." This isn't true of all the Chelonians; for instance, the soft-shell is a fairly recent development. But the hard-shell truly is an old anachronism, the standpat of all standpats. A survivor of the great Age of Reptiles, he has come down across immense time almost unchanged. In the paleozoology drawers of a natural-history museum you can look at Chelydra shells many millions of years old which you or I could not distinguish—except for discoloration and suchlike—from the hard-shell we caught in the lake just yesterday.

Our granddaddy's favorite way of fishing for turtles was with a trotline—100 feet of heavy cord, with leaders and hooks attached every eight, ten feet. In the leisurely South this is still a custom. Some professional "turtlers" go after them barehanded, groping for them in likely places. The theory is that a turtle won't bite a person as long as it's under water and you don't give it time to get mad, but that's one theory I've never cared to test.

Both the hard-shell and the soft-shell can be taken on a rod and reel, and the sportsman who craves action can surely get it. The hard-shell is a mite slow, but balky and powerful; the soft-shell gives you a fight like a ten-pound bass. For casting, a white, crippled-minnow floater is best, with a slow retrieve. Drag the lure past the nose of a surfacing turtle and if he's hungry, things begin to happen. Use a wire leader, of course, and I advise nothing less than a 12-test line.

A unique and exciting way to fish for turtles is with a special kind of tip-up. I have a dozen slats four feet long, with the cord, wire leader and hook attached to one end, and for bait a chunk of pork liver. When I see a turtle actively feed-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ing—surfacing at the same spot every ten minutes or so—I row over there quietly, scatter my slats around his feeding place, then back off. Usually the turtle, which has a keen sense of smell under water, will take one of the baits within twenty minutes. When he bites, the slat tips up. Just about the time you get there it disappears and you have to watch around till it bobs out again, then make another dash for it. If the water is deep and the lake has any size, you'll have yourself quite a chase before grabbing that slat and bringing your turtle to gaff.

My favorite way of turtling, borrowed from the Indians, requires sharp eyes, some stalking ability, some skill with a spear, and it's limited to the stretch from mid-April to the first of July. At this season the larger hard-shells are basking in the warm shallows of the lake edge or riverbank. After spotting them, you have to pole up within short spearing distance, and you have to do this inch by slow inch, since they are exceedingly wary, and any alarm will send them scooting for the deep water or burrowing down into the muck, which they can surely do in the shake of that flea's hind leg. Stalking a turtle is lots harder than stalking a deer. I've spent twenty minutes covering thirty feet. It's a real test of patience and skill, and when you bag a big one your day is made.

Old Baldy wound up as the *pièce de résistance* at a church supper. Traditionally turtle soup is the king of all soups, and the hard-shell makes the best of them all—better than the soft-shell, the sea turtles or even the famed terrapin. Our big turtle yielded nineteen pounds of meat, which was average—that is, they dress out at about half their gross weight. Some experts say they can cut out thirteen different kinds of meat from the snapper. I myself can do only seven, the chief ones being neck-white, leg, yellow fat and the tenderloin. To get this last, you have to cut off the ribs with a chisel, but it's worth it. Extraordinarily tender and delicately flavored, it's often said to be the finest of all meats.

When you fry turtle, either hard-shell, soft-shell or terrapin, you should first pressure-cook it for five minutes at fifteen pounds. Then brush it with cooking oil and proceed as with chicken. The connoisseurs say, and I agree, that fried soft-shell is a cut better than hard-shell, but they're both so toothsome that nobody argues it much.

But the soup's the thing. My own recipe calls for equal parts of leg meat and neck-white, and one-fourth part of yellow fat. Put this in a pressure cooker, salt lightly, add some bland vegetable flake like celery, and cook for thirty minutes at ten pounds. Cooking for my own table, I use a quart of water for each pound of meat, which makes a very rich soup. If you like it more on the broth side or if you have a number of people to serve, you can double the amount of water. At the end of thirty minutes the meat drops off the bone and you can serve this, shredded, in the soup.

In our granddaddy's day it was common for a farm family to keep a special "swill barrel" and put turtles in it for a month or two, on the theory that they fattened up. I doubt this theory, with the hard-shell at least. They resent captivity, sulk and often won't eat for the rest of the season. I once kept a twenty-pounder in a swill barrel for a month and it came out weighing eighteen pounds. A twenty-eight pounder, after six weeks, weighed twenty-five pounds. Though I plied them with the choicest viands, neither of these turtles had the slightest trace of food in stomach or alimentary canal. Like all Reptilia, turtles are really quite abstemious. They may eat a lot at one time, but then they will bask or lie up for days afterward.

Several weeks after we got old Baldy, the day finally came when I found out what had ousted him from the upper end of the lake. Also, I at last settled my score with Mr. Pete, but good.

We were flying over the upper cove one noon, when Pete yelped at me and pointed down. In the middle of the cove I saw a big hard-shell surfacing. We hairpinned and went over again to make sure we weren't imagining things, but no question about it—he was a big old mossback, big as a washtub. I wondered where he'd come from. He certainly hadn't been in that lake very long. I imagined he'd been living in an impenetrable area of ponds, hummocks and swamp brush up-valley, and that the recent bad floods had caused him to move out. At any rate, he'd taken over that upper end of the lake and chased old Baldy out. If it had been mating time, old Baldy would have stayed and fought him till one or the other bit the dust.

After we landed, I drove home, threw my turtle gear into the car and tootled back to the boat landing, where Pete was waiting. We loaded, launched and were off. When we got to the cove the huge snapper was still floating around on the surface. He plainly wasn't feeding, and it was a bit late in the season for him to bite well on meat bait, so I didn't throw out my ring of slats. I figured we'd have to take him on a lure, if at all. So we eased up very cautiously to within fifty feet and I began casting for him with a white floater plug.

Properly done, this isn't the easiest kind of casting I know of. You have to land at least twenty feet on the other side to avoid scaring your turtle; you don't dare let the line touch him, yet you've got to drag the plug very close past his nose, especially if he's in a lazy mood; and if he's not hungry you've got to rouse his anger, his sense that some creature—your lure—is trespassing on his domain and getting too familiar with his person. All this with a heavy line and heavy-duty reel—try it sometime.

Half a dozen retrieves right past old Chelonia's nose were so fruitless that I thought he was asleep. Presently I saw him turn his head a little as he watched the lure brazenly zig and zag past him. The next time he reached out his neck an inch or so, and I saw he was beginning to get riled.

When he finally snatched at the lure, with that flash-quick snap they have, I tightened on him, set him well and let him dive. Then I gave the rod to Pete, suggesting casually that my boat was a cranky one and I could handle it better than he.

For three quarters of an hour we fought old Chelonia around in that cove. There just wasn't much we could do; he called the tune. If he wanted to come up he came up. If he wanted to squaddle on the bottom, he squaddled. If he wanted to go west, we all went west. A couple of times he surfaced close enough to make our eyes bug at his size, but I didn't even try to get near and gaff him. Not that boy, out in deep water.

Finally, in a ponderous, irresistible way, old Chelonia steamed out of the cove and out to the middle of the lake, where he had a depth of forty feet. I had a hunch he was beginning to associate the boat and us with his trouble, and I kept strictly away from him. Pete's arms were getting tired and sore, but I remembered his yahoo laughter when old Baldy had me hanging on the ropes, and I refused to take the rod.

For a good hour and a half we carried on with old Chelonia out in the lake center. He must have finally decided there wasn't much percentage in his deepwater tactics, so he headed for the east shore of the lake, towing us along at half a knot. By now he was good and plenty mad. Every time he surfaced he lunged and snapped around at nothing. Once when I carelessly got too close he started to come at us. I circled around, got between him and the shore, and we sort of led him on into the gravelly shallows there.

When we were within 100 feet of the bank and in about three feet of water, Pete suddenly toppled out of the boat. When he'd retrieved his rod and hat, he wanted to get back into the boat quick, but I'd already backed off.

"You'd upset us, Pete," I argued. "Just don't let him get near you. He's a plumb wicked one. Just work on in to shore. You'll make it—I think."

I must say he was dead game about it. Old Chelonia wasn't more than forty feet from him, surfacing often now and wanting to demolish everything in sight. Pete decided he'd better keep most of his anatomy out of sight. Every time the turtle emerged, breathing fire and brimstone, Pete submerged, down to his ears. He could have thrown the rod away and sloshed hurriedly ashore, but he hung in there and kept backing out into the shallows, between those rounds of up-turtle, down-Pete.

When we finally got old Chelonia into knee-deep water, I poled up carefully, made a couple of passes with the gaff and managed to get him through the brain box, and we dragged him ashore and up onto the grass. Our big catch, fifty-three pounds on the nose, looked to me as if he'd been around for close to a century.

The three-hour fight had tired us both and we were glad to sit down and smoke a cigarette. If there's anything else in our inland waters—muskie, big river cat or the huge lake trout of the Barren Grounds—that can put up a battle like that, I haven't met up with it.

Presently, regarding me with suspicious eyes, Pete said, "Looky, fella, I've been thinking it was funny, mighty funny, the way I fell out of that boat out there."

"Glad to hear you think it was funny," I said. "I didn't think it was funny when old Baldy gave me a sousing, down there."

"I don't mean funny, I mean funny business," he said. "Looky, you didn't maybe give a quick little twist with the oars when I wasn't looking, did you?"

"Who, me? I deny the allegation and defy the allegator."

"Well," he growled, "if you did, and I ever find out for sure —— D'you remember about the eagle and the turtle? How the eagle took the turtle upstairs and dropped him down onto the rocks?"

"Dirty tactics," I remarked. "Is that what's running in your mind?"

"That," said Pete, "is the general idea."

THE END

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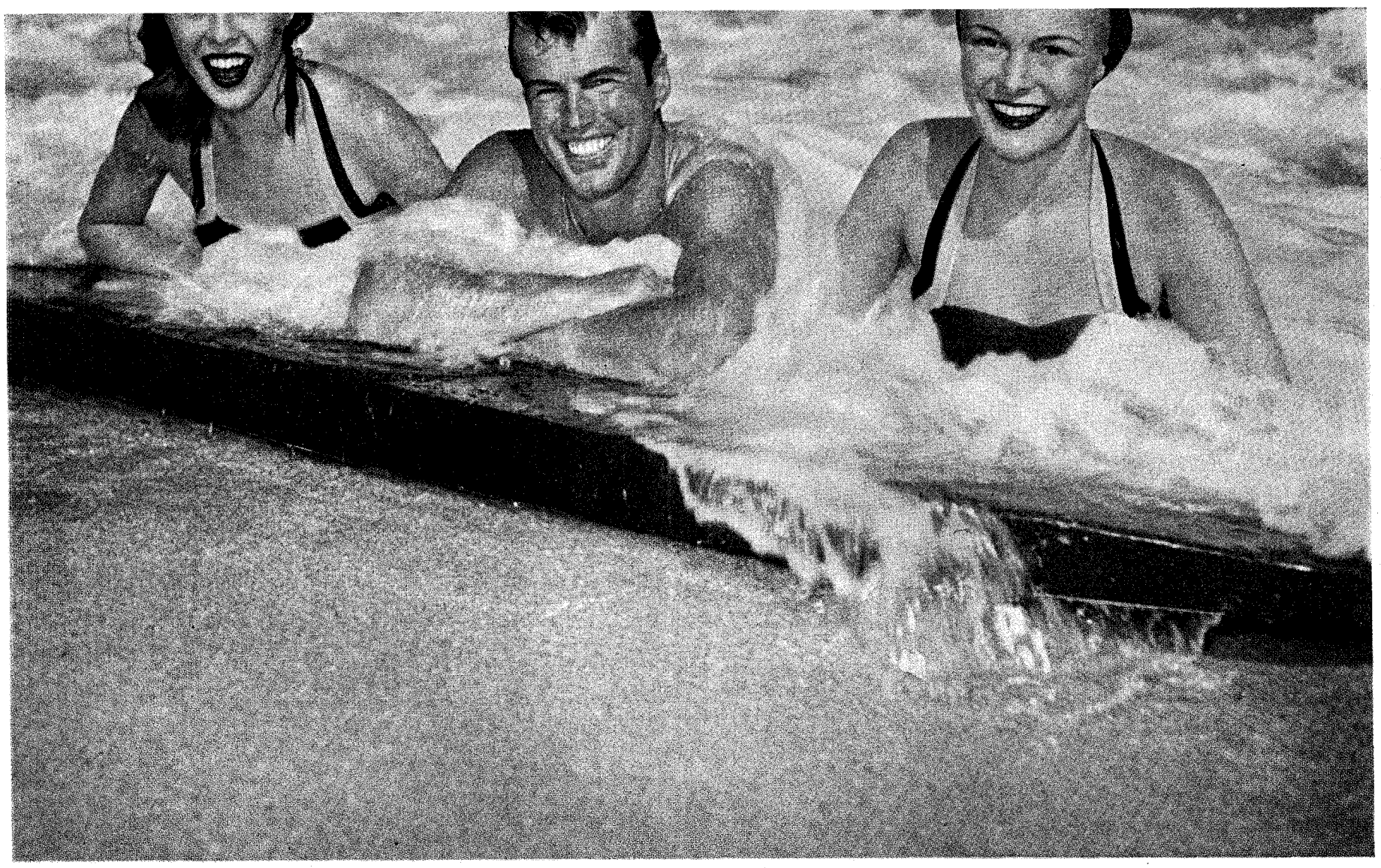

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Red Kidnapers are After Me

(Continued from Page 19)

home from a date. Out of the shadows stepped a Negro speaking good Russian.

His words were rough, "You are crazy, you young fools. We'll never leave you alone. We'll follow you. We'll beat you up and maybe even kill you!"

The boys shook their fists, and the colored man quickly changed his tune, "The Russian fist is strong. Russians are fine soldiers. In the future Russia will play a great military role." Then, like the gray-haired stranger, he quickly disappeared.

Two weeks later, eight of our Tuapse group attended the Russian People's Ball, an *émigré* dance in midtown Manhattan.

Suddenly a drunk approached two of our boys, shouting, "I have letters for you!"

They were letters from Russia. Some stranger at the dance had handed them to the drunk, who couldn't even describe this mailman, much less identify him. One Tuapse sailor received four letters—from his mother, uncle, boy friend and girl friend. The second had two—from his mother and his wife. All the letters contained intimate, domestic photographs calculated to inspire homesickness. Each message, after a budget of family news, begged the boy to come home. Each letter was written in the genuine handwriting of these relatives and friends.

But the words sounded more like Pravda propaganda than simple letters from home. They must have been dictated by communist officials. Let me show you parts of one of these letters, so you can judge for yourself:

> Greetings from sunny Odessa. . . .
>
> Dear friend, permit the first duty of this short letter to be the sending to you and all our countrymen my warm, sincere, friendly Komsomol greetings. Dear friend, at present I am alive and well, have been demobilized, have fulfilled my sacred duty to the Homeland, and am now working for the good of the Homeland. . . .
>
> I often remember our childhood and youth, and it's a pity that the friend whom I never forget is not beside me. But take heart, don't lose spirit. The Party and government are ceaselessly looking after us, and we shall soon meet. . . .
>
> Greetings on the 38th Anniversary of the October Revolution! . . . I'm awaiting your quick return to sunny and dear Odessa. I am waiting.

This, the Soviets pretend, is a personal letter from a poorly educated boy friend.

Each of these letters was written in early November, 1955, only a week after our Tuapse group arrived in America. (The October revolution is celebrated in November.) None of the envelopes bore stamps. Apparently the letters were flown from Russia in a Soviet diplomatic pouch. Carefully typed on each envelope were the addresses and telephone numbers of the Soviet Embassy in Washington and the Soviet U.N. Mission in New York. With such crude devices, the Soviet police tried to lure us back to Russia.

By this time all nine of us Tuapse sailors in the United States were badly frightened. Could we never escape communist persecution, even in free America? We decided to leave New York and live in what we thought might prove safer places. Most of the boys moved to Paterson, New Jersey, where there is a large colony of Russian refugees. Another sailor and I went to a Philadelphia suburb.

Still, we could not live in peace. Even outside New York, we were tracked down by pro-Soviet strangers speaking Russian. They concentrated especially on Orthodox churches and Russian *émigré* clubs. One old lady, whom we never saw before or since, wept crocodile tears for our families in the U.S.S.R. More letters from Russia arrived, but never by mail. Some were handed to us by strangers, who quickly disappeared. Others would be in our overcoat pockets when we came to the cloakroom at the close of a dance.

Tormented as we were by such sinister tactics, none of us wished to end this ordeal by returning to the U.S.S.R. We well knew the Soviet law, which decrees:

"Flight abroad is punished by the highest criminal punishment—death, with confiscation of all property, or, under ameliorating circumstances, by imprisonment for ten years, with confiscation of all property."

In January, 1956, Soviet Ambassador Georgi Zaroubin demanded that the United States Department of State permit him to interview our Tuapse group.

At first our boys replied, "We'll be glad to see him. We'll spit in his face!" Then we calmed down and decided instead to write letters to Zaroubin. All nine wrote clearly that we did not wish to return to the U.S.S.R. The State Department still has copies of these letters, which were delivered to the Soviet Embassy during the early days of last March.

Just about one month later, five of our Tuapse group were shanghaied back to Russia. The abduction was well planned and swiftly executed. All five were captured in only two days, and on the third day flown to Moscow. Ambassador Zaroubin, once a high official in the Soviet secret police, may have masterminded this successful plot. But the actual kidnaping was done by thugs from the Soviet Mission to the U.N.

This last fact automatically saved three of our boys, who by April were living more than 200 miles away from New York City. The Soviet mission didn't dare to try to operate so far from New York. But six others, including myself, were in the dangerous New York area, and were to be captured, according to the Soviet plan. The plan was five-sixths fulfilled. I am the sole survivor.

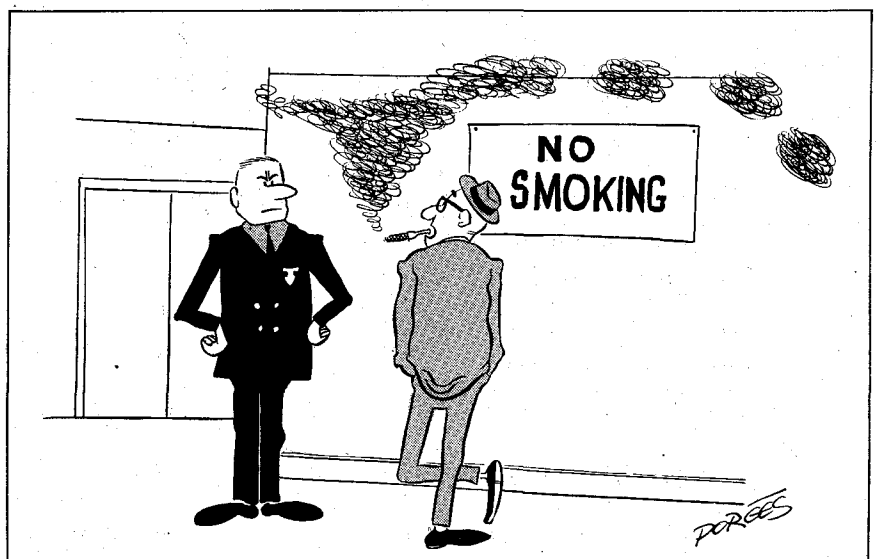
The Church World Service, our guardian in America, had tried by April to house each of the six safely. We had reported all communist intimidation to the service, which, in turn, had relayed the information to the United States Government. Two Tuapse sailors were working in Paterson, New Jersey. They lived in an apartment behind the house of their landlord, who himself was a Russian refugee from communism. Three others—"Sasha" Shirin, "Mike" Shishin and Valentine Lukashkov—were studying English at Columbia University. Their rooms were in Columbia's International House, where visitors must pass reception clerks in daytime, and all outside doors are locked at night. After a minor operation, I was recuperating at the George Washington Hotel, in lower Manhattan.

On the very eve of their abduction, all five victims showed no sign whatever of wishing to return to the U.S.S.R. Two days before disappearing, the boys in Paterson had a friendly argument with their *émigré* landlord. Though anti-Soviet, he said he was old, and perhaps should go back to his native Russia to die. The boys replied, "You're crazy!"

The day before the kidnaping began, Valentine wrote a tender letter to his fiancée in Paterson. He said he had seen a wonderful movie in New York, and that in a few days they would watch it together. The happy couple planned to be married the next week. That same day Sasha and Mike had a double date with their New York girl friends. Not one word was spoken about returning to Russia. The boys asked the girls for another date two days from then. That second date was never kept—and both girls now are afraid to leave their homes at night. [The names of the three girls have been withheld at their request.—The Editors.]

On Thursday, April fifth, the Soviet police struck. At one o'clock in the afternoon I was sleeping peacefully in my hotel room. There was a sudden knock at the door. I opened it and two men in Soviet style raincoats pushed into my room. Both of the intruders immediately showed me their diplomatic identification cards, which stated they were employees of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations. But both carefully placed their thumbs over the print which gave their names.

I wish that some official organization in America had photographs of all 120 of the United Nations Soviet-mission personnel, including chauffeurs, guards, janitors and cooks. I am told that the United Nations Security Office has photographs of all Soviet-mission personnel who work in U.N. buildings. However, the service personnel of the mission may never enter United Nations premises and their pictures would not be on file—and it is precisely within their ranks that plug-uglies are planted.



"I'm a very slow reader!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I am sure I could identify from photographs the brutal men who hunted me down. Both spoke "Soviet" Russian, as we term it—complete with all communist double-talk. They had cruel eyes and they enjoyed indulging in menacing stares.

First they gave me a photograph of my peasant mother and two letters from Russia—from my mother and sister. Then they softened their tone of voice and said, "Mike is already at the Soviet mission and wishes to go home. He wants to talk with you. Your mother in Russia is waiting for you too. Come with us!"

"I'm afraid that I'll go into a Soviet concentration camp if I do," I told them.

They tried to soothe me. "Why are you afraid of us? You live here among strange Americans, who don't understand you. If you're afraid, come and talk to Mr. Sobolev. He is a big man, the Soviet Ambassador to the United Nations."

This politeness did not last long. Soon their sweet talk about homesickness was replaced by the rough words, "Come, come on, get dressed!"

Since the thugs probably had revolvers, I dared not scream for help. So I tried a trick: "May I speak to Mike on the phone?"

The trick failed: "No! Come to the mission and speak to him in person." Then they began cursing me, and sternly ordered me to go with them.

Stalling for time, I argued, "All right. I'll go. But first I must wash up."

While in the bathroom, I heard a sharp click. They had locked the room door to the hall. Now I lost all hope of escape. Returning to the room, I protested, "I'll go, but you will send me to a concentration camp."

"Come along," they ordered.

I took one last desperate chance in a lie: "An American friend from the Church World Service is coming here in a few minutes. You'd better leave. Call me later."

Now it was the thugs' turn to be afraid. A serious diplomatic incident might explode if they were caught in my room by an official of this branch of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States. These Soviet operatives had orders to do their dirty work quietly. If they provoked an international incident, punishment by their Soviet bosses might be swift and severe.

Now the kidnapers warned me, "Don't tell him that we've been here. The Americans would put you in prison or send you back to Formosa."

Then they gave me the address of the Soviet mission to the U.N., and hurriedly left. Thus the Church World Service, which had already fed and clothed me, found me a job and paid my hospital bill, unknowingly saved my life.

Alone at last, I carefully examined the letters, the first I personally had received from Russia. The photograph of my fifty-year-old mother shocked me. In the three years since our last meeting, her hair had turned gray and she had become an old woman. I wondered if I was to blame.

My mother's letter, in her handwriting, spoke of "reprisals" against my family if I did not come home. In Russian, "reprisal" is a literary term, rarely used in conversation. I doubt if my mother, with only one year of schooling, even knew the meaning of this word. Obviously, the MVD had found her and forced her to write what they ordered.

I felt terribly lonesome, confused and afraid. So I hurried to International House, to seek advice from my three Tuapse friends. When I arrived, I ran into another shock. Mike was already gone, just as the thugs had said. He left his clothes and most other possessions—even the enlarged photo of his wife and children in Russia. Of all of us, Mike was the most vulnerable to Soviet threats, for he loved his wife very dearly.

I found Valentine very much alarmed. Before seeing me, the Soviet-mission thugs had visited him. They gave him letters and photographs from Russia and tried to scare him into leaving with them. Valentine had refused to go.

Late in the evening Sasha returned to International House from the factory where he had just started work. His first words were, "When will they leave me in peace?" The same two thugs had visited and threatened Sasha at his factory.

Valentine, Sasha and I talked all night, trying to solve our difficult problem. Strange as it now seems even to me, we didn't phone the FBI. Our English was poor, we might not be understood, and the Church World Service office was closed at night. So we just continued to argue among ourselves. We agreed that life in the United States was good and that our future seemed promising. We were young, strong and willing to work hard. All of us already had factory jobs.

But, we told each other, we cannot sleep in peace. Who knows what will happen to us tomorrow? Even in America, there is no security. Life here seemed just as fearful as in Russia. Early Friday morning, April sixth, I temporarily lost heart and said, "Let's go back to Russia. Here they'll never leave us alone. It's only ten years in prison camp, and then we'll be free."

Valentine and Sasha grew angry. "No, we won't go back! We don't want to die in prison camp!"

Finally, the three of us agreed never to return to the U.S.S.R. By this time it was five o'clock on Friday morning. I left International House and went to my hotel. Before I went to bed, I searched every inch of my room, because I was still terribly afraid. Even after making sure the room was empty, I could not sleep.

At 8:30 A.M. my telephone rang. It was a call from the two Soviet blacklegs, who said they were coming to see me in my hotel. Again I saved myself by a lie: "Don't come here. I'll meet you outside, right away. Wait for me at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Seventy-second Street."

They agreed. Apparently they thought it safer to abduct me on the street than from a hotel room.

Of course, I knew that they wouldn't wait on the street corner long. As soon as they realized I wasn't coming, they might race for my hotel. But I deliberately chose a corner more than fifty blocks away, to give me time to escape. Before rushing out, I hurriedly called International House to warn Valentine and Sasha that we were being hunted again. Because I was in danger, I thought they would be too. The telephone operator at International House answered, and five long minutes passed in silence. Then the operator said in a cheery voice, "I'm sorry; they are not here."

The thugs had taken Valentine and Sasha even before telephoning me. Now I was in something of a panic. Precious minutes had been wasted by my futile call to International House. I fled from my hotel to Grand Central Station and took the first train to Yonkers. Only when I reached the Yonkers home of *émigré* friends did I feel safe.

By Friday afternoon some of my courage returned. I went back to New York to tell the Church World Service how Valentine, Sasha and Mike had been abducted. The staff members at the service were horrified by my story. One man said he was leaving immediately for a town 200 miles away, and, to be safe, I'd better go with him. I almost cried as I accepted his kind offer.

Only later did I learn that on this same Friday, while I was being hunted in New York, the two Tuapse sailors in Paterson disappeared. Thursday evening, two Russian-speaking strangers visited the Paterson boys, bringing vodka and beer. Next morning both the strangers and the boys were gone. Neighborhood children remember seeing four men leave the premises about six o'clock that Friday morning, with two of them dragging the other two into a car. The boys' room was found in complete disorder. Their bed was rumpled and out of place, the wall mirror was knocked sideways, and both the phonograph and its records were smashed. Just as at International House, most personal possessions were left behind. The Paterson landlord discovered a note in the room, saying:

Uncle Vasya, farewell! We are going back to our homeland. We hope you will follow our example.

The handwriting on the note was not that of the boys—of that I am certain because I am familiar with their writing.

Once all five victims were in the Soviet mission, the wheels there turned fast. Late Friday afternoon a mission officer paid the boys' income taxes at the Federal tax office in New York. Seven tickets to Moscow were ordered at the last minute from Scandinavian Airlines, which, in early April, has some unreserved space on its planes.

Next day, on Saturday, April seventh, a cavalcade of Soviet-mission limousines roared into Idlewild airport at 3:25 P.M. Out of the cars stepped the five victims, twenty Soviet guards, several U.S.S.R. diplomats, and a bevy of gay mission girls with armfuls of flowers.

Because it was Saturday, when most United States Government offices are closed, only one overworked Immigration inspector was on duty. His hearing lasted just thirty-five minutes. With Soviet officials alongside, each boy said briefly that he wished to leave America. All the sailors had brand-new Soviet "diplomatic" passports, "legally" making them Soviet governmental personnel. None had luggage.

Helplessly watching was a Church World Service representative, who knew each victim as a firm friend. He tried to approach the sailors, but the twenty thugs from the Soviet mission barred his way. The boys looked at the churchman but without registering any sign of recognition. Were they under narcotics?

As soon as the hearing ended, the mission officers, girls and guards herded the boys into the plane. Two Soviet diplomats also got on board. The airplane took off immediately—it had already been delayed, waiting for the Russian passengers. Thus, at four o'clock on that Saturday afternoon, the Soviet kidnaping in New York City succeeded.

Still, Soviet Ambassador Zaroubin was not satisfied. At the end of April, he again demanded to see me and the three other Tuapse survivors. We argued with him at the United States Immigration office in Washington. Even there, he threatened us, and handed us more strange letters from Russia. So we four sailors now live in hiding and, needless to say, not in dangerous New York.

Today several officers of the Soviet U.N. Mission have been expelled from the United States for abusing their diplomatic privileges in arranging the boys' departure. But these diplomats are not the pugnacious operatives who threatened me in my hotel. The real kidnapers are probably still in New York, masquerading as U.S.S.R. mission chauffeurs or cooks. Do you wonder that I'm still afraid?

Why is the U.S.S.R. so interested in humble refugee sailors? Because Soviet trade is expanding, and many more U.S.S.R. ships will soon visit foreign ports. The MVD has to prove that Soviet sailors who jump ship can be caught and returned. The abduction of my five shipmates from America will frighten the whole Soviet merchant marine.

Just a few days before being captured, Sasha told me, "If I return to Russia with a smile on my face, never believe that I am going back voluntarily."

And to you, my readers, I'll say the same.

THE END

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The Home Wrecker (Continued from Page 21)

"The Appletons have little baby ears of corn, like pickles," said Jonathan.

"Olives stuffed with anchovies are very good for you," said Collis, "if you're careful to eat an apple and an orange every day besides."

"You know," said Chadwick, surveying Hession, "you could be a rector."

"God forbid," said Hession.

"Are you making fun of religion?" demanded Chadwick.

"Not at all."

"I should hope not."

Hession felt stifled. "I hope you children were in school today."

Jonathan plucked a burl of wool from his sweater. "No, we've learned enough for a while."

"Last one to get cleaned up before mother comes is a traitor," said Cornelia with desperate strategy.

Jonathan tore off with the rest, then skidded back to extend a twig. "Hold this for me."

"What is it?"

"A praying-mantis cocoon. I incubated it. Call out if there's any sign of life."

Hession sat there, staring with perplexity at a large, rough cocoon imbedded on a twig. A car stopped outside, the front door opened gustily and a woman with plum-colored eyes in an oval face sailed in, carrying a covered tray and a pail of milk. She was in riding habit, a tweed coat flung over her shoulders. Hession stood up and extended the twig in a mesmerized gesture—like a branch to a goddess.

"You keep it," laughed Magil Goddard. "On you it has possibilities."

"I'm not a bill collector," explained Hession in haste. "I'm from the board of education. My name is Hession."

She appraised him mildly, from his gray-black hair to his expressive thumbs. "If so, you're the nattiest truant officer in my time." Turning, she put two fingers in her mouth and let out a clarion whistle. "Supper, kids!"

The children cascaded in and he lost sight of her.

"Where's the milk?" cried Collis.

"There in the pail," said Mrs. Goddard. "And, Chad, will you stop appropriating my flashlight to hunt owls? I had to milk Elmo's cows by ear tonight. . . . Jonathan, fish those mosquitoes from the milk, will you?"

"Those aren't mosquitoes!" wailed Jonathan on closer inspection. "Those are baby mantises!"

Hession leaped for the shaggy cocoon lying on a radiator. Hordes of infinitesimal, stalky insects were emerging from a fissure. Hession enclosed the cocoon in a fist.

Mrs. Goddard shook her head sadly. "After many a hamster, Mr. Hession, I have concluded Nature is irrepressible."

"There are thousands of them stuck in the canapés already," grieved Cornelia.

"They'll only eat each other anyway," said Chad authoritatively. "So if we close our eyes and eat the canapés, it's only a case of survival of the fittest. Watch!"

Chad picked up a canapé with three mantises and took the initial gulp. Keena looked on admiringly and followed suit. Hession sank feebly to a chair with a fistful of mantises.

"Mr. Hession," said Mrs. Goddard in a bell-like voice, "come along and discuss whatever is dearest to your heart. I have a dinner engagement, but I can hear you from my dressing room."

Hession followed.

Mrs. Goddard indicated a chair and disappeared behind a screen papered with old champagne labels. "You'll find cigarettes on the dressing table, Mr. Hession. Now what's all this hanky-panky about the board of education?"

"I understand you've been visited by a school social worker."

"With nothing particularly original to say."

"We've had spontaneous reports from tradespeople about the manner in which your children shift for themselves on occasion."

"Mr. Hession, when I was a little girl there was a line in the church service which said, 'Why do the people imagine a vain thing?' "

"Do they? You have a whimsical attitude towards the collective absence of your children from school."

"Life is sometimes unexpected. My children are a loyal band. If one gets ill, they all stay home to nurse their wounded."

"I should think that was your job. Have you a job of any sort, Mrs. Goddard, or does the irregularity of your hours preclude one?"

"I regard that as an impertinence."

Hession continued, "If you have no job, then you have no visible means of support. It was our understanding that your husband mortgaged his estate to develop the plane in which he was killed."

She remained momentarily quiet behind the screen. "This is the house in which my children were living when their father was killed. The Appletons rent it to me for a song."

"And you call that emphasizing the right values?"

"Do my children appear backward?"

"Some damage doesn't make itself apparent immediately."

"Do my children appear undernourished?"

"A dinner of cocktail snacks is hardly to be recommended."

"Oh, come now. A gallon of fresh milk, windfall apples stored in the cellar, a crate of oranges from a friend in Florida every three weeks?"

"I admit the spoils system has its advantages. The question is whether or not they're merely your advantages."

"Would you think better of me if you found us in a two-bedroom unit in a sanitary housing project, with a discreet check every month from Mother's Assistance and a virtuous little job for me? No space, no birds in the morning or stars at night? Two pounds of honest ground meat at the end of a day? No, thanks. But I forget that honor is everything to the professional bleeding heart."

The line of his cheek hardened. "Is someone staying with the children tonight?"

"Ah, so that's it. There's a certain button in this house which each of my children knows blindfolded, Mr. Hession. That button sets off a siren which can be heard fifteen miles in any direction. Anyone who breaks in can hardly slug all five children at once. One of them is bound to make it to base."

"What about fire?"

"The house is almost a fireproof vault. We have a dog that barks like mad at the first whiff of smoke. And all bedrooms are on the ground floor."

He tried to check his moral impatience. "Children need boundaries."

"State employees, too, I might add. To your text, Mr. Hession. I've miles to drive and I'm due at dinner in fifteen minutes."

"You're being facetious, Mrs. Goddard."

"And you're being presumptuous!" Behind the screen, she riffled thin pages madly. "Did you think I didn't recognize an Ives lawyer in sheep's clothing? There are two Hessions in the phone book, I find. One is a contractor and the other is an attorney. Are you the contractor, Mr. Hession?"

She emerged, proud of spirit and wearing a simple lime dress. Her hands trembled as she filled an evening purse. "I've never asked the Iveses for help. They've never offered it. And after all, these are my children."

He stood up and plunged his hands into his pockets. "For how long?"

"Until you can declare me morally unfit, Mr. Hession! I know the law and I know what you're trying to prove."

He took a breath. "What sort of mother would hesitate to work for her children; would let them live as free loaders while she rode to the hounds and sallied off to dinner parties?"

"Stop it!" She stared at him in the mirror. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hession, but you go too far. I find myself curious. Are you married?"

"No."

"You look old enough. And being able to do nothing about your own dilemma, you spend your life illuminating the dilemmas of others."

"I intend to marry only once and I know what to look for in a woman."

"Don't get your emotions involved when you find her. Keep it antiseptic."

"You can't win, Mrs. Goddard."

"You've got the bead on me, have you?"

"Keep up this life and sooner or later the Iveses will have to step in."

"In the meantime, better free loaders than public charges. I leave you to the company of the children, Mr. Hession. They're more tolerant of humanitarians than I am."

He waited a few moments to control his surging anger; then followed the draft of her perfume, but she had gone. The children were standing reproachfully at the door.

"You made mummy cry," said Keena. "I'll shoot you dead, so I will."

Hession stared haggardly at the little band. Chad returned from seeing Mrs. Goddard off and swung high a brace of pheasants. "Hey, mother says have these for dinner tomorrow night. One of dad's friends shot them."

"I've never cleaned pheasants before," said Cornelia.

"Maybe you don't clean them right away," said Jonathan. "Some birds are better when you let them get a little rotten."

Cornelia's dark gaze returned to Hession. "Sometimes I wish mother would get married so she wouldn't have to talk to people like you. It upsets her feelings."

Such as they are, thought Hession. "Maybe you ought to tell your mother you'd like her to get married."

"Oh, for the love of hoopla," exclaimed Chad. "She wouldn't be caught dead marrying just anyone. If they're unmarried, they've got problems. If they've been married, they're heels."

"Would you take on five children?" challenged Cornelia.

"It takes money," said Hession.

"And those who have it use it to get away from kids," said Chad. "You aren't really very educated, are you?"

"I hadn't thought much about it."

"How long does it take a bullfrog to mature?"

"Oh, a matter of a month or so."

"Two years," supplied Jonathan sadly. "Didn't you know that? I wouldn't want mother to marry you."

Hession jammed his hat on his head as he went out the door.

"Think if you have everything before you leave," warned Cornelia. "We're going to lock the door now."

"And bring mother a flower the next time you come," suggested Collis. "Stephanotis is very nice, I think."

Stephanotis, my foot, thought Hession, removing an (*Continued on Page 54*)

"George always likes to enjoy a leisurely breakfast on Sunday."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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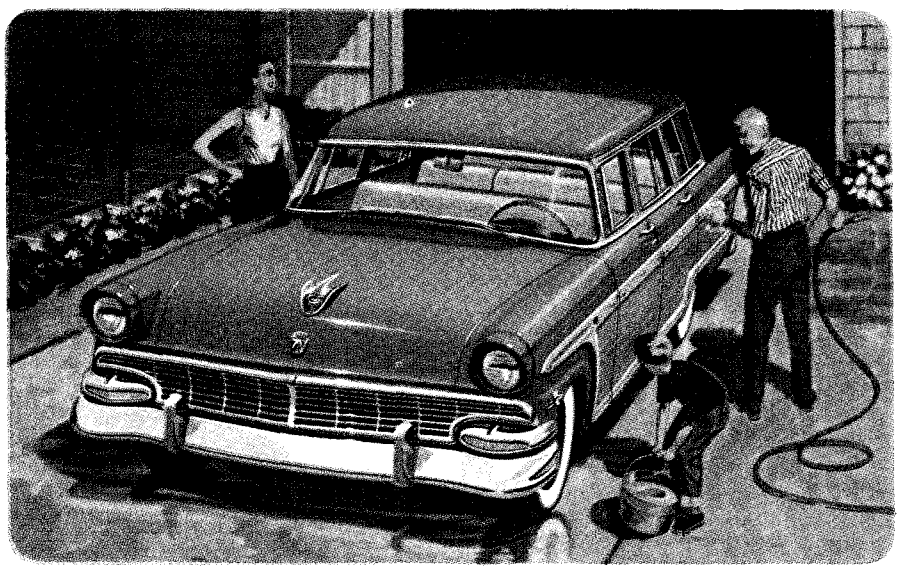
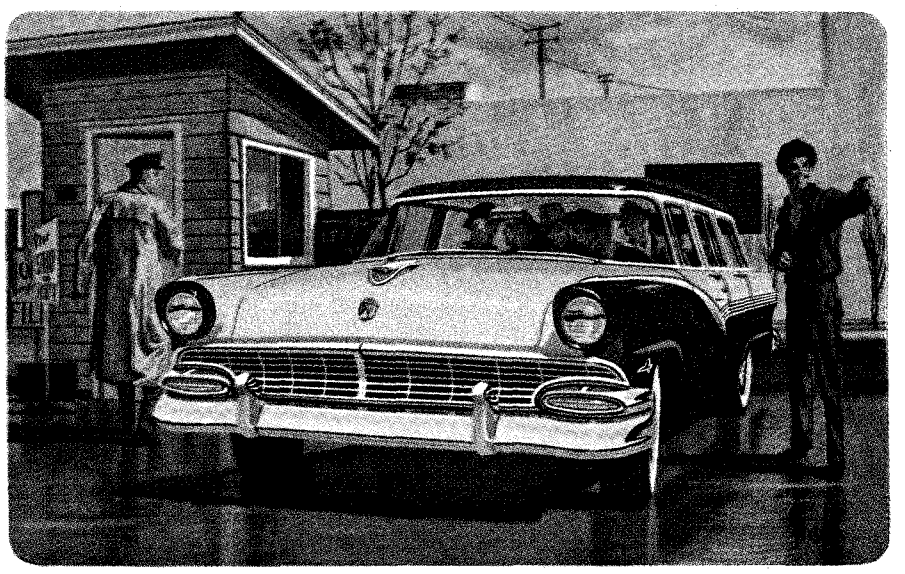
The best-selling "do-it-alls" are FORDS



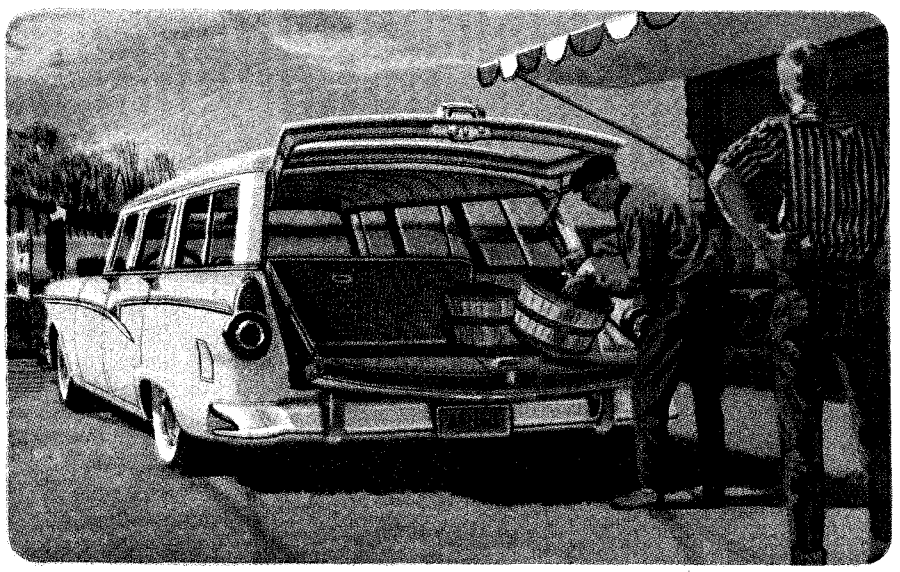
8-PASSENGER COUNTRY SQUIRE

America's most distinguished wagon—combines all-steel body with the traditional beauty of wood-like trim. Like all Ford wagons, it's available with 225-h.p. engine.



8-PASSENGER COUNTRY SEDAN

The stowaway seat in this 4-door model folds flat into the floor in seconds. With rear seat out and tail gate down, you have nearly nine feet of level load space!



6-PASSENGER COUNTRY SEDAN

Here's a 4-door beauty that converts from work to play in just three seconds flat. As in all Fords, the interior of this wagon harmonizes tastefully with the exterior.

THE PARKLANE

With wall-to-wall carpeting throughout, here is the most regal of Ford's 2-door, 6-passenger wagons. Converts in seconds. Vinyl cover conceals luggage behind seat.

CUSTOM RANCH WAGON

Like all Fords, this 2-door dandy brings you Lifeguard Design—unanimously voted the Motor Trend Award as the top car advance of the year. Seats six with ease.

RANCH WAGON

Here's the lowest-priced Ford Wagon! Yet it brings you traditional Ford power, styling and economy. Ford, remember, won the Mobilgas Economy Award in its class.

Ford goes first in Station Wagons

You can pay more but you can't buy better

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(*Continued from Page 52*) infant mantis from behind his ear and submitting it to the chill of the night. There were many kinds of pride, but the pride of Magil Goddard was parasitical vanity. Hession snapped his lighter in the dark. Somewhere there was someone who was paying economically for Magil Goddard's favors. It had to be. If he clarified that the Iveses had their case and everyone got rewarded. The kids could fall to the discretion of the court.

In the middle of the night, Hession waked and stared at the spotless heaven of his ceiling. How could a woman have such lovable children and be so worthless? Had he become merely a persecuting demon driven by his own fruitless life? Where were his own children if he was so worth while? And what did this business of love have to do with character anyway? There was no accounting for the forms of human love. In the morning he was his old, unemotional self.

It was a restless week. Hession found himself thinking constantly of the Goddards, like an envious outsider. It was Magil Goddard's particular version of human love which irritated him. So warm to her children, so remote to others, so distracted, self-centered and high-handed.

At the end of two weeks, the Iveses were needling for action. Wherever he turned, Hession got the same answer. Certainly everyone knew it was hand-to-mouth existence for the Goddards. But everyone liked Mrs. Goddard, and the children didn't seem to mind.

Hession revised his tactics completely. When you got nothing as a foe, you became an understanding friend. It had worked before. He drove into Druidstone through the yellow remnants of autumn and caught sight of Magil Goddard headed toward her car.

She saw him at the same moment and waited, her jacket hanging from one shoulder. "Still hunting for a chink in the armor, Mr. Hession?"

Hession left his car and walked over, feeling the weakness of his own anxiety for this meeting. He rubbed a hand over his cropped head and laughed sheepishly. "The white flags are up. I know when I've been a cur. But I thought maybe you and the children would take pity and have dinner with me."

"Ask the children. They're in the field, hunting mushrooms for supper."

"Isn't that a bit of a risk?"

"Not if you know the difference between a good and a bad thing. Mr. Hession, why do you bother with me?"

For a moment they shared a searching expression. "For personal reasons, perhaps I've got to come to my own conclusions."

"Haven't you by now? Excuse me, won't you, but I've got to get into the village for a moment."

He watched her lips, shifting his gaze suddenly to the field where Chad and Cornelia rushed toward them, their arms waving.

"Mother!" shrieked Cornelia, braids thumping. "Keena's scraped his leg on the hawthorn. You'd better come."

Magil Goddard turned to her son. "How serious, Chad?"

"He's scared," said Chad.

"Bring him home, Chad. Tell him I'll be back immediately. I've got to go to the village."

Hession felt an irrational wave of indignation. He reached forward and slammed the door of her car. "If that child needs you, the village can wait!"

She reared back with an arched expression of anger. "I may have reason to be afraid of you, Mr. Hession, but don't try to reform me." She brushed past him and into the car, releasing the brake and accelerating in the same forward motion. The car swooped down the drive and out the gate. Chad sped back to Keena in the field and Cornelia picked up Mrs. Goddard's jacket from the ground.

"Mother has to make a certain phone call in the village at a certain time every afternoon," she explained with a touch of pity.

Hession waved a hand toward the house. "With a telephone right there?"

"The telephone in the house is a four-party line. And we don't inquire into your business, do we?"

Trembling with explosive feeling, Hession sat slumped in his car. What the devil of a turn this was! Caught in the act of pursuing his own confused emotion for a woman. Was this anger he felt? No, so help him, it was jealousy. Rankling, acid jealousy. "At a certain time every afternoon." There was his answer. He heard the children coming across the hill and let his car drift down the hill. On his way through the village, he saw Magil Goddard's car parked beside a glassy new phone booth. "At a certain time every afternoon."

He spoke to his friend, Aldred, in the city solicitor's office, the next day. For two days after that, he barely lived with himself. In the evenings he paced a cheerless echo in his apartment, a drink in his hand, and fitted five children into five beds in a rambling house of his imagination. Late on the afternoon of the third day he answered the phone in his office impatiently.

"Hession? Aldred speaking. Our man reaffirmed those digits when she dialed this afternoon. Buckingham One-five-two-five-nine."

Wearily, Hession made a notation.

"Care to know the pious part?"

"Don't let me guess."

"She's been calling the private line of Dent Dobson."

Hession paused. "Should I leap?"

"Dobson. You know, damn it. Raceways mogul. Magnolia Track. Arctic Circle."

Hession closed his eyes against his hand. "*Until you can prove me morally unfit, Mr. Hession.*" . . . *But understand, Mrs. Goddard, I wanted to find you pure of heart. I had visions of you standing in the tall grass, not in the mire of the track.*

"Are you in a position with Dobson?" he asked finally.

"We can always pretend," said Aldred. "Dobson never knows how morally inspired we are."

"Have him call Mrs. Goddard in tomorrow. See that we're on hand, slightly ahead. Assure him this bears no similarity to any investigation and won't touch him."

When Hession arrived at The Turf Associates office with Aldred the next afternoon, he was alive, but he was also dead. The deadness was a brief dream he had buried. There was nothing new in human character. He was about to prove it. And when it was over, he would walk out, cap his emotions and begin to live again with his own problems.

He was introduced to Dobson, said hello and sat down. Dobson was a new sort of hybrid with a high forehead, an etched smile and an ironic voice. Styles had changed in fast lads, thought Hession.

Aldred stood and offered cigarettes around. "We understand you've had some transactions with Mrs. Goddard, Dobson."

Dobson pulled an eyelid out by a lash. "Is it an offense? Racing is no longer the sport of kings, you know."

"You know the length of your rope," said Hession. "We merely want to identify Mrs. Goddard and observe her here at your request."

Dobson passed on a wry smile and a nod. "The gentle assassination by association with Dobson, eh? Such kindly men we have among us."

"There are minors involved," snapped Hession with aloofness.

Dobson sighed. "Don't stab that woman when she isn't looking—she may be someone's mother. In all fairness to Mrs. Goddard, may I say she is not in the habit of prancing into this office? We conduct our business by phone."

"I know that," said Hession, rising and putting himself at a distance against the wall, his arms folded. "It takes more than discretion to make a good mother."

Dobson alerted himself to the subtleties of his outer office. "The target advances. Prepare your poison darts."

Hession could not look up immediately. He knew by the electric flow of attention that Magil Goddard was standing in the doorway. When he put himself to the ordeal, he was startled by the violet beds of fatigue beneath her eyes. Away from the text of the valley, her coat was tarnished and outmoded at the shoulder. She had only one glove and a beret stuffed in her pocket.

With quizzical poise, she glanced from Dobson to Aldred to Hession. "Ah, Mr. Hession," she said finally, "you do take such pains over me."

Dobson cleared his throat and raised his hands helplessly. She gave him a faint but friendly smile. "Mr. Hession will let me know when I am officially unfit, Mr. Dobson. In the meantime, I assume I'm free to sin in my own fashion." She vanished as rapidly as she had arrived.

Dobson brooded. "To do this, I have been becoming a gentleman for twenty years."

"You're not losing her trade apparently," said Aldred abruptly. "The hard players never know when."

Dobson's eyes widened with candor. "Mrs. Goddard wouldn't bet a red cent on a sunrise. If she had it. She's worth five times what our association pays her, but the children pin her to the area. She has no bargaining freedom."

Hession stubbed out his cigarette and snapped to attention. "Why is she paid?" It was the brutal, incisive question.

"What else but handicapping do you pay the best handicapper in the trade for?"

"She drew regular fees from your office?"

Dobson stared at Hession with forbearance. "You live by the thing you know best. Her father was a gentleman jockey. She has a mind like a tabulator for horses, jockeys, weights and records. You never see her hanging around the paddock, but when Mrs. Goddard handicaps a race, the track makes and pays. Give a little, take a little."

Aldred glanced critically at Hession. Dobson paused and flicked a shrewd look from Aldred to Hession. "For some reason suddenly too dark to explain," he said, "I would like to kick the two of you downstairs."

Hession badgered his ear like a pained hound dog. "Suppose we go quietly," he suggested.

Outside the building, Hession plunged off by himself. He felt boyishly alive, but he hadn't a notion of how to go about living. He'd never eaten crow. But as he stood poised on a curb in the city twilight, it struck him that if a man had the chance to love at his age, after all the false and incomplete starts, he had to learn how to take his punishment now and again or the whole works was lost. In his heart there was suddenly the woman of women, the madonna of individuals, the mistress of struggle—the adored. He found himself a glossy florist. "Show me some of this stuff called stephanotis," he said. On his way to the parking lot, he dispatched a telegram to the West Coast:

HAVE APPROVED GROSS NEGLIGENCE. HOPE TO LIVE MANY YEARS WITH THE LOST CAUSE. (SIGNED) ACHILLES HEEL. P.S.: WHAT DO YOU FEED CHILDREN AFTER THE AGE OF FIVE?

When Hession reached the fieldstone house, it was dark. The moon was speared to the sky like a grapefruit.

The Goddard children opened the door in their night clothes. "We're having rabbit stew!" shouted Collis. "Jonathan shot it!"

Cornelia accepted the florist's box coldly, but made no move to let Hession past the threshold. "Mother's over at the stable taking a look at Mr. Appleton's sick mare."

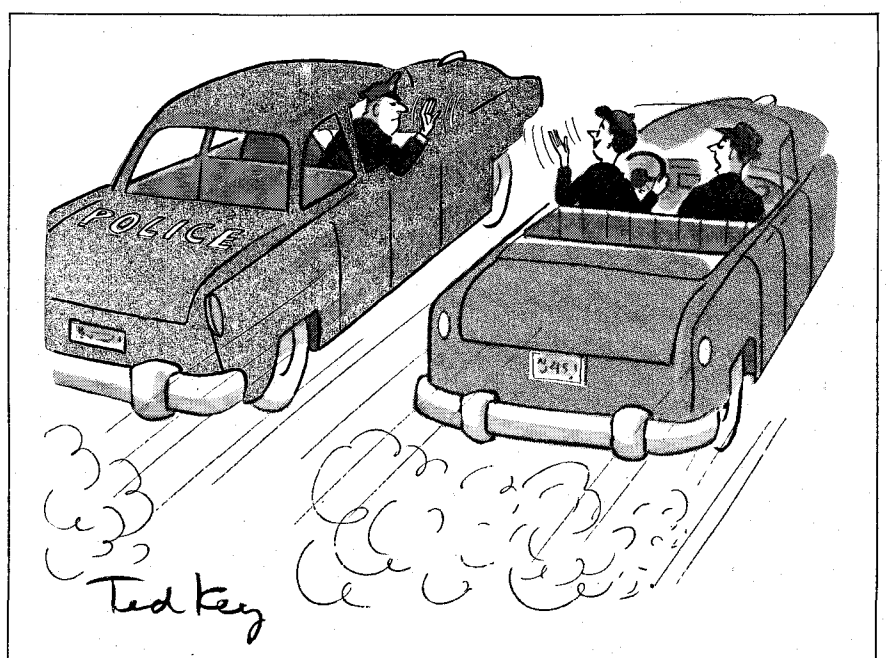
"If you'll show me the direction," said Hession, "I'd like to walk back with her."

Keena pushed his way to the front. "No, we won't show you the way!" he said defiantly. "I'm going to poison you with a wrong mushroom!"

Hession knelt like a collapsible giant and held Keena within the arena of his arms. Nose to nose, the child examined Hession's irregular handsomeness with curious confidence.

"Do that," challenged Hession, "and who'll take you to the circus next spring?"

THE END



"That is not a greeting."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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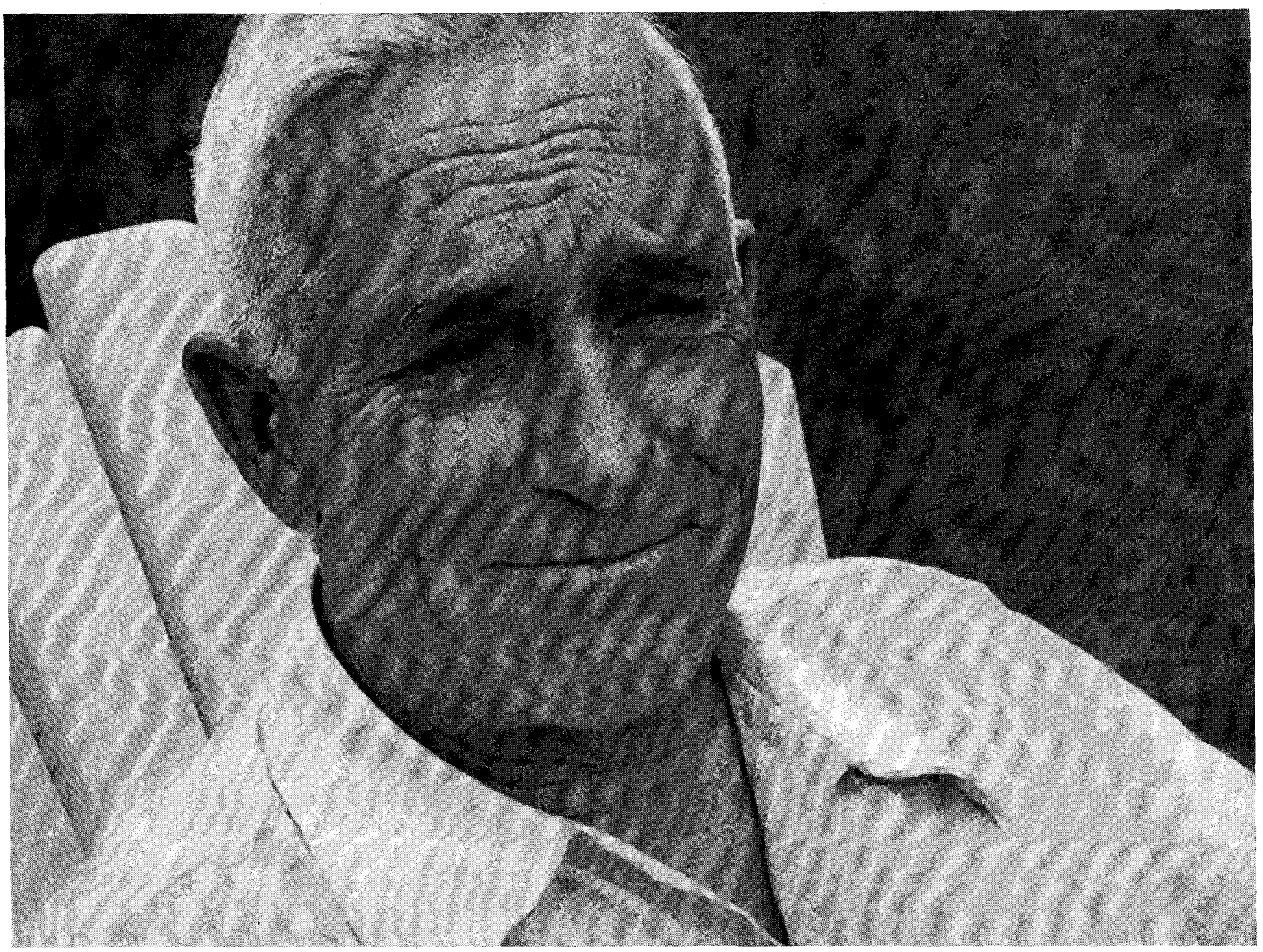
If you're saving for your independence...



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Every advantage counts when you're saving for your "Independence Day." That's why it pays to put your savings in an insured Savings and Loan Association. You benefit by many *important advantages.*

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The Battle That Set Us Free

(Continued from Page 33)

of our fleet had been sunk or captured when the British took Charleston, the year before. John Paul Jones, John Barry and a few other intrepid captains were destroying British commerce in European waters. And, of course, there were the privateers. But all that added up to something less, in effectiveness, than the South Korean Navy in the recent Korean war. There was no hope for the United States' winning independence unless we obtained the aid of a powerful fleet of capital ships to defeat the British Navy off our coasts. And that we got in 1781, thanks to France, and France alone.

In the spring of 1781 there began a series of military and naval movements which, before the end of the year, resulted in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. That decisive event, which caused the fall of George III's ministry and forced him to sue for peace, was brought about almost entirely by sea power.

The capital ship in that era of sailing navies was the line-of-battle ship, or seventy-four, of which the British Navy had 120, the French 42 and the United States none. She was 170 to 190 feet long, mounted on three decks, seventy-four guns on the average, and carried 600 to 700 officers, sailors and marines. The battle line was formed by a fleet of these seventy-fours sailing in single file about 500 feet apart. Standard tactics were to sail parallel to the enemy's battle line and pound it to pieces.

Next most powerful ship was the frigate. Around 140 feet long, she mounted forty to fifty guns on two decks. Frigates were used as scouts or to escort a convoy. During a battle between two lines of seventy-fours, the frigates hung around to pick on a dismasted enemy ship or lend a hand generally. The sloop of war, smallest of the fighting ships, had only one deck of guns. Like the seventy-fours and frigates, she was ship-rigged—square sails on all three masts.

There was no sense in trying to camouflage the hull of a sailing ship, with its towering masts in plain sight. Topsides were painted gay colors. Green, yellow or blue stripes accented the gun decks; bulwarks and gun ports were a contrasting color, often bright red. A fleet of these ships sailing offshore, yards braced sharp and heeling to the trade wind, white sails and the nervous tracery of rigging standing out against the sky, presented a noble maritime spectacle that has passed from us forever.

Life on board those ships was tough. Seamen of that day slept in hammocks which were rolled into tight packages every morning and stowed in nettings on the bulwarks, so that they might help to stop a cannon ball. The seaman's food was terrible: salt beef and pork, dried peas, hardtack and dumplings boiled in vats with the meat. The sailor got his food in a mess kid, a wooden bowl which he cleaned by polishing off the food with his fingers or his sheath knife. His water was carried in wooden casks, and it often went foul. One cask broached on deck was the "scuttle butt" where he could drink from a tin dipper, favorite skating ground for microbes, so that if one man got influenza, all on board took it. Rum was served out regularly in the diluted form of grog.

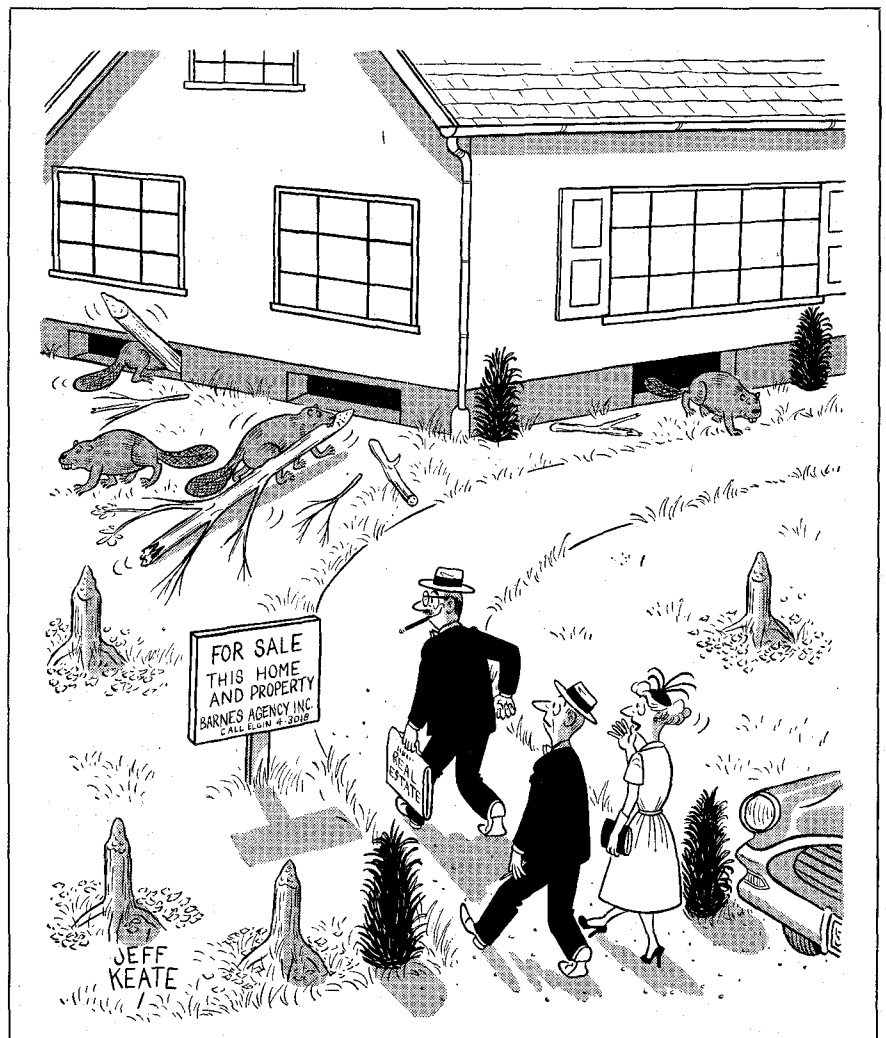
After six weeks at sea, scurvy was expected to break out, and usually did. An English naval surgeon who made a careful count of the losses in twenty British line-of-battle ships, during 1781, reported that their total complement was 12,109 men. Only 59 were killed in battle or died of wounds, but 1518 died of disease and 350 more were sent home disabled, mostly by illness.

Conditions were no better in the French Navy, but its ships were newer and better than the British, and their sailors were better trained. And the French had learned strategy; with their weaker fleet they aimed to be stronger than the enemy at the point of contact.

If you counted up all British and French warships in American waters in the summer of 1781, the British outnumbered the French almost as much as the Japanese outnumbered the Americans at the Battle of Midway. Yet de Grasse won, as Spruance and Fletcher won, because he directed his striking force at the one enemy fleet that really counted.

Rear Admiral François Joseph Paul, Comte de Grasse, came of an ancient Provençal family. He was a natural seaman and a thorough gentleman—"six feet tall most days, six feet six on days of battle," his sailors used to say. In 1781, when he got into the campaign for American independence, he was fifty-nine years old and had been forty-seven years in the navy. Departing Brest on March twenty-second, with twenty line-of-battle ships and a suitable number of frigates, transports and storeships, de Grasse made Martinique on April twenty-ninth, a fair passage for those days.

After driving off a blockading squadron under Rear Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, he captured the island of St. Lucia from the British. Then, escorting a convoy of 200 merchantmen, he proceeded to Cap-Haïtien. More seventy-fours awaited him, and there he arranged to take on board the French garrison of the colony of St. Domingue—now the Republic of Haiti—commanded by General the Marquis de Saint Simon.



"Ask him about dampness in the cellar."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

While the British never had an actual over-all war plan to defeat the United States, they did follow a general concept. That was to cut the colonies in two along the Hudson River line; to occupy strategic places along the coast, but to stay out of the interior, where the redcoats were likely to get clobbered by embattled farmers.

Cornwallis, having reached Virginia, chose Yorktown on the deep, well-sheltered York River as his base. If he could suck Washington's army away from the Hudson and add this base on the Chesapeake to the many already held by Britain, the United States would be cut into three parts and the flow of supplies from France would be choked off. Sea power would stifle the "rebellion."

But de Grasse was coming over from France to challenge seagoing Britannia. Well ahead of him, Commodore the Comte Barras de Saint-Laurent arrived at Newport on May 10, 1781, bringing reinforcements for the small French squadron already there. He brought dispatches from France for General Rochambeau, stating that de Grasse had orders to sail north from Haiti that summer with his fleet and 3000 soldiers, and that the admiral was to decide at what point on the United States coast he would operate.

With that big news under his cocked hat, Rochambeau galloped through Rhode Island and Connecticut to meet Washington at Wethersfield, Connecticut, and decide what they would do about it. Both generals were keen to use the 10,000 or so troops at their disposal for a combined land and sea attack on New York City. But Washington, who had an amazing grasp of the strategic value of sea power, convinced the Frenchman that de Grasse must make the choice. As he put it, "The navy must have the casting vote. In any operation and under all circumstances a decisive naval superiority is to be considered as a fundamental principle, and the basis upon which every hope of success must ultimately depend."

This was Washington's long-awaited opportunity for a sustained offensive. He was not going to risk spoiling it by failure to concentrate all available forces, military and naval, French and American. There was no time to argue it out with de Grasse; they must accept his choice and co-operate with him.

Rochambeau sent word of this decision to de Grasse by frigate La Concorde. He urged de Grasse to reply quickly as to where he proposed to strike, and begged him to bring all the French troops he could carry and all the hard money he could raise, as the French troops and Washington's were clamoring for their pay.

In the meantime, Rochambeau's army left Newport, marched across Connecticut and joined Washington's forces at Dobb's Ferry.

De Grasse decided to make the Chesapeake his target. There was room in Hampton Roads for a fleet to maneuver, while at New York a British fleet was in a position to concentrate fire on his ships, one at a time, if they tried to pass through the Narrows. On July twenty-eighth he dispatched La Concorde north with word of his decision, and sent a frigate to Havana to obtain the wanted money.

One week later the grand French fleet sailed from Cap-Haïtien. It carried 4000 sailors of the St. Domingue garrison, and it was soon joined by the frigate bringing $240,000 in gold from Havana. The Spanish governor there had collected the war chest—an enormous one for those days—by putting the heat on the merchants of Havana.

La Concorde, bearing de Grasse's message to Rochambeau and Washington, entered Newport Harbor on the twelfth of August. From there a courier sped to White Plains headquarters with the news that the French fleet was coming to the Chesapeake. That decided it; the allies began to ferry troops across the Hudson at King's Ferry.

Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander at New York, believed that they were aiming to attack that city via Staten Island, and to foster that delusion Washington left 4000 troops behind, on the Hudson and in New Jersey. De Grasse's fleet was now off the coast of South Carolina, making best speed northward before the summer southwest breeze.

In contrast to this beautiful coordination between two French fleets and three armies—one American and two French—the enemy was making a mess of his communications.

In the summer of 1781 the British had two fleets in American waters—the North American fleet of Rear Admiral Thomas Graves, based at New York, and the West Indies fleet under the command of Rear Admiral Sir Samuel Hood. Hood sailed north to reinforce Graves, sending the sloop of war Swallow ahead to tell Graves that he was coming, and for heaven's sake watch out for de Grasse!

H.M.S. Swallow arrived in New York July twenty-seventh, and found Graves gone. He was at sea, trying to intercept a French convoy bringing reinforcements to Rochambeau. Swallow put out to sea herself, in hope of finding him, but the sloop was intercepted by four American privateers off Long Island, run ashore and burned.

Admiral Graves returned to New York on August eighteenth. As the dispatches brought by the Swallow were now lost, he didn't know that de Grasse's fleet was coming north, until ten days later, when Hood arrived from the West Indies. Up to that time Graves foolishly assumed

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that the French would spend the summer at Havana.

It took Graves about three days after Hood's arrival to grasp the situation. Finally, on September first, the combined British fleet sailed from New York, bound for the Chesapeake. Graves did not know that de Grasse had already entered the Capes of the Chesapeake and anchored in Lynnhaven Roads; only that he was coming. But he did know that Barras had sailed from Newport on August twenty-fifth and suspected that he was aiming to combine his fleet with that of de Grasse, which was true.

With the British still in command of our coasts and blocking our harbors, the French and American armies had to walk all the way from the Hudson to the Chesapeake. Washington reached Philadelphia on the last day of August, ahead of his army. He knew that everything now depended on whether de Grasse could keep the British fleet out of the Chesapeake long enough to let American and French troops pin down Cornwallis at Yorktown. Very, very anxious, he wrote to Lafayette on September second, "I am distressed beyond measure to know what has become of the Count de Grasse and for fear that the English fleet by occupying the Chesapeake . . . may frustrate all our flattering prospects in that quarter."

The general had reached Chester, Pennsylvania, on September fifth, when he received news of de Grasse's arrival within the Capes. In view of all we have read about Washington's unbending dignity, it is interesting to note that the French officer who brought the word said that he had never seen such expressive joy. "Washington acted like a child whose every wish had been gratified."

The presence of the French fleet and the troops it carried not only meant that Yorktown could be invested with superior force but that ships and boats would be at hand to float the armies down Chesapeake Bay. All depended, however, on whether the French could beat off the expected attack of the British fleet.

At the very moment that Washington was rejoicing over news that the French had arrived, the naval battle was being fought—the battle off the Capes of the Chesapeake—which would decide the question of American independence.

The British fleet, nineteen ships of the line, approached the Capes at daybreak on September 5, 1781. Rear Admiral Thomas Graves wore his flag in H.M.S. London in the center. The rear division was under a flag officer with a great name, Sir Francis Drake. The van division was under Rear Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who became in later days a very distinguished admiral indeed. Graves, a "by-the-book" naval officer, was the senior, so he had tactical command, which was lucky for us.

At eight o'clock on the morning of September fifth, a French frigate scouting for de Grasse sighted the British fleet bearing down before a light northeasterly wind. The frigate cracked on all sail to bring the news to de Grasse. The French were nearly caught flatfooted. Almost 2000 officers and men of the fleet were absent with landing craft, setting ashore General St. Simon's troops, and there was no time to re-embark them. The wind was foul and the tide on the flood. The tide was not due to turn until noon—earliest moment that a square rigger with a head wind could hope to clear the Capes. Graves, whose foremost ship sighted the French at anchor at 9:30 A.M., let slip a wonderful opportunity to attack while the French were getting under way or beating out of the ship channel, close-hauled and more or less in disorder. That is what Nelson would have done, and what Nelson did at the Battle of the Nile in 1798.

The French ships promptly heaved in short on their anchor cables—and what a job that was with old-fashioned, walk-around capstans! Four seventy-fours and all the French frigates were assigned to stay behind to support Washington and to finish landing the troops. When the tide turned at noon, all the rest were ready to weigh anchor. A signal gun from the admiral's flagship, the Ville de Paris, marked the moment. Within fifteen minutes every vessel had her anchors off the ground and her masts and yards clothed with lower courses, topsails, topgallant sails and royals. Superb seamanship, glorious sight!

These Frenchmen must have been fine ship handlers, even to get outside the Capes. Full-rigged seventy-fours of that era could not sail nearer the wind than six points, sixty-five to seventy degrees. That meant they had to tack out through the three-mile-wide channel in very flat zigs and zags, and every time they came about, there was the chance of missing stays, being caught aback and drifting ashore before the crew could get the ship under control.

I recall one ticklish moment "Up the Slot" in World War II, when a Japanese torpedo hit square in the fantail of our cruiser but failed to explode. It hung there for about ten minutes, and then dropped off. The aviators quartered aft sent a delegation to the bridge to thank the chaplain. I'll bet every padre in the French fleet was thanked that September afternoon of 1781 after Ville de Paris, eleventh in the French line, had weathered Cape Henry.

Admiral Hood begged Admiral Graves to attack the French ships while they were beating out, but the senior flag officer declined this opportunity in favor of the old-time parallel action between two battle lines. At 2:11 P.M., when Graves was closing the Middle Ground shoal between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, he ordered his fleet to wear ship and head east in reverse order of battle. The French van, commanded by Rear Admiral Bougainville, three miles to leeward, had just passed Cape Henry.

Here was Graves' chance to run down before the wind and beat up Bougainville before the French center (de Grasse) and rear (de Monteil) could get into position to support him. Instead, the British admiral waited until the French center lay opposite his center. He wanted to attack ship-to-ship according to naval doctrine that had been laid down in the reign of Charles II.

Now the two fleets were standing out to sea on converging courses. Wind was about NNE and light. The British were sailing with wind abaft the beam, which enabled them to maneuver well. The French, braced sharp up, could not get any nearer the enemy. Each British ship was a cable's length ahead of the other, and in flagship London the signal "Line ahead" was flying—a Union Jack at the main-mast head. There was a big gap between Graves' center and Hood's rear division.

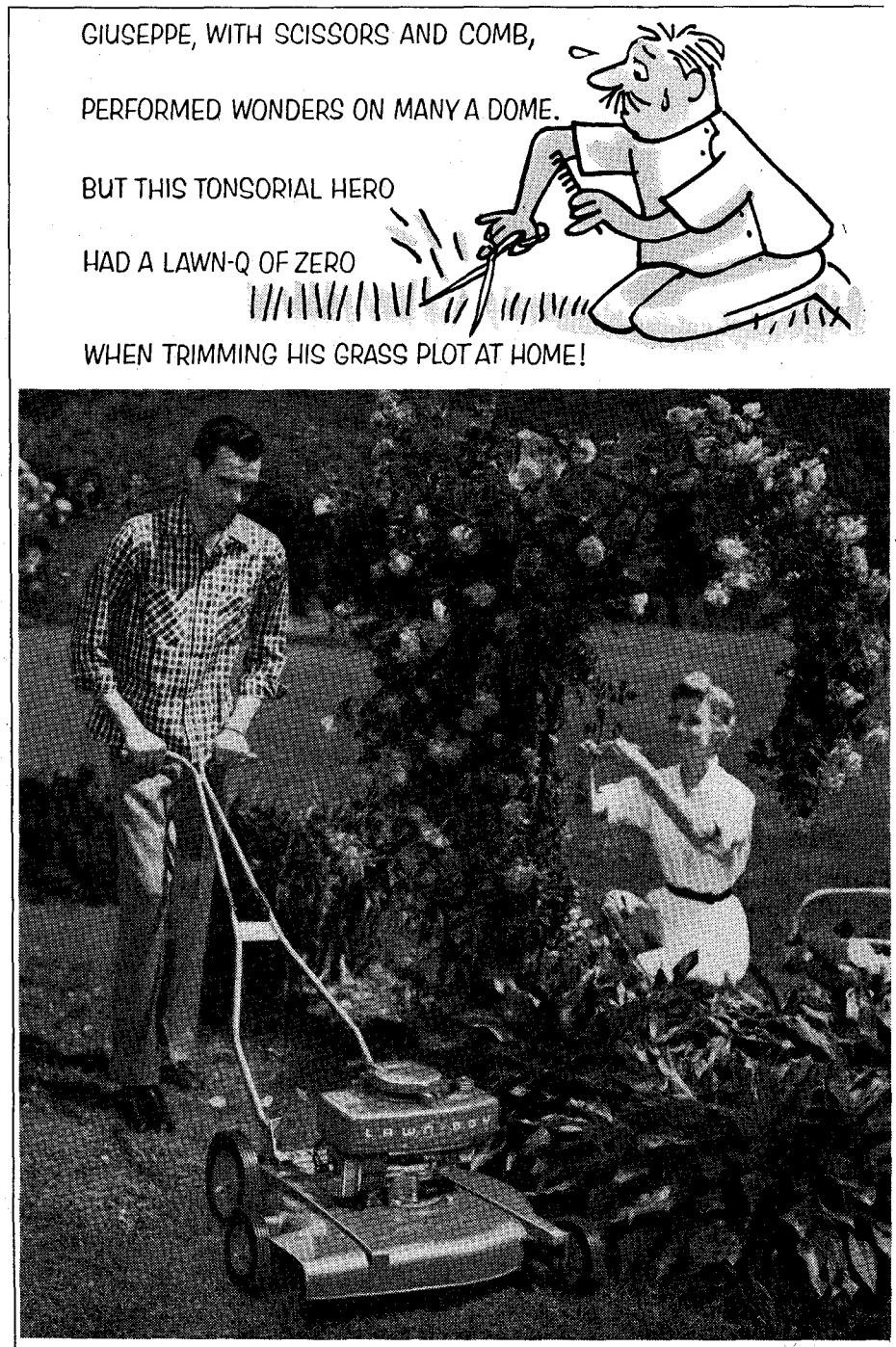
The French, too, had been unable as yet to form a perfect line. But the French, having twenty-four ships to the enemy's nineteen, were willing to let the British make the first aggressive move.

At 3:46 Admiral Graves hoisted the signal, "Bear down and engage!" If this order had been carried out promptly, Drake's van and Graves' center might have concentrated on Bougainville's van, while Hood bore down and engaged the French center before their rear could come up in support. But Graves' plan of attack was frustrated by two factors.

In the first place, Bougainville fooled the British. Instead of holding his luff and thus offering his eight ships as target for the thirteen under Drake and Graves, the Frenchman sheered off to leeward. Thus he allowed time for de Grasse's center to close him and de Grasse promptly formed a straight line on Bougainville. By the time the British attacked, Bougainville had the support of the whole French center, which included the biggest warship in the world, the Ville de Paris.

Secondly, when Admiral Graves bent on the signal, "Bear down and engage!" he kept the former signal "Line ahead" flying; and Hood thought, or pretended to think, that meant him. So Hood's rear division continued straight on its course instead of bearing down, and never got into the action.

Shooting began at 4:15. The six ships of Drake's van came down against the French in echelon, one at a time, affording splendid targets for fore-and-aft taking fire. As each British ship got within range of a Frenchman, she straightened out on a parallel course. For over two hours it was (*Continued on Page 59*)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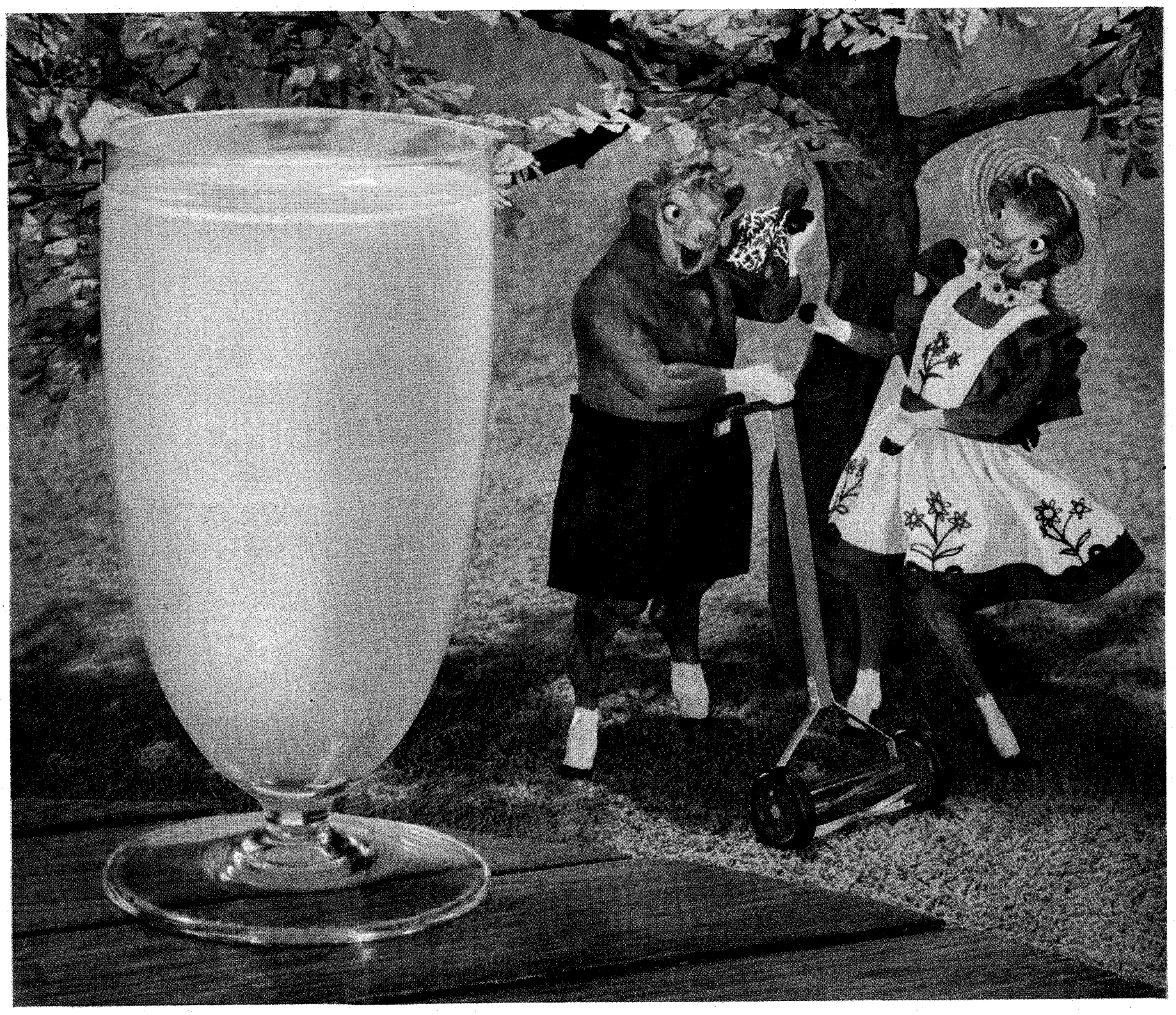

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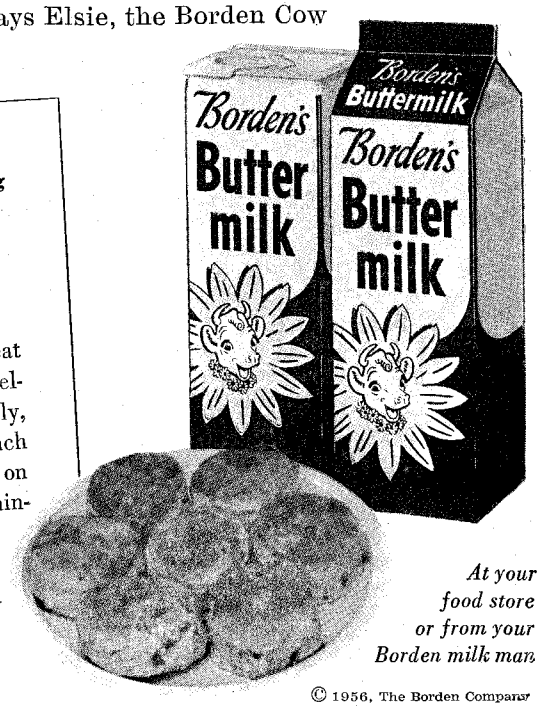
BUTTERMILK BAR-B-Q BUNS

(Makes twelve 3-inch buns)

3 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or shortening
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 cup Borden's Buttermilk
⅓ cup India relish, drained (optional)

Sift together dry ingredients. Cream butter. Lightly beat in egg and buttermilk. Blend in dry ingredients. Add relish. Place dough on well-floured board; knead lightly, ½-minute. Turn smooth side up; pat or roll to ½-inch thickness; cut with floured 3-inch biscuit cutter. Place on greased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with hamburgers.



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(*Continued from Page 57*) fire-away-Flanagan between these portions of the two fleets.

Drake's flagship Princessa sailed so close to Diademe that she set her on fire with gun wadding, and was about to grapple and board when Admiral Bougainville in Auguste came to Diademe's aid. Now the fire from Auguste and Diademe became so hot that Drake's Princessa hauled her wind and pulled out of the ruckus. The French, as was their custom, fired at the enemy's masts and sails with *mitraille* or *langrage*—iron bars and bolts chained together. The British concentrated their fire on decks and topsides—"between wind and water," as the old phrase is. They hoped to knock such big holes in the wooden walls that de Grasse, with no dockyard nearby, would lose a number of his ships.

Don't imagine that these old sailing warships didn't throw hardware. We have no statistics for this battle, but in an earlier one off Martinique in 1780, Admiral Rodney's flagship fired 3288 rounds. Compare the Battle of Manila Bay in 1898, in which our flagship Olympia fired 1300 rounds; or the action off Casablanca in 1942 when U.S.S. Massachusetts fired 786 rounds of 16-inch and U.S.S. Brooklyn 2761 rounds of 6-inch ammunition. And we did not kill nearly so many men with our armor-piercing and high-explosive projectiles as Rodney and de Grasse did with their cannon balls, grapeshot and *langrage*.

At 6:30 darkness began to fall and all firing ceased. Princessa's mainmast was about to fall, Terrible was in a sinking condition, and three other British ships had been heavily damaged. Ninety British tars had been killed and 246 wounded. No French ship was so badly damaged that she could not be repaired at sea, and the total French casualties were 230, of whom about 75 were killed or died of wounds. The critical battle off the Capes of the Chesapeake was over. The French had won supremacy, provided they did not throw away victory by imprudence.

For four days de Grasse and Graves steered southeasterly to a position almost off Cape Hatteras, warily watching each other. The French admiral was leading the British away so that Barras' squadron, bringing siege artillery from Newport and making slow time, could slip into Chesapeake Bay. Graves fell for this ruse. He should have doubled back to engage Barras before he got inside the Capes. Apparently the reason he did not do so was an erroneous report from a scouting frigate that Barras was already there.

De Grasse was criticized for not renewing the battle, since his fleet was superior, but he was right not to risk losing the advantage he had won. The French had no dockyard nearer than Fort-de-France, Martinique, while the British had ample repair facilities in New York. There was no sense in de Grasse taking risks when he had the upper hand. He was not of the school of Admiral Halsey—rather, that of Admiral Spruance, who believes that enough is enough; if you have won your objective, why risk losing it by more aggressiveness? And it was Spruance who, by following that maxim, won the great Battle of Midway and of the Philippine Sea.

On the evening of September ninth, when de Grasse felt sufficient time had elapsed for Barras to arrive in Chesapeake Bay, he broke contact with Graves and squared away for the Capes. Two days later his fleet anchored in Hampton Roads. Barras was there, all right. Now the allies were masters of the bay.

Graves limped back to New York for repairs and upkeep. He lost two frigates en route, captured by two of de Grasse's frigates. In addition, H.M.S. Terrible, one of his biggest ships, had to be abandoned on the point of sinking. The top hamper of every vessel that had engaged was so badly cut up and the supply of spars in New York was so short that Graves could not sail again for over a month.

Let us return now to the land forces. Washington heard of the naval victory at Williamsburg, where he met Saint Simon and Lafayette, ten days after the battle ended. He promptly sent a message to the French admiral by a small sailboat:

> I take particular Satisfaction in felicitating your Excellency on the Glory of having driven the British Fleet from the Coasts, and taking two of their Frigates; these happy events and the decided Superiority of your Fleet, give us the happiest Presages of the most compleat Success, in our combined Operations on this Bay.

De Grasse replied that he had already sent up the bay to Annapolis six ships with a troop capacity of 4000. And he invited the general and staff to visit him. Washington, with Generals Knox and Lafayette, Governor Nelson, of Virginia, Col. Alexander Hamilton and others of his staff, embarked at Hampton in the Queen Charlotte, a British prize recently taken by the French, and went on board flagship Ville de Paris on the eighteenth, in Lynnhaven Roads.

Fortunately Washington by this time was used to French manners; for he had no sooner climbed the gangway to the quarter-deck than the impetuous admiral embraced him warmly, addressing him as "*Mon cher petit général!*" As Washington stood six feet four and de Grasse only six feet, the assembled officers restrained their laughter with difficulty, and jolly General Knox laughed aloud "till his fat sides shook."

After a dinner with toasts, each accompanied by a salvo of gunfire, some important business was done. De Grasse's orders required him to return to the West Indies not later than October fifteenth. Washington was appalled. He did not see how he and Rochambeau, even with Saint Simon's reinforcements, could force Cornwallis to give up in less than six weeks. Siege operations in those days were protracted affairs, with deep trenches to be dug in creeping approach to enemy fortifications, all according to classic rules. If the French fleet left before these labors were over, Graves might return with reinforcements and raise the siege. So Washington begged de Grasse to stay on.

The admiral promised to stay, and to leave St. Simon's troops ashore, too, until November first. Washington thanked him warmly and departed the same evening for Williamsburg.

Toward the end of September, de Grasse received a disquieting piece of false news, to the effect that Graves was on his way back to the Chesapeake, reinforced by ten ships. Like all good sailors, de Grasse hated to ride idly at anchor, especially at a time when equinoctial gales were expected and ships might drag ashore. So he proposed to put out to sea and search for Graves, and if he didn't find him, take a crack at New York. Washington wrote him on the twenty-fifth, begging him not to do so, pointing out that he would risk all by leaving, but would assure victory over Cornwallis by staying. He sent Lafayette to present this letter in person, together with a plea from General Rochambeau. Again de Grasse agreed, but he begged Rochambeau to urge Washington to get on with the siege.

Washington needed no urging. His engineers had done their stuff, and the big French siege guns, brought from Newport by Barras, had been sited around Yorktown. On September twenty-eighth the American and French troops made the first assault, driving the redcoats back to their inner fortifications. The attack on the inner defenses opened on October ninth. The French fleet lent fire support all the afternoon, and at night too. Their red-hot cannon balls destroyed the last British warships which were anchored on the York River.

On October seventeenth a British drummer under protection of a white flag appeared on a parapet of the British fortifications and beat a parley. An armistice was concluded, and on the morning of the nineteenth Lord Cornwallis signed the surrender. De Grasse sent hearty congratulations and was represented at the ceremony by Commodore Barras.

By deliberate tactics Washington had saved many lives. The French lost sixty killed and the Americans only twenty-eight during the siege; the French had 193 wounded and the Americans 107. Cornwallis lost 156 killed and 326 wounded, and he surrendered 7241 officers and men, 840 sailors of the Royal Navy, 24 colors, 214 pieces of artillery, 7320 small arms, 457 horses, 40 vessels in good condition, and 11,000 hard dollars.

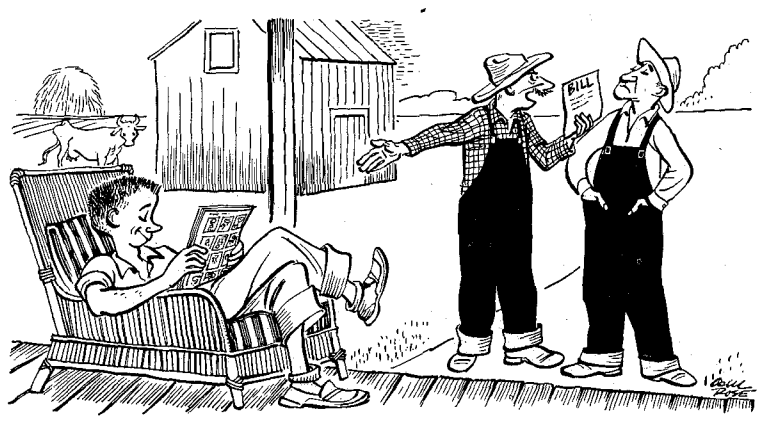
On the very day of surrender, the repaired British fleet sailed from New York, escorting transports carrying 7000 troops to reinforce Cornwallis. En route, Graves heard the bad news from scouting frigates; he turned back to New York.

In his General Orders of October twentieth, Washington expressed in glowing language his gratitude to the French for their aid on land and sea; especially to the fleet, "the most numerous and powerful that ever appeared in these seas, commanded by an Admiral whose Fortune and Talents ensure great Events." And before the end of the month Thomas McKean, president of Congress, wrote to the French admiral: "Your whole conduct justly endears you to us, and entitles you to every mark of honor that we can possibly confer upon you."

Fickle fortune soon reversed the roles of some of the naval contestants. De Grasse lost the next big battle, off Les Saintes in the West Indies, on April 12, 1782. Bougainville on that occasion acted much as Hood had off the Capes of the Chesapeake; he failed to support his commander; while Hood, having learned a lesson, followed Admiral Rodney closely. The Ville de Paris was cut off and surrounded, and de Grasse was forced to strike his flag after losing half the crew. He put up such a stout fight that as a prisoner he became quite a hero in England, but after the war was over he was ignored by Louis XVI.

Admiral Graves never recovered from his defeat in 1781, but Admiral Hood went on to a brilliant career in the war of the French Revolution. And Lord Cornwallis became a great governor-general of India.

Washington, as we know, went from strength to strength. Yet he knew well, and never denied, that without that French naval victory off the Capes of the Chesapeake, history would have more probably recorded not a Surrender of Cornwallis but a Surrender of Washington. THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When school let out, husky sixteen-year-old Zeke was ordered by his father to work on the family farm "or else." That wasn't Zeke's idea of a vacation, so he lit out and spent a leisurely summer with an uncle. Later the uncle sued Zeke's father for the boy's board, spending money and new clothes.

"I didn't ask you to take care of Zeke," the father said. "The law doesn't require me to reimburse every softhearted person who heaps handouts on a child of mine."

"You practically refused to support Zeke if he didn't work on the farm," the uncle replied. "When a parent won't support a child, he is liable to whoever does. You let me keep him all summer without paying me a cent."

If you were the judge, would you make dad pay?

• •

Dad did not have to pay. The court said he would have had to pay if he had "cast his son out helpless upon the world," but to make him responsible under the circumstances might incite unruly children "to set at naught all reasonable parental control" by threatening to walk out if not given their way.

Based upon a 1937 Indiana decision.

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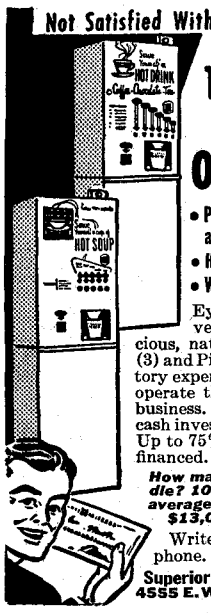

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Gator ROACH HIVES

Our Tony (Continued from Page 30)

found Tony, his expressive brown eyes were searching the crowds anxiously for his new family.

"May we call you Tony? Are you hungry?"

The barriers, if any existed, were down at once. Tony Pinna Mitchell, as the children call him, was a member of the family.

"Welcome to New England, Tony." Dad lifted his baggage into the family car. "Our home town of Fairhaven can't be found on every map, but New Bedford, where we are now, is famous. Center of the whaling industry at the end of the century. . . . Now we're crossing Fairhaven Bridge, which connects Fairhaven with New Bedford," dad went on. "And straight ahead is your school, Fairhaven High."

Tony leaned out of the car window in his eagerness to see. "When weel—my school—be o-open?" The words came slowly.

"In ten days," little Anne replied. "There'll be two of us going to school from this family," she added importantly. "I go to the White House kindergarten."

"I'm going to nursery school!" Kim announced.

Tony smiled. Smiles and laughter, we were learning, can serve well when words are lacking.

Arriving home, I reheated the pork chops and tossed the salad while Anne and Kim conducted their new brother to his room and boasted of their work in preparing it for him. Then they brought him to the kitchen.

"I am—hungry," Tony said. "Today I do not know the English to get to eat."

Anne was astonished. "Can't you say 'hamburg' or 'hot dog'?"

For our first meal, I proudly produced a casserole of baked zucchini, the small Italian squash which Ray and I had liked on a visit to Italy, years ago. The dish made Tony's eyes light up, but his enjoyment of such American treats as stuffed pork chops and apple pie proved equally flattering.

The next morning, after breakfast, Tony eyed my sink, full of dirty dishes. "Now I am a member of the family. Could I do something?" For a European youth from a professional family to offer help with dishes was, as I knew, a concession to American ways. Anyway, I tossed him a towel, and together we raced through the cleaning up.

"Now," said Tony, "I shall see my school and then walk to New Bedford. Is that all right?"

"But it's a long walk, Tony. Let me drive you."

"It is not so far," he said. "I like to walk." And he was off, a smile of anticipation on his face.

That evening at dinner the talk turned to music. Tony expressed delight at the variety he found among our collection of long-playing records.

"You sing, Tony?" Ray asked, teasing. "Of course, all Italians are tenors."

"All Italians do not sing," Tony replied. "I do not. But they all play soccer. And here I find there is no soccer." He put on an expression of mock sadness.

"Then it's up to you to teach us," dad said. "New Bedford High has a soccer team—that's our rival—but no team has been started here."

The next day, Tony did not appear for dinner. Could he be lost? Dad thought not. "But I'll drive around and look for him."

Within ten minutes he was back with Tony, apologetic but happy. Dad had found him on the playground of a nearby elementary school, teaching a group of youngsters to play soccer.

Ours is a neighborhood of children and dogs, all sizes. Tony was soon known and beloved by all of them. As the teen-ager of the family, a role of which he was proud, Tony took over such traditional older-son jobs as cutting grass and carrying out rubbish, helped at every step by a swarm of admiring youngsters. From the kitchen window one morning I watched him trim the hedge with the assistance of a dozen small fry. With a tenderness which generally comes later in life, if at all, Tony replaced sharp instruments in small hands with harmless ones, yet gave to each child a feeling of importance.

We had delayed our family vacation until Tony's arrival; soon we were hurrying to pack the station wagon for our annual jaunt to our New Hampshire cottage. With dad, Kim and me sharing the front seat, Tony and Anne in the second, and the rear occupied by luggage and our mammoth collie, we presented the spectacle of a typical American family on wheels.

Our summer cottage, surrounded by the White Mountains, provided a perfect setting for getting acquainted. There were long walks in the woods, complete with lunch pack, to Ray's boyhood haunts; and invariably both Ray and Tony carried a sleepy child on the return trip.

"I heard Anne say, 'Kim bited me,'" Tony remarked one day. "And Kim said, 'She shooted me.' Is that good English?" Although his English was improving daily, Tony was often puzzled by the speech of two little people. But even that mystery was solved in time.

After our return from the mountains, a polio scare caused a two weeks' delay in the opening of school. Eager to begin his studies and meet boys and girls of his own age, Tony found the postponement irksome. We made a couple of phone calls, and got immediate results. Boys began arriving at the house in twos and threes.

"Hi, Tony. Guess we'll have some classes together. Are you interested in sports? Do you play football?"

Among the first to call was Bill Reed. As editor of the school newspaper, clarinetist in the school orchestra, tennis player and record enthusiast, Bill struck responsive chords in our boy from Milan.

A daily scene at 34 Oxford Street opened with the ringing of the doorbell at eight A.M., and the appearance of Bill's well-scrubbed face at the door. Tony rushed for his jacket, a half-finished cup of coffee in his hand, and the two departed hastily in the direction of Fairhaven High, five blocks away.

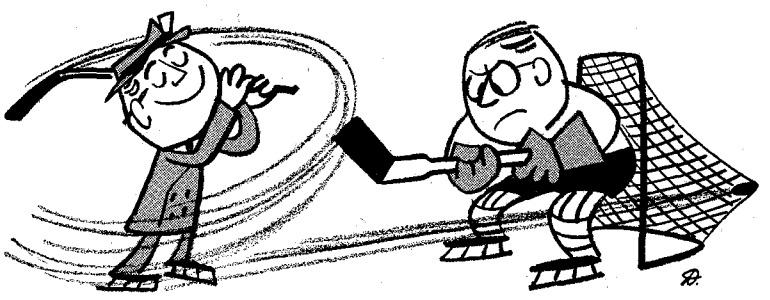
Almost inseparable, the boys generally double-dated for school dances and occasional Saturday movies. During the late fall Carol made her appearance; soon she became Tony's special girl friend. Carol, one of the prettiest seniors, was also a talented violinist and a bright student.

"I like girls who are intelligent," Tony told me during one of our confidential sessions in the kitchen while I prepared dinner. "Carol is very smart," he said. Then his solemnity broke up. "Also," he smiled, "she is pretty."

One day Tony came home from school and rushed into the kitchen. "You can never guess! I, too, am an Italian tenor." He laughed. "Mrs. Johnson has asked me to sing in the high-school double quartet. She says I sing very well." We hugged each other.

On many occasions we were to hear the double quartet sing at special events. And there was an unforgettable weekend when the group traveled to Pittsfield to take part in the All-State Music Festival.

Bill Reed, Tony's best friend, will never again be plain Bill. To the school and the



The Perfect Squelch

The publicity-loving president of a professional hockey team enjoyed nothing more than seeing his name in print, and to achieve this he called a press conference at the drop of a puck. At one hurriedly called gathering, he told the newsmen that he had sold part of his ownership of the team; then he wandered off into a lengthy account of his opinions on domestic and world affairs, which he obviously hoped would appear in the papers.

When one restless reporter interrupted to ask just how much of the team's stock he had sold, the president waved the question aside. Later, when the reporter persisted in getting the facts, he grew irritated and began talking about the impoliteness of poking into people's private affairs. "Look here," he said finally, "when you sell some stock, do you tell everyone just how many shares you sold?"

"No," the reporter said, "but I don't call a press conference either."

Al Corona

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town he will be forever "Beel." And "*ciao*," pronounced "chow," an informal Italian equivalent of either "hello" or "good-by," has become a part of Fairhaven's vocabulary. For his part, Tony has tackled American slang with zest. There are, of course, baffling occasions.

"Do you know what 'go ape' is, mom?" he asked one day. I had to admit my ignorance. "Beel" enlightened us; it seems that "go ape" is teen-age talk for going overboard for something or someone. Meanwhile, Anne and Kim became proud of their ability to say "*Per piacere passami i pomidoro*," meaning "Please pass the tomatoes," and "*Scusatemi*" for "Excuse me."

I'll never forget the day when Tony rushed home with an all-A report card. Or the evening he read Peter Rabbit to Anne and Kim, with an indescribable Italian accent. Or his birthday night, when a beaming Tony stood holding a lighted birthday cake, surrounded by thirty classmates.

Throughout these months, Ray and I were receiving bulletins from the American Field Service, explaining the objectives of this unique student-exchange program. In a period of many exchange projects, the AFS sponsors the only one working exclusively with high-school boys and girls. Last year the American Field Service made it possible for 653 teen-agers from twenty-four European and Asiatic countries to spend their senior year in American high schools, living with American families. Simultaneously, the organization opened the way for 605 American boys and girls to spend the summer in Europe and to live with European families. Now eight years old, the program aims to bring here more than 800 foreign teen-agers for the 1956–57 school year. European students on the AFS plan are selected on the basis of maturity, intelligence and ability to get along with others.

The American Field Service was not a new organization to us. It became a part of our lives in January, 1943, when Ray sailed from New York to drive an AFS ambulance in the Middle East, North Africa and Italy.

In World War II, 2000 AFS men, attached to the British Army and the Free French, carried more than 1,000,000 casualties from the battlefields. They worked closely with troops from France, the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, Canada, Poland, Greece, Palestine and Italy. From this experience there grew in the AFS a strong belief in the common decency, courage and aspirations of men of good will throughout the free world, despite differences of language, custom and color.

With the war's end, the Field Service's director, Stephen Galatti, a New York stockbroker, organized AFS strength behind the development of a student-exchange program. "Uncle Steve," as he is known to thousands, maintained that in the hands of high-school students lay the greatest potential existing for world peace.

The first AFS boys and girls landed in the United States in 1948—seventeen of them, representing four European countries. Since then the project has expanded rapidly. Local organizations and individuals raise the money. It costs an average $650 to bring a boy or girl here for a year. Families opening their homes to exchange students are not reimbursed for giving them bed and board. On the other hand, medical expenses and pocket money for each student—twelve dollars monthly—are taken care of by the American Field Service.

I remember Christmas Eve, when Tony returned from midnight Mass and found us arranging presents beneath the Christmas tree. He came in offering packages to us.

"*Buon Natale*, mom and dad! I want to give you these tonight!"

For me there was a bottle of perfume, guaranteed to make any middle-aged woman sparkle, and for dad a handsome necktie. Another gift was an LP recording of Swan Lake, our favorite ballet. Tony's stocking hanging over the fireplace bulged as importantly as those of Anne and Kim, and a tall pile of packages for him lay under the tree.

Just as we shared our Christmas customs with him—including a dinner of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding at the home of Grandfather Mitchell—so Tony enriched the season for us in Milanese style. During Christmas week a tremendous *panettone*, similar to our fruit cake, arrived from his family. In Milan, Tony explained, there is a *panettone* on every table during the holidays. This one weighed eight pounds and provided refreshment, together with cups of *caffe espresso*, for a score of our friends.

Also, a few days before Christmas, I received a note from Tony's mother, Elvira Pinna. Translated by her son, it reads in part:

Dear Mrs. Mitchell: I should like to know perfect English in order to express directly all the feelings of gratitude, admiration and affection that I have for you and for all your dear family.

You are a mother, and you can imagine how I think of my son far away, especially on holidays of an intimate and family nature; but I am so sure of his joy in being with you, surrounded by affection, kindness and comprehension, that I am happy—happy for him and grateful to you and your dear family who are making life in a foreign country so pleasant for him.

I hope with all my heart that these ties of affection, born and grown in one year, will continue in the future. Anne and Kim will grow up remembering the big brother who certainly will never forget his little brother and sister and his American parents.

Tony said over and over, of many things he found in America, "It is really wonderful!" His discoveries ranged from the great variety of children's books and records to the availability of college educations for Americans of all classes.

"That is not so at home, I am afraid," he said. "There are not the scholarships in Italy. The bright boy of a working family does not even think of the university. It is not for him. But here he would go to college. It is really wonderful."

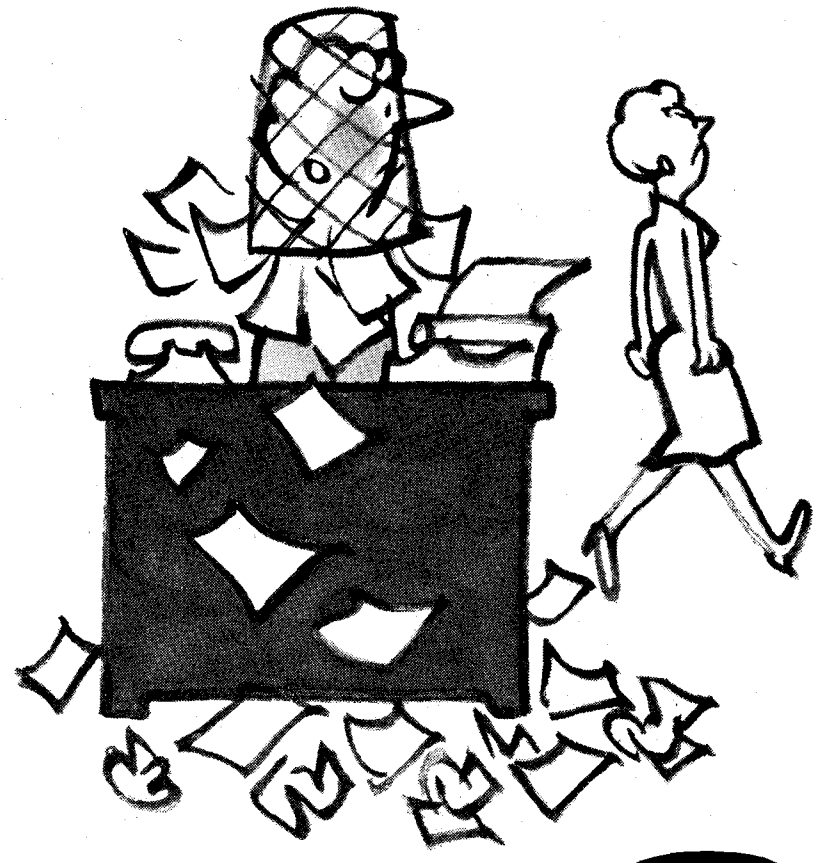
In preparation for the university entrance exams he will face in Milan, Tony took senior courses here in mathematics, physics, Spanish and English literature. But there are other subjects he must study at home, so he can compete with classmates who spent the year at Milan's Classical Liceo—philosophy, Latin, Greek and Italian literature.

"I like my school in Milan," Tony said, "but there are not the clubs, the outside activities that you have here."

He returned from school happily tired from tennis practice; he was on the school team. Once a week there was a rehearsal of the double quartet, and many hours were devoted to collaboration on the school paper and yearbook. After graduating with his class at Fairhaven High School in June, he joined other AFS students for a bus trip covering more than a dozen states. Then, Europe.

For our family, letting Tony go has been inexpressibly difficult. And yet, so that the full purpose of the AFS program of international understanding may be achieved, Tony was ready to return to his country and his own family. But, as Mrs. Pinna said in her Christmas letter, I am Tony's "American mother." And I'm going to miss him terribly. THE END

When they start acting horrid
because it's so torrid...
it's time to call Carrier!



More Carrier air conditioning is serving more people and more purposes than any other make. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, N.Y.

Carrier

We want to buy your trucks

Whether you own one truck or a hundred, how'd you like to sell out to us?

And see your deliveries rolling like clockwork—the most trouble-free trucking of your life—at a cost no more—perhaps even less than your present costs.

That's what happens when you switch to Hertz Truck Lease Service. We pay full cash value for your trucks: get your capital out of the truck business (give you important tax advantages, too).

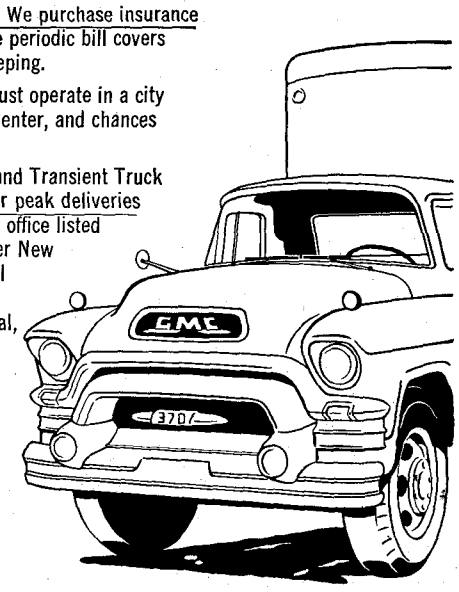
We maintain your trucks, keep them looking and running like new—paint them to appear as your own.

If you need new trucks, we buy them: new GMC's or other sturdy makes.

Service includes all fuel, tires and repairs. We purchase insurance through your broker if desired. And only one periodic bill covers everything—puts an end to complex bookkeeping.

There's only one condition: your trucks must operate in a city where there's a Hertz Truck Lease Service Center, and chances are your city's among them.

For the full Hertz story on Truck Leasing and Transient Truck Service (many businesses rent trucks just for peak deliveries—individuals for personal use) call the Hertz office listed under "H" in your phone book (in the Greater New York area, call the Metropolitan Truck Rental Service Division of the Hertz Corporation, LOngacre 3-4000), or write Hertz Truck Rental, 218 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.



Most experienced...by far
HERTZ
Truck rental

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"Angel" With the Midas Touch

(Continued from Page 25)

when the Tafts arrived at their New York hotel, their tickets were waiting. With them was a card that announced, "These tickets are sent you by courtesy of John L. Lewis, Philip Murray and William Green."

A short time later, Lurie received a note of appreciation from the senator, together with Taft's check for fifteen dollars to cover their cost. This delighted the San Francisco financier, as it provided just the kind of opening the puckish Lurie relishes. He dictated an immediate reply:

Dear Senator: Thanks for the fifteen-dollar check. However, the tickets were only $7.20 each, and, since I am not a ticket scalper, enclosed is my check for sixty cents, the amount due you.

Sincerely,
LOUIS R. LURIE

P.S. Please don't cash my check until I cash yours.

This postscript was almost pure Lewis Carroll, for Lurie is a rich man—very rich. While urging Senator Taft not to cash his sixty-cent check until Taft's own fifteen-dollar check had cleared, Lurie was negotiating the purchase of Warner Brothers studios and theaters—a sale which did not materialize—and was prepared, without even a sneaking glance at his bank balance, to write a check for twenty-five million dollars in payment.

The truth is that, far from being a ticket scalper, Lurie operates the largest gratuitous ticket agency in existence. In an average season he gives away more than thirty thousand dollars in theater tickets. These are usually to plays which Lurie has backed, including such hits as Song of Norway, Teahouse of the August Moon, Inherit the Wind, Pajama Game, and Damn Yankees.

In addition to being a major backer of Broadway plays—last year he had six running simultaneously in New York, where he is known as the Mighty Angel of Montgomery Street—Lurie owns and personally operates the Curran Theater, in San Francisco. The Curran has become, under his aegis, a West Coast showcase for the best of Broadway drama. And, although his theatrical ventures over the years have brought him more losses than profits, he's in the enviable position of being able to indulge himself in a love which began before the turn of the century when, as a newsboy, he peddled papers to after-theater crowds on Chicago's West Side.

Lurie, a small man, gently rounded, with an oval face and baby-pink skin, parlayed that newspaper route into one of the largest and richest real-estate empires in America. Today, from his penthouse suite on the eighteenth floor of 333 Montgomery Street, which many people consider the real heart of San Francisco's financial district, Lurie can survey the world of finance and theater without so much as craning his neck. In whichever direction he looks, his eyes come to rest on property that belongs to him. If all the industrial and commercial property he owns and built since 1914—264 commercial buildings—in San Francisco, alone, were lumped together, it would make a city two miles long on both sides of the street.

To businessmen who visit him in his office, the penthouse resembles an eyrie, and Lou is the sharp old eagle who crouches protectively over it. Without slide rule or paper pad, he can figure the profit in a deal to the tenth decimal point quicker than you can turn on a mechanical brain. A sentimental man with family, friends and the theater, he gives sentiment no lounging space in business. But as he doesn't need any more money, he can pick and choose his deals, and nowadays a great many of these are designed to give a lift to youngsters—friends and the sons of friends—on their way up the ladder. Many of the other joint ventures into which he enters come to him not because others need financial help, but because he has the reputation for having everything he touches turn to gold. It was A.P. Giannini, founder of the Bank of Italy, later the Bank of America, who first called him "Lucky Luigi." No one appreciated more than the late Giannini, however, that there was more than luck to Lurie's success. "If people like to have Lurie along on a deal," he said, "it's because they know that his razor-sharp mind has appraised every angle, and the fact that he gives it the nod is the next best thing to an absolute insurance policy."

To the long parade of theatrical people who have visited there, Lou's penthouse office is known as The Angel's Flight. Besides a number of mottoes ("I want to help you out—how did you get in?" or "Don't bother me with facts—my mind is already made up") the walls are covered with dozens of autographed photos of stars, past and present, who have played his theaters or starred in the plays and films he's angeled. There are other artifacts of the theater, too, like the lithograph poster of a now-famous Broadway hit which had its genesis a half dozen years ago, when Maurice Evans and Lou were having lunch. Evans casually mentioned a novel he'd read. "I think it'd make a good play," he said.

Lurie had been associated with almost everything that Evans had done in the theater and trusted his judgment implicitly. "Why don't we take an option on the book and see what happens?" he asked and, without hesitation, wrote out a check to cover it. Then he went on to discuss Dial M for Murder, which he and Evans were then preparing.

An hour later, as they were about to part, Lou remembered Evans' earlier remark. "By the way," he asked, "what's the name of that book? I'd like to get a copy and read it on the train."

"Teahouse of the August Moon," Evans replied. A year later, Evans' production of Teahouse was in rehearsal, with Lou as principal backer.

A fellow member of the Lambs Club once described Lurie as "A guy written by Horatio Alger and set to music by Rodgers and Hammerstein, with additional dialogue by Joe Miller."

That's a pretty good capsule portrait. In the best Alger tradition, Lou was born and reared in Chicago, son of a watchmaker and an old-world Jewish mother whose warmth, in large measures, rubbed off on her son. When Lou was only four, his parents were divorced and, less than two years later, he began peddling papers to help support his mother and younger brother, George. By day, he worked the corners of a La Salle Street intersection. By night, he covered the theatrical district.

On the day that Hearst's Chicago American made its bow, Lou made his first real profit in the world of business. He found he could peddle these first-edition penny papers for twenty-five cents each.

The two worlds on whose fringe Lou lived as a newsboy—business and the theater—made a deep impression on him. In 1903, at the age of fifteen, he made his first concentrated effort to become a part of both these worlds. A good salesman, he talked the owners of a small downtown shack into letting him have it without rent for thirty days. Then, at a printers' supply house, he selected equipment and type to the tune of a thousand dollars. His total savings at this time were exactly $55.35.

Lou told the salesman where to deliver it. The salesman studied the youngster. He didn't look worth a thousand dollars.

"And about the payment?"

Lou pulled out fifty dollars and handed it to him.

"I'll pay the rest monthly," he said.

Here, obviously, was a matter for executive decision. Lou was presently sitting across the desk from a vice-president of the firm who listened to Lou's proposition patiently before exploding.

"You—you—get out of here!"

A hurt look came over Lou's face as he started for the door. He wore a heavy brace then for a foot injury suffered in a newsboys' brawl. This helped to make his outward progress slow; but a part of his tardiness in reaching the door was by design. He had his hand on the knob before the vice-president spoke.

"Here, son. Come back. I didn't mean to get mad, but fifty bucks wouldn't even pay the drayage."

"But that's all I have," Lou explained honestly. "I can get business—lots of people'll deal with me."

"You know, I believe they will," the V.P. replied. "Give me the money, son, before I get sensible and change my mind."

Lou did get business. The first week, alone, he had enough orders to keep two printers busy. He ran this shop for two years, supporting his mother and brother, and then sold it for four times his original investment. He went West, and bought another and larger print shop in the old Seattle Daily Times building. It did a tremendous business, mostly with real-estate firms and banks. When he delivered printed matter to well-dressed men who sat behind polished desks and discussed five-figure mortgages, Lou's blood raced. Finally, when one of the real-estate men gave him a tip, Lou jumped at the opportunity to join their fraternity.

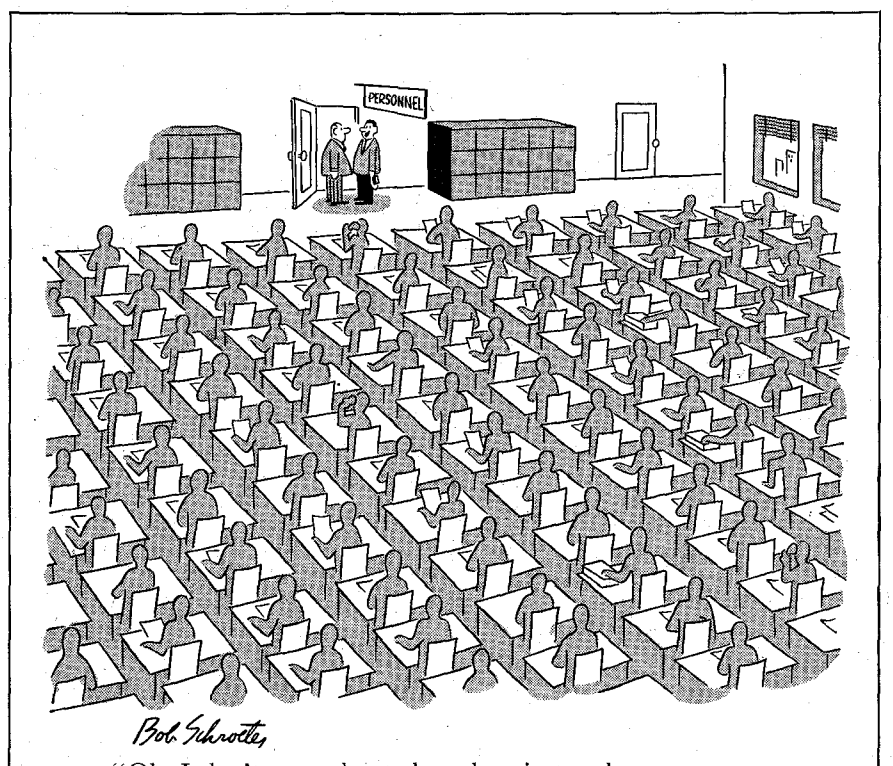
Opportunity, in this instance, was information that a certain railroad's right-of-way would run through a certain Alberta town. A great many large industries were ready to move in with the laying of track and a boom such as Western Canada had never witnessed was in store. Lou sold his print shop, moved to Canada and started buying large chunks of raw prairie around the town for development as residential tracts.

A big man in an embryonic big town, he soon found other opportunities and, before he was twenty-five, his real-estate holdings and funds in the bank were estimated at a million dollars. Then, suddenly, the railroad changed its plans, the real-estate bubble burst, and the bank failed. Refusing to mope, Lou wrote off his losses and set about salvaging what he could. Finally, the closed bank managed to make a small payment on its deposits. Lou got back some forty thousand dollars. But the experience taught him a lesson that was to be worth many times the money he lost. He would never again tie up money in nonnegotiable holdings.

It was late in 1914 that Lou, with his forty thousand dollars, arrived in San Francisco. While his investment capital was limited, his ideas were not. He had a new approach to real-estate operation, and he used his capital immediately to put it into motion, purchasing downtown lots on which he planned to build commercial buildings for lease. With the lots clear of encumbrance, he went to the banks to borrow building funds. But he'd made one mistake. Before arranging his loans, he'd let the contracts for construction. This meant that his holdings were vulnerable to mechanics' liens. Bank after bank refused to help him until he came to the Bank of Italy.

A. P. Giannini had built his banking business largely on his personal judgment. Often he considered the calluses on a man's hands better collateral than stocks and bonds. With Lurie, it was a case of mutual confidence from the first meeting, when Giannini approved his loan. "If a man wants to help build the city," Giannini said to Lou, "then we're in business to help him."

The meeting with Giannini was a turning point in Lou's life. In his first two years, Lurie built fifty-two buildings in San Francisco. His advertisements became a (Continued on Page 64)



Bob Schroeder

"Oh, I don't care about the salary just so long as I can get a crack at the baseball pool."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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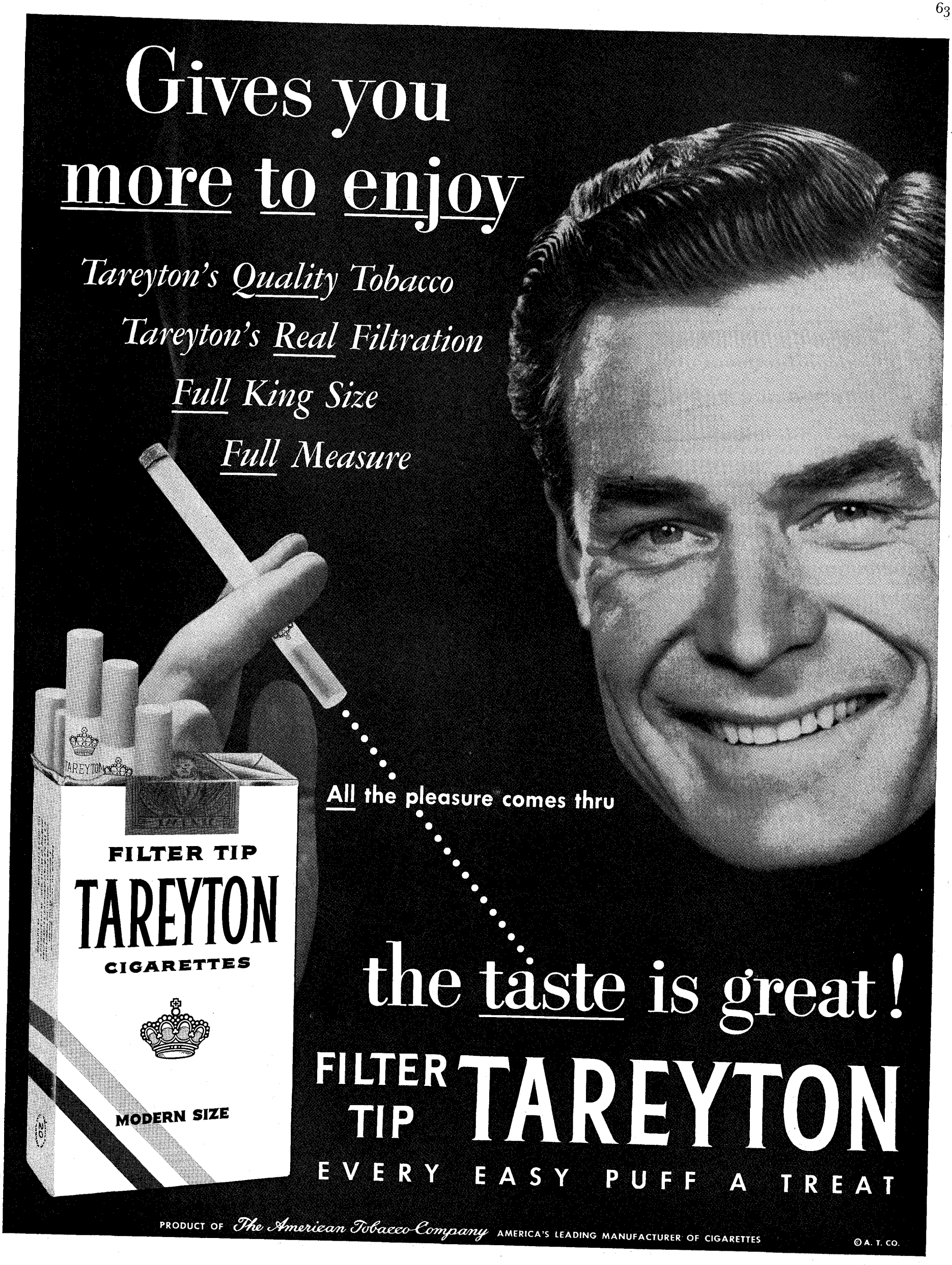
Gives you more to enjoy

Tareyton's Quality Tobacco

Tareyton's Real Filtration

Full King Size

Full Measure



All the pleasure comes thru

the taste is great!

FILTER TIP **TAREYTON**

EVERY EASY PUFF A TREAT

PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

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(*Continued from Page 62*) landmark in the San Francisco newspapers of that day:

Is Your Present Building Satisfactory?

Do you need more room, a better location, a different kind of building? Select the lot you want, and I'll build the kind of building you want on it, to your own specifications, and lease to you, preferably through your own real-estate broker.

Here in a few words was Lurie's realty plan, made to order for a rapidly growing Western city. Leading merchants, hotel operators, film companies, manufacturers became his clients. But, even when working twenty out of each twenty-four hours, he still found time to consummate a lifelong love affair with the theater he had adored from a distance. He bought the old American Theater, on Market Street—an enlarged nickelodeon—and remodeled it into San Francisco's first de luxe motion picture palace, the Rialto. A short time later, he acquired a theater in Oakland, which he renamed The Lurie, to house road shows. This was the first of a long line of Lurie theaters.

He also became involved in film-making, entering into partnership with Mae West, at the height of her career, to produce a series of films starring the buxom blonde. With Sol Lesser, he helped make the Tarzan series. And during World War II, as a strictly nonprofit venture, he bankrolled the star-studded Stage Door Canteen movie.

In 1918, he found time for still another lifetime love affair, this one with Babette Greenbaum, a San Francisco girl, whom he married after a long courtship. They had one son, Robert. The death of Mrs. Lurie after a short illness in the early spring of this year was a severe shock to Lou.

But back in pre-World War I days, it was real estate that took most of his time. San Francisco, then, was a city of characters—and Lurie was certainly one of them. The larger his deals became, the more rakish was his approach. Lorenzo Scatena, stepfather of A. P. Giannini, became president of the Bank of Italy about this time, with A. P. as Chairman of the Board. One day, Lurie needed a half million dollars to complete a deal; he needed it for less than thirty days. When he entered the bank, Scatena was rushing into the board room where a directors' meeting was about to begin. Scatena was in a hurry, but he paused long enough to hear Lurie out.

"Whatta ya got for collat', Luigi?" Scatena asked in the stage Italian dialect he always used with Lurie.

"My good name, Scat," Lou came back quickly. "I'll give you my autograph at the bottom of a note."

"Ain't enough," Scatena said, laughing. "You gotta hava da collat'." And with that, he disappeared into the board room.

Down in the street, Lou spotted a fruit peddler. He quickly bought a bunch of bananas and hurried back to the bank. He burst into the board room and tossed the bananas down in the center of the long, glistening table.

"There's your collat,' Scat. Now, do I get the loan?"

The meeting broke up in laughter, the loan was authorized on the spot, but, at Giannini's suggestion, for sixty days instead of thirty.

Sixty days later, Lou went to the bank to pay off his loan.

"I expected you thirty days ago," Scatena told him in an aggrieved tone. "You said you only wanted the money for thirty days."

"I did," Lou answered, "but I figured a man big enough to lend a half million dollars on a bunch of bananas deserved every day's worth of interest."

Many years later, in the early months of World War II, Giannini loaned Lurie a million dollars under circumstances reminiscent of this early deal. Eddie Cantor had come to San Francisco on a war-bond selling tour and had enlisted Lurie as an aide.

"Sure, Eddie, I'll be glad to help. Let's start with A. P. Giannini."

The two salesmen went up to Giannini's office.

"We're selling war bonds, A. P." Lurie began. "We think you ought to buy some—about a million dollars' worth."

Giannini looked up with lidded eyes, first at Lurie, then at Cantor. Cantor began to sell hard.

"They're an awfully good investment, Mr. Giannini—no better on the market ——"

Giannini raised his hand for silence.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Canyon Road

By BETTY ISLER

Well-hidden from the
highway here,
The hills lie snoozing in the
sun
With ten years' growth of
cactus beard
Bristling the jowls of every
one.

Few visitors come up this
road,
Meandering through
sun-bleached rocks.
Only the dull-eyed cattle
see,
Only the jeering catbird
mocks.
Thus do the hermit hills
behave,
Lounging around, in need of
a shave.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"You don't have to sell me on war bonds, Eddie. I think you ought to buy a million dollars' worth. And you, too, Luigi."

"Well, I've already bought quite a few," Lou said.

Again Giannini held up his hand.

"I'll lend you a million, Luigi—to buy war bonds. And you, too, Mr. Cantor." He buzzed for a secretary. "Make up two promissory notes—one for Mr. Lurie's signature, one for Mr. Cantor's—for a million dollars each. Then call downstairs and have them make out a million dollars in war bonds for each of these gentlemen."

Out on the sidewalk, Cantor and Lou looked at each other. For the first time, it dawned on the two supersalesmen that, while the sly Giannini had sold them each a million dollars' worth of bonds, they hadn't sold him even a dime's worth.

This was probably the only time Lurie had ever been bested in a business deal. Though his formal schooling ended in the fifth grade, his salesmanship and his sense of timing in business affairs are legendary. During the depression, following the 1929 crash, when others worth many times Lou's fortune found themselves strapped for cash, Lurie had plenty of financial elbowroom. For one thing, a large part of his real property was clear, with long-term leases in effect. He had now only to maintain this property and collect the rentals. In addition, he had bought steadily in the rising bond market, just in time.

The depression offered Lurie still another opportunity which he was quick to grasp. Hotels, apartments, theaters, office buildings went into bankruptcy. As bondholders' committees raced to unload, Lurie bought. A rich man going into the depression, he came out of it fabulously wealthy.

During the tenth-anniversary session of the United Nations in San Francisco last summer, Lou was introduced to the Dutch ambassador by a mutual friend.

"Ambassador, I want you to meet the Treasury of the United States."

The ambassador looked puzzled for a moment. Then his eyes lighted up. "Oh, then you must be Louis Lurie." He put his arm around Lou's shoulders. "Tell me, Mr. Lurie—will you invite me to lunch with you at Jack's Restaurant? They told me in Washington that lunch with you at Jack's is something I must have when I come to San Francisco."

The Lurie luncheons at Jack's, which first opened its doors before Lincoln's assassination, are a San Francisco institution. For 39 years, Lurie has eaten at the same table—and to his table have come some of the most important names in theater, politics, industry and business. Prior to 1939, when Lurie suffered a coronary attack, the luncheons were rather hurried, with Lou anxious to get back to his desk. Since then, they have been more leisurely affairs.

The coronary, which laid him low, failed to dampen Lurie's fighting spirit. As soon as the doctor decided that he had recovered enough to take an hour's drive daily, Mrs. Lurie would bundle her husband up and, with the chauffeur's aid, help him to the car. Once out of his wife's sight, though, Lou gave the chauffeur new orders. They'd pull up in front of 333 Montgomery, Lou would sneak up to the eighteenth floor in a private elevator and into his office by the back door. There he'd get in a good half hour's work on the sly. Work was the best medicine he could find.

When President Eisenhower suffered a coronary thrombosis, Lou sent him a letter written, on the occasion of his own attack, by his doctor. The letter advised Lou not to swathe himself in cotton and act like an invalid, but to stop worrying, to take his nose away from the grindstone and, in fact, to commence living.

Lurie, perhaps with his doctor's advice still in mind, made one attempt at semi-retirement in September, 1946. After all, he'd been working hard all his life. It was time to have some fun. He then went off to Chicago and New York on a pleasure jaunt. In Chicago, he attended a cocktail party and, that evening, put in a long-distance call to Teves Jacobs, one of his attorneys.

"I was at a cocktail party today, Tev," he started, cautiously. "Heard about a wonderful real-estate deal——"

"Forget it, Lou," Jacobs bristled. "We've just got your affairs straightened out so you can enjoy yourself. Have fun and forget real estate."

"I guess you're right, Tev," Lou agreed meekly. Two days later, from New York, he called Jacobs again, telling him that he had been exactly right about retiring. He was having a great time.

Five days later, Jacobs was dumfounded to receive from a Chicago friend the front page of a Chicago newspaper whose eight-column banner headline announced: "FORMER NEWSBOY MAKES BIGGEST REAL ESTATE DEAL IN CHICAGO HISTORY."

Lurie had purchased, for fourteen and a half million dollars, two of Chicago's largest office buildings. Lou went over one of these from basement to attic before buying. The other he bought without even bothering to enter it. When asked why, he explained to reporters that he had sold newspapers in the second building and knew every square inch of it by heart.

With this deal, Lurie was back in business again. And although, with his son Robert now in the business, Lurie is more inclined to leave to others on his small staff the details and negotiations he once attended to alone, he still puts in a good day, arriving at his office well before eight o'clock each morning.

Today, in San Francisco, Lurie is known variously as The Mayor of Montgomery Street and Mr. San Francisco. The driving internal force that built the Lurie fortune has been largely applied, in recent years, to making his city a better place in which to live. Together with Herman Wobber, 20th Century-Fox executive, he guarantees the New York City Ballet's two-week engagement in San Francisco each year. For the past two years, he has waged a continuing campaign to solve parking problems, offering to put up nine of the sixteen million dollars necessary for a public-garage project. He is founder and president of the Giannini Foundation, which aids worthy students. The Lurie Foundation gives away Lurie dollars to literally hundreds of charitable causes. Lou quietly supports any worthy charity or individual who comes to his attention. He's always buying a hearing aid for a deaf shoeshine boy or building a warm newsstand for some aging peddler. And of course he liberally supports the Actor's Fund, of which he's a national director.

Having money, to Lurie, isn't nearly as important as what you do with it. One of his favorite stories (obviously apocryphal) concerns eight rich men who held an important meeting at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, in Chicago, in 1923. One was the president of the nation's largest independent steel company; the second headed the largest utility; the third was president of the nation's largest gas company; the fourth was president of the New York Stock Exchange; the fifth was a member of the President's cabinet; the sixth was the greatest "bear" in Wall Street; the seventh was head of the world's greatest monopoly; and the president of the Bank for International Settlements rounded out the well-heeled conclave.

A quarter of a century later, the president of the steel company—Charles Schwab—was dead, a bankrupt; Samuel Insull, head of the utility company, died a fugitive from justice; Howard Hopson, who headed the largest gas company, was hopelessly insane; the president of the New York Stock Exchange, Richard Whitney, had just been released from Sing Sing; the Cabinet member, Albert Fall, had been pardoned from prison so he could die at home; Jesse Livermore, the Wall Street "bear," died a suicide; so did Ivar Kreuger, head of the world's largest monopoly, and Leon Fraser, president of the Bank for International Settlements.

"All of these men had learned the art of making money," Lou says, "but not one of them had learned the art of living."

Those who know Lou Lurie well agree that he is a past master of living life to its fullest—for himself and those around him. THE END

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Invasion! (Continued from Page 29)

"Ah, Roger, Snapdragon. We escort ou over the strait. In the event of an attack, we will use Plan Katherine. I say gain, Katherine."

"Understood, Blackbird One," the kipper said, his voice somehow amused. He winked at his copilot.

"How's everything in God's country?" The flight leader's voice whispered eerily n their phones, a tinny, melancholy ound.

"Yeah," another voice cut in—one of he other fighters. "Give us a reading—hat is, if you guys managed to get out of our rocking chairs."

"The Mark Hopkins now gives double whisky sours to all fly-boys with certified iger blood," the skipper said.

"Stay away from the Doll House on Turk Street," the copilot put in. "Loaded blondes—and they actually gave me my medium-rare well done. Dreadful!"

A chorus of groans from the fighters; men stranded in the cruel arctic, the thin first line of defense. Men whose planes measured their fuel in minutes of flying time. They hung above and below the huge bomber, knowing that, only hours before, that long fuselage had reflected the hot California sunshine, squatting on the miles-long runway at Travis Air Force Base, sixty minutes from San Francisco and the Golden Gate. Land of soft fogs, neon-lit hills, good food, tall buildings and tall women.

The sky darkened to deep purple. "Returning to base," the flight leader said. One by one, they peeled off and slid away into the gathering dark, leaving the bomber once again alone, slipping through the deepening subzero night. Throughout the plane the men remained at their posts, together, yet each alone, miles above the alien frozen sea. The bomber moved inexorably forward.

"Bogeys," Radar said quietly, "seven o'clock."

From behind came the swift clatter as De Napoli and the others cleared their guns with brief bursts.

"All power," the skipper said. "We'll go up. Let them make their move; see what they've got."

The big plane tilted steeply, reaching for yet more altitude. Higher and higher, but still below its maximum operating level, a fantastically high altitude. Below—far below—black shadows silhouetted against the snowy sea, the tiny MIG fighters kicked in afterburners, tilted and scrambled for altitude.

"Second-stringers," the skipper murmured. Long minutes passed, but still the fighters remained tiny dots, unable to come within miles of their altitude.

"Have fun, kids," De Napoli said.

"Nine hours from target," the navigator said. "Two hours from enemy territory."

"Fuel, sixteen hours. Power, eighty-five," the engineer said.

"They're still tagging," Radar said. "Another group at five o'clock below."

"What's on the horn?" Levitt asked plaintively.

The radioman turned a dial, and suddenly soft music flooded the plane. Dave Brubeck's piano, cool and infinitely remote. Abruptly it cut off and a hasty-voiced announcer came in:

"Further word on the invasion of West Germany. At Geneva the American ambassador has just handed an ultimatum to the invaders. They are ordered immediately to start withdrawal of all troops within two hours. That is twelve o'clock midnight, Pacific Standard Time. If the troops have not started withdrawing by that time, the ambassador states, swift and terrible retaliatory action against the heartland of the invaders will be taken by the United States. Of what nature he did not disclose. However ——" Radio flipped the dial. More excited chatter on short-wave station after station.

"Nothing but talk," Radio said.

The big bomber climbed. Below and to the left, the wing of MIG fighters matched her speed, following, making no moves. As one group peeled off and drifted away, another came from ahead to take its place, pacing the swift bomber.

"They'll put in the varsity the second we're inside their territory," the skipper said. He glanced at his watch. "Forty-five minutes ETA."

Beneath a brilliant moon the plane raced along, incredibly fast, a gleaming arrow pointed straight for the heart of the ice-locked nation. The navigator climbed down from the solar bay after shooting for position. He bent over his plot board.

"We're into their territory," he said.

"So now they can stop guessing," the skipper said.

"Bogeys at seven o'clock," Radar said. "Nine o'clock."

"Pilot to crew," the skipper said sharply, "check your T-one's. We're going on top." One by one, he called off the men, each in turn murmuring a quiet "Roger" as he checked his T-one decompression suit and equipment. At their maximum operating level, a rupture of the plane's fuselage could cause explosive decompression, immediate death to any man unprepared.

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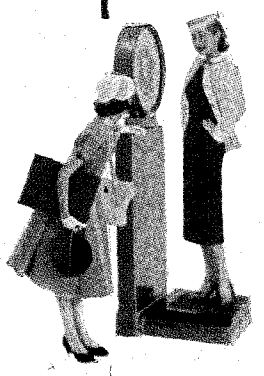

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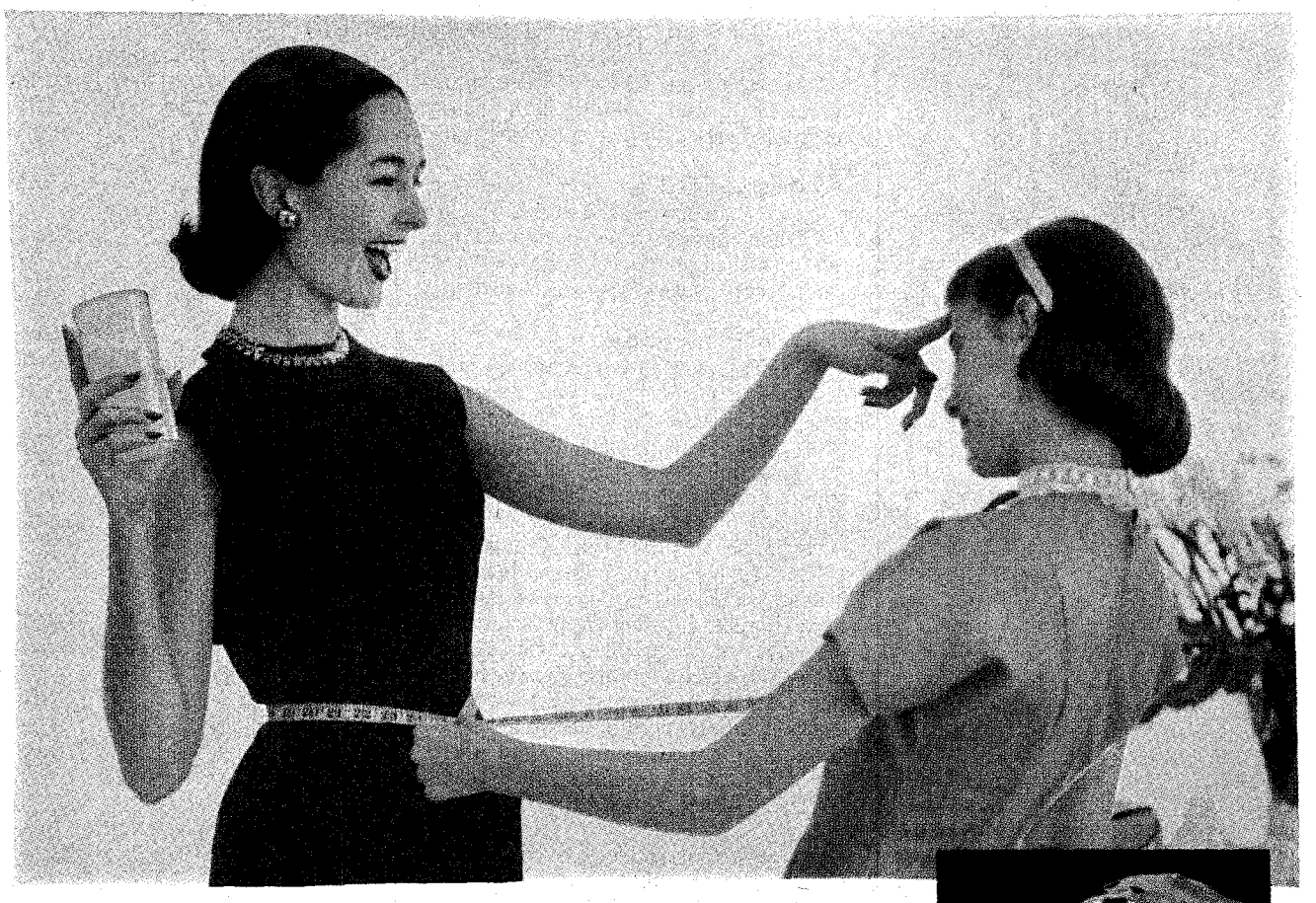

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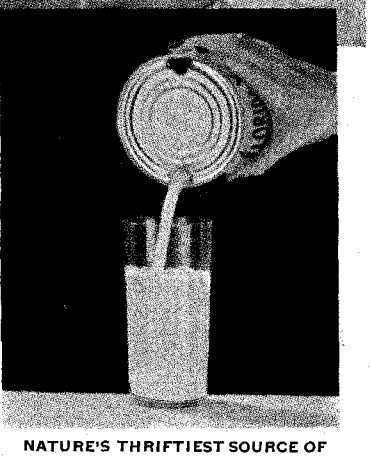

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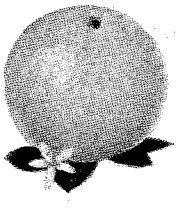

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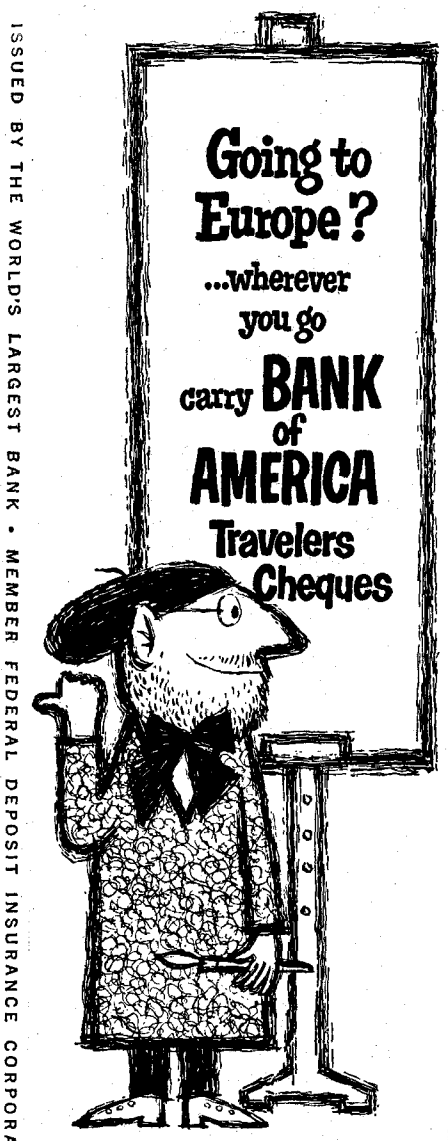

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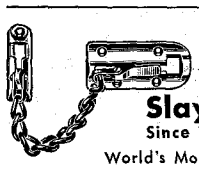

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"Tallyho! One o'clock ahead!"

The bomber rocked in violent evasive action. A volley of high-velocity rockets swooshed below and an odd-winged, stubby fighter shot past beneath, vanishing immediately astern.

"It's their hot one," the copilot said. "Handling a little mushy. Do you think it's in our league?"

The skipper glanced calmly at him and his eyebrows waggled above his oxygen mask. "We'll throw them a curve and see," he said. "All power."

The bomber climbed. The intercom came alive as the gunners shouted excited warnings: "Tallyho! Six o'clock! Levitt! Levitt!"

The bitter, acrid smell of powder drifted through the long bomb-bay tunnel. There was a clatter-clatter, a brilliant flare as a high-velocity rocket zoomed past, missing; then another brighter flare and a bellow from the waist gunner, "Got him! Got him!"

"How lucky can you get?" from De Napoli.

"Bogeys, six o'clock below!"

"Power, ninety-five," the engineer said. The bomber climbed. Below, one by one, the odd-looking jets pointed blunt, open-nosed snouts at them, poised delicately on stubby wings, clawing ineffectually at the rarefied air, firing off rockets which curved in swift, spitting arcs, falling short, to disappear into the darkness.

"Aw, come on, fellows," Levitt muttered. There was a sudden hard silence as the fighters dropped away and vanished.

"That's right; go home and tell poppa," the skipper said. He called to the flight engineer, now back near the tail, crouched in a miniature armored vault. "You got The Monster warmed up, kid?"

"We're in business, skipper."

Within seconds and miles away, a sudden eye-hurting light dimmed the moon and threw harsh shadows on the land below. The skipper made a motion as though wiping sweat from his brow. The copilot nodded, waggling eyebrows happily.

"Surprise, surprise," De Napoli said.

Even as he spoke, another burst of brilliant light and explosion, soundless to the bomber hurtling along faster than the waves of sound, lighted the ground below into a weird moonscape. The Monster was doing its supersecret radar-jamming work well. Guided missiles began bursting prematurely about them with monotonous regularity.

"Twenty-four fifty," the navigator said.

"Bogeys, four o'clock, seven o'clock, below," Radar said.

The bogeys swept up, huge even at that great distance. They were four-jet bombers, dead-black, like destroying angels. The skipper glanced over to the copilot.

"Here comes the Sunday punch."

"Things are tough all over," the copilot murmured.

The sinister black bombers, in tight formation, headed up. The great silver bomber tilted its sharp nose and climbed. There was a long thin line of fire from the lead bomber far below, a brilliant arc of flame and then the plane-to-plane guided missile exploded prematurely and behind the silver bomber. Again The Monster had done its job. From all the black bombers below, the long, sizzling trails shot up toward them, to end abruptly, far short, in dazzling explosions, soundless, throwing the bogey bombers into brilliant relief.

"So now they know," the skipper said softly.

"Back to the minors for you guys," De Napoli said.

The bomber swept on, unbelievably high and fast, gleaming nose pointed unswervingly for the heartland of the country.

"Hello, Snapdragon. Hello, Snapdragon. Big Bear One calling Snapdragon."

The skipper and copilot exchanged swift glances. "Go ahead, Big Bear One," the skipper said. "This is Snapdragon."

"Snapdragon." The voice was clear but faint. "Stand by to take a message. Do you read me well? Over."

"Hello, Big Bear One. Read you well and clear. Over."

"Snapdragon. Bittersweet. Bittersweet. Acknowledge."

"Hello, Big Bear One. This is Snapdragon, acknowledging Bittersweet. Over and out."

The great silver bomber heeled over, swept around in an enormous arc and headed back in the direction it had come, the contrails flaring out behind the eight jet engines like the wake of a mighty fleet in a smooth sea. Spread out below, the bogey bombers paced it all the way to the border.

"Oh one hundred," the navigator said.

"What's on the horn?" Levitt demanded. "We ought to get Armed Forces out of Elmendorf. Real crazy stuff, daddio."

A crackle of static sounded on the intercom as Radio switched to an international channel. An excited civilian voice came in strongly: ". . . capitulated in a highly dramatic personal plea from the premier himself, begging the United States Air Force to call back their bombers and agreeing immediately to withdraw all invading troops from ——"

There was a crash of static as Radio flipped the dial. ". . . totally unable to check the bombers reported to have been converging on the invader's homeland from all points of the globe. Apparently the premier waited until the last possible moment before accepting the ultimatum delivered earlier by the United States ambassador ——" Another crash of static as Radio twirled the dial. ". . . steady stream of troops and equipment pulling out of West Germany. To repeat the bulletin of thirty minutes ago: The invasion of West Germany has ended. In a highly dramatic personal plea to the United States ambassador at Geneva, the premier of ——" More static, more excited voices. Silence.

"No music anywhere," Radio said. "Nothing but yaketty-yak."

"Eight million bucks Uncle pays for this wagon, and not even a lousy little hi-fi," Levitt complained.

"Angels, six o'clock ahead," Radar said.

"Fuel, thirteen hours; power, sixty-five," the engineer said. "The Monster sealed and secured."

"Listen, De Napoli," the skipper said. "What about these three women that were fighting over you? Wha' hoppen?"

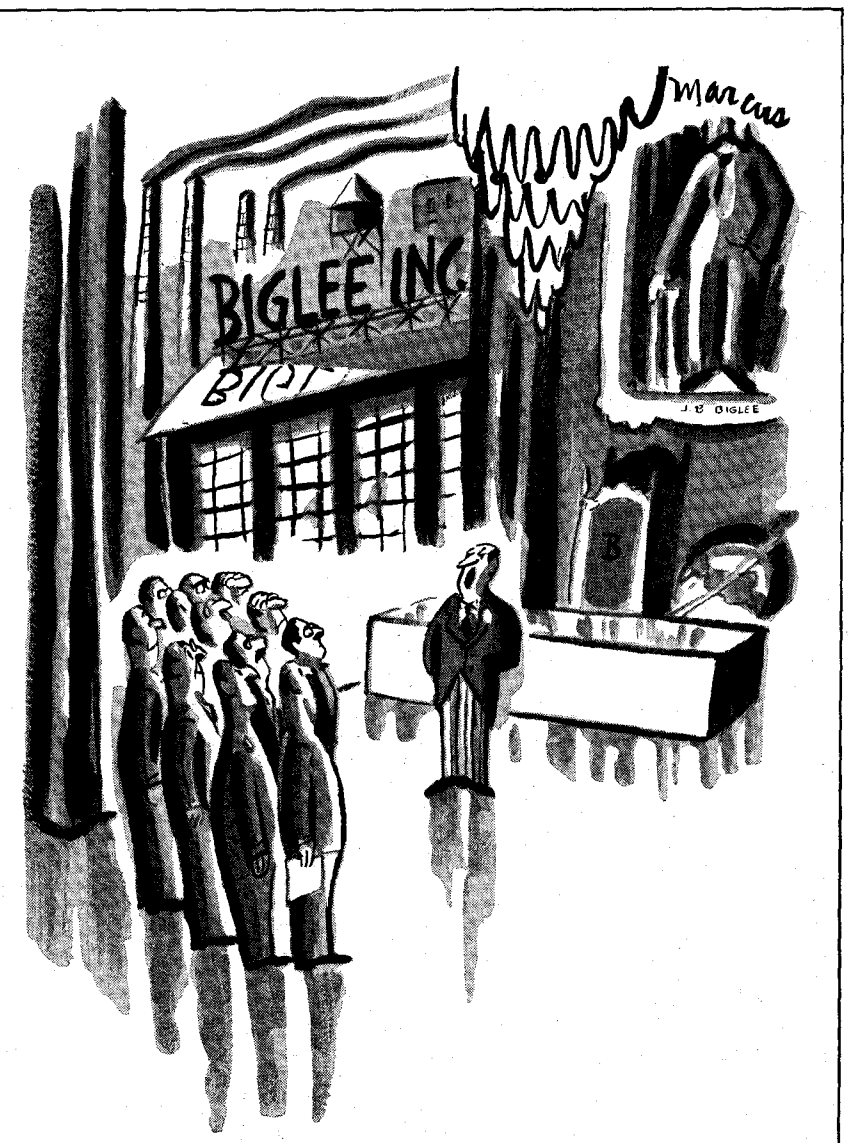
"Yeah, old man, make with the myths."

"A long story, men," De Napoli said.

"So we're tigers for punishment."

"O.K., O.K.," De Napoli said lazily. "There were these three dames, see? A blonde, a blonde and a blonde ——"

THE END



". . . and when Mr. Biglee's son starts working here tomorrow he'll have no special privileges or authority. Treat him just as you would anyone else who was due to take over the whole business in a year or two."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Scandalous Mrs. Piper

(Continued from Page 24)

display of steaks, chops, roasts, fowl, fish and packaged meats, she was always now in a quandary. For twenty-one years she had bought her meats from Fred, who had somehow survived the road from a tiny meat market to part ownership of the supermarket. Fred had always known to a T what would suit her, and he could whip up the choicest cuts from apparently nowhere. This morning, Fred, with his homely grin—a lovely homely grin—was saying, "Pork chops are nice today, Mrs. Piper."

That did it. Mrs. Piper sighed and flapped her hands, helplessly. "If I only had a man to cook for, Fred!" she mourned.

Which caused Fred to do some thinking. For twenty-one years he had known Mrs. Piper, and he knew that she never did any kidding with her mouth open. Fred then said something he would never have dared say to another woman of his acquaintance.

"Do you know Mr. Henry, Mrs. Piper?" he said. "Mr. Horace Henry? He lives just a couple of streets in back of you."

Mrs. Piper looked a trifle puzzled. "I don't think I remember the name," she said. "What does he look like?"

Fred was vaguely expansive. "Oh, tall man. About your age. Looks like a big wheel somewhere. Nice man. He comes in here once in a while. Widower, you know, and all alone."

Mrs. Piper reflected, and because she had known Fred for twenty-one years and had never known him to be anything but the soul of honesty, she said, "He's all alone, you say?"

"Been that way for a couple of years now. He travels quite a bit, I guess. But whenever I see him in here he looks lost. If anybody needs somebody to cook for him, he does."

Now Mrs. Piper was the kind of woman who decided instantly where she was going and promptly set about doing it. "I think I'll speak to him," she said.

Everybody always said, when the details got out, that Fred should have minded his own business.

Mr. Henry, of course, was considerably surprised, when he answered his doorbell, to see a trim and pert little elderly lady. Mr. Henry was always a little embarrassed at being surprised. Which was odd, for he had traveled every nook and corner of the forty-eight states. And he could tell you where to get the best roast beef in San Francisco or the best oysters in Baltimore. As a matter of fact, he knew the country better by what it offered to eat than he did for the business he had done.

"Are you Mr. Henry?" Mrs. Piper said with her curious directness.

"Why—yes!" said Mr. Henry, wondering whether he was to contribute to the Red Cross or the current cancer drive.

Mrs. Piper came directly to the point. "Mr. Henry," she said, "I am Mrs. Piper from over on Bleeker Street. I am told that you are alone and don't know a good pork chop from a bad one. Now, I am recently widowed and I'm just itching for a man to cook for. Would you come to my house for dinner tonight?"

Mr. Henry was astounded to hear himself saying, "Why—uh—yes! I'd like to very much!"

Which, as everybody agreed when the details got out, was a pretty scandalous beginning.

Of course, the details, which everybody got to know, came from Mrs. Piper herself, for she wasn't one to mince words and she liked to call a spade a spade. More, she liked to answer a question when it was asked. And she expected the same from everybody else.

"What do you do, Mr. Henry?" she asked that night at dinner.

Mr. Henry was happily disposing of a bite of well-aged sirloin. "Pretty much retired now," he said. "I spend three days a week in New York running a little company, but ——" Mr. Henry sighed gently.

"You live in a hotel while you're there?"

"No," said Mr. Henry. "I live at The Traveler's Club. Been staying there for years. I'm one of the old-timers, you might say. This is mighty good steak, by the way."

"You haven't touched your salad," Mrs. Piper said.

Then she saw Mr. Henry dutifully take a bite of salad and suddenly knew that he didn't like salads, nor did he appear to like pumpernickel bread.

"Do you have any children?" she said.

"A daughter," Mr. Henry said. Then his face clouded. "I married late in life," he said. "She's only twenty-three."

"Married?"

Then Mrs. Piper saw the reason for the cloud on Mr. Henry's face. "I doubt if she will be long," he said.

"Apple pie, Mr. Henry?"

From the beam on his face, Mrs. Piper knew that he liked apple pie. By now she knew quite a lot about Mr. Henry, and when dinner was at last over, as usual she came directly to the point.

"I like you, Mr. Henry," she said. "And you're lonely. So am I. How would you like to eat your meals with me when you're home?"

Mr. Henry was startled. "But I couldn't ——" he started to protest.

"If you're worrying about the expense, I'm sure we could share that," said Mrs. Piper. "Would you like to?"

Mr. Henry thought it over only for an instant. "I certainly would!" he said.

"Very well; what would you like for your breakfast tomorrow morning?"

"Oh, anything," said Mr. Henry. "Anything at all." Then he added, "I'm not particular about what I eat."

But, thinking of Mr. Henry's uneaten salad, his avoidance of pumpernickel bread, Mrs. Piper began to have an inkling about Mr. Henry's late wife. "What would you like for dinner tomorrow night?" she asked.

"Anything you put before me, I'll eat," said Mr. Henry.

Which, Mrs. Piper suspected, was just so much nonsense.

It was a strange arrangement, you have to admit that, and probably it was a little scandalous when you came right down to it. At least that was what most everyone thought. They couldn't possibly help knowing that Mr. Henry's car was in front of Mrs. Piper's house three times a day, except when he was in New York, and poor Mr. Piper barely six weeks in his grave. Nor could anyone help noticing that as Mrs. Piper tapped briskly on her way to market mornings she had a curiously serene look on her face, the expression of a human being with a mission in life that particular day. But they had no way of knowing until long afterward, from Mrs. Piper's own lips, that she was troubled. For, as the days passed, she came to know more and more about the late Mrs. Henry. Not from anything Mr. Henry said, but from what he ate and what he didn't eat.

He liked—"loved" would be a better word—roast beef, thick and rare, but he was apparently never feeling quite up to par on days when they had lamb. He liked fat roast pork, but didn't like lean. He liked apple pie, but not mince. He loved green peas, but obviously couldn't abide carrots. Squash, but not turnip. Mr. Henry never complained, and whenever she would ask what he would like for the following day, he would always say, "Anything—anything at all." It was as though the phrase was a habit with him, a habit of long duration. Yet Mrs. Piper, though she had never traveled in her life, knew perfectly well that for most of his life Mr. Henry must have ordered pretty much precisely what he wanted to eat.

So it was that Mrs. Piper began to realize that Mr. Henry had been married to a dominating woman. One who liked lamb, but didn't care much about roast beef. One who liked salad, but not green peas. Mince pie, but not apple. And for some reason, she had been able to make her tastes stick to the point where Mr. Henry had eaten whatever was put before him when he was home.

Mrs. Piper was just the kind to do something about a situation like that. And she had just about decided to do it when one night Mr. Henry came to dinner so gloomy and depressed that he could barely eat his roast beef.

"Your daughter is getting a divorce," Mrs. Piper guessed.

Mr. Henry was surprised. "How did you know?"

"It's written all over you. Why don't you invite her to dinner here some night? She'll be lonely, too, now, you know."

Mr. Henry was positively pathetic as he asked, "You wouldn't mind?"

"Why should I mind?" said Mrs. Piper. Then Mrs. Piper said something that she hadn't intended to say for a long time yet. By now they were on a first-name basis. "Horace," she said, "why don't you pack up and move right in here with me? Then you'll have a home you can bring your daughter to."

"But I couldn't ——" Mr. Henry attempted to protest.

"You could, too," said Mrs. Piper.

Then, as Mr. Henry gazed at her with that harassed look in his eyes, Mrs. Piper knew how unhappy Mr. Henry was.

"You think it would be all right?" Mr. Henry asked anxiously. "People wouldn't talk?"

"Fiddlesticks on people!" said Mrs. Piper.

Which, as anybody could see, was getting to be more scandalous all the time.

Mr. Henry's daughter was one of those curious and flagrant opposites which so often happen in families. Or possibly, Mrs. Piper decided, she was merely a reflection of her mother. Beautiful in a dark, flashing way, strong-willed and clipped of speech, she was plainly one of those who felt it only proper to order life around. Her name was Elaine. Of course, she helped with dinner while Mr. Henry was snoozing in front of the television set.

"I understand you're getting a divorce," Mrs. Piper said.

The girl's chin stiffened. "I will not live with a man who has a private life of his own," she said.

"What does your husband do?" Mrs. Piper said.

"He travels."

"Do you nag him about it?"

"Nag? Of course not!"

Mrs. Piper sniffed audibly. "That means you do," she said.

"I beg your pardon," the girl said stiffly.

"It isn't necessary," said Mrs. Piper. "You've been nagging him about things you think happen. Probably they don't, and didn't."

"I prefer not to discuss it," said Elaine.

"Let me tell you one thing, little girl," said Mrs. Piper crisply. "A man is a peculiar animal. To take him too lightly is foolish. To take him too seriously is fatal."

"Just what do you mean by that?" the girl asked curiously.

"What I said," Mrs. Piper snapped. "Your husband is a lonely man." And Mrs. Piper was quite convinced of the truth of what she said, for by now she knew that Mr. Henry had been lonely most of his life.

Dinner was only a mild success, but then, Mr. Henry had not expected much. Mrs. Piper knew, by the way he ate, that he did not approve of his daughter's divorce, though he would never say so. But as soon as Elaine had left with grudging thanks, Mrs. Piper said, "Horace, wouldn't you like to have your son-in-law to dinner to talk things over?"

As usual, Mr. Henry was surprised. "I dunno," he said. "I hadn't thought about it."

"Seems a pity for those two to break up."

Mrs. Piper spoke as though she had been acquainted with Mr. Henry's son-in-law for years, though she had never seen him. She could guess, however, that he was something like Mr. Henry himself. And she wasn't far from being absolutely right. Like Mr. Henry, Ben Hathaway was almost always being embarrassed about something. And he was reticent. Like Mr. Henry, Ben Hathaway didn't look at all like the traditional, and sometimes ribald, conception of a traveling man. But instinctively, Mrs. Piper knew that he was as honest as Fred, her meatman at the supermarket. And she knew that she could come to the point with him about a delicate subject and get an honest answer.

Dog With Flea

By Elizabeth Landeweer

A hound who has an active
flea
Is busy as a dog can be,
He winds himself to take a
nap,
Then does a counterclock-
wise snap.
And bites a shoulder
underneath.
He combs his fur between
his teeth,
And searches madly for a
space,
Then looks up with an
abject face
To catch a sympathetic eye,
Sinks down again, heaves
up a sigh,
And scratches till he thumps
the floor,
Then gives a philosophic
snore,
And counters each successive
itch
With just the merest
shoulder twitch.

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"Do you want your wife to divorce you?" she said.

"Of course not," Ben Hathaway said.

"Then why do you let her?"

"What can I do about it?"

"What you need," said Mrs. Piper, "is a good cookbook."

Ben Hathaway was mildly astonished. "A cookbook!" he exclaimed.

"Young man," said Mrs. Piper firmly, "there is nothing that can stop a nagging wife in her tracks so quickly as a cookbook. My husband pulled that on me once, bless his soul. I forget what we were having for dinner that night, but I was talking a blue streak—nagging, you might call it—when he said, 'You know, this would taste better with thyme in it.' Well! That took the wind out of my sails in a hurry. And what's more, he could prove it."

"I never looked inside a cookbook in my life," Ben Hathaway objected.

"Then look," said Mrs. Piper crisply. "You'd be surprised what a lethal weapon a cookbook is in the hands of a henpecked husband."

"But she won't even talk to me!"

"She didn't before you met her, did she?"

"No," said Ben Hathaway slowly.

"Woo her all over again," said Mrs. Piper tartly. "What man has done, man can do."

Mrs. Piper wasn't at all surprised when Mr. Henry's daughter agreed to give it another try. And Mr. Henry was delighted. He even chortled with glee when his daughter came flouncing into the house one day with blood in her eye.

"I'll kill him!" she shrieked to Mrs. Piper. "I'll kill that man!"

It developed that Ben had mentioned that Maine lobsters were considered best by the better cooks when they were not exactly boiled and yet not allowed to quite simmer.

"If the guy only wasn't right!" Elaine shrieked. "But in my own house, a man tells me how to cook!"

Much later Mr. Henry was prompted to ask, "How did you do it, Etta?" For that was Mrs. Piper's first name, but which Mr. Henry, reticent as he was, seldom used.

"That girl is smart," said Mrs. Piper.

People on Bleeker Street were talking with a vengeance now. Mr. Henry was living at Mrs. Piper's house, and Mrs. Piper made no bones about it. Was she his housekeeper? No, she wasn't. Well, wasn't it a bit unusual? Nothing unusual about two people being lonely, said Mrs. Piper. But—and, of course, the question was never finished. No buts about it, was Mrs. Piper's stand. Which was pretty darn scandalous, as anybody could see. Besides, Mrs. Piper was looking better every day. Nobody would dream that she was seventy-one.

But there was a cloud in Mrs. Piper's new-found existence. Whenever she asked Mr. Henry what he would like for dinner the answer was always the same. "Anything. Anything at all," he would say. Which was a pretty exasperating way for a man to act. True, she was finding every day more and more about what Mr. Henry would and would not eat. But even that wasn't enough to satisfy Mrs. Piper. Not when a man had traveled all over the country for most of his life, living off the fat of the land, so to speak. Mrs. Piper had sense enough to know that when a man was away from home he ordered what he wanted to eat.

Mrs. Piper wasn't long in coming to her decision. It was a simple decision—she would simply find out what Mr. Henry liked to eat when he could order whatever he pleased. And there was a simple way of finding out. Simple for Mrs. Piper, that is, being the direct kind of person she was. She would simply go to Mr. Henry's club in New York and find out what was what.

Ordinarily, Mrs. Piper, who had never traveled in her life, would have been terrified at the thought of going to New York. But being the kind of person who looked facts in the face and then did something about them, she simply went to the railroad station and bought a ticket. Four hours later she was in Grand Central Station, which was a horribly confused sort of place, she thought—people running every which way, and in an awful hurry. Why didn't they get up earlier and take their time, Mrs. Piper wondered.

Nor was she frightened at the madness in the city streets. She had a mission to accomplish and that was that. When she wanted to cross the street, she simply beckoned to a harassed policeman and said, "Help me across the street, young man." Of course, the policemen were a little more harassed by the interruptions, but they could not fail to admire the firmness with which the request was made. The way it turned out, Mrs. Piper practically had a police escort to the Traveler's Club, where she sought out the service entrance as primly as she would have searched for a suitable pork chop.

It was a busy kitchen she finally found her way into, and ordinarily none of the busy cooks or the flustered waitresses would have paid the slightest attention to her. But there was a way about Mrs. Piper which demanded respect.

"I would like to speak to the waitress who waits on Mr. Henry, please," she said.

In due time, and with considerable surprise, for it was a rather unusual request, a harried waitress with astonishingly beautiful black hair appeared.

"I live with Mr. Henry," said Mrs. Piper. "We're not married, you understand, but we live in the same house, and I would like to know what he likes for dinner and lunch and breakfast. Start with dinner."

"Well, I never!" said the waitress fervently. "And I always thought he was such an innocent old guy."

"Stick to the point," said Mrs. Piper.

"Dinner, you say?"

"Dinner."

"Dessert," said the waitress. "All you can pile into him. With whipped cream on it."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Piper faintly. "He shouldn't have whipped cream."

"I'm just telling you, lady. Pile on the whipped cream until he says Godfrey mighty."

"Doesn't he eat anything else?"

Now the waitress was vague. "Oh, he likes fish—with hollandaise sauce on it. Put hollandaise on everything, lady. Cauliflower, broccoli—everything. That man is crazy over hollandaise."

"And meat?" Mrs. Piper said weakly.

"Beef. Just give him beef and he's happy. Rare. Bloody rare."

"Doesn't he eat pork or lamb or ——"

"Just give him beef, lady. Bloody rare."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Piper. "What about lunch?"

"Crackers and milk. Just load 'em with fruit. I usually put on blueberries when we have 'em, raspberries, apple, watermelon—anything that's fruit."

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Piper. "What about breakfast?"

"Eggs," said the waitress a little scornfully. "Eggs, toast and coffee. Boiled."

"Not fried or scrambled or poached?"

"Boiled," said the waitress. "Four minutes."

"Doesn't he eat any vegetables?" Mrs. Piper asked.

"Lady, he'll eat a boiled peanut if you'll just load it with hollandaise." Then the waitress said, "Lady, if you're trying to make a hit with the guy, just remember: beef, hollandaise, whipped cream and Godfrey mighty."

Mrs. Piper was one who knew a fact when she heard it, and when she took her train back home she was humming happily. Mr. Henry might be seventy-one, the same as she, and maybe he shouldn't have whipped cream and rich sauces, but she was one who believed that it was better to live a day like a lion than a week as a lamb. And when Mr. Henry came home from New York, she was ready for him.

"Nice beef," said Mr. Henry, chewing contentedly.

"I thought it was nice," said Mrs. Piper.

"Very good hollandaise," said Mr. Henry.

"I like hollandaise," said Mrs. Piper.

At last it came time for dessert. Mrs. Piper had apple pie, and she was armed with an enormous bowl of whipped cream. "Do you like whipped cream on your pie?" she said.

"You'll get me fat," Mr. Henry said.

Mrs. Piper scooped out whipped cream. And she scooped and scooped.

"You'll get me fat as a pig," Mr. Henry warned.

Mrs. Piper scooped and scooped.

"Godfrey mighty!" said Mr. Henry, beaming.

Mrs. Piper smiled secretly and blessed the waitress at the Traveler's Club in New York. And as she watched Mr. Henry devouring with relish her apple pie and whipped cream, she was thinking that it was so nice to have a man to cook for again.

"Etta," Mr. Henry was saying between bites of apple pie, "have you ever thought about making this a permanent arrangement?"

"What do you mean, Horace?" Mrs. Piper said.

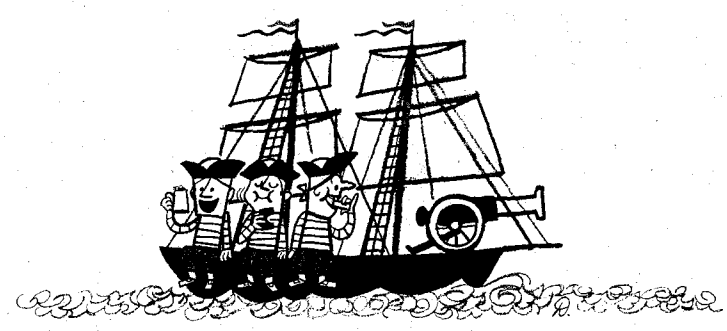
Mr. Henry coughed with embarrassment, then he said, "Don't you think we ought to get married, Etta?"

"Mr. Henry," said Mrs. Piper crisply, "thank you just the same, but I'm not the kind to step into another woman's shoes."

"I was just asking," said Mr. Henry meekly. Another enormous chunk of apple pie and whipped cream swooped up from his plate.

Which, even if you don't happen to live on Bleeker Street, you have to admit is a pretty scandalous situation.

THE END



Look at the State They're In!

A legal feud caused by a double-dealing king across the Atlantic nearly led to war between New York and Connecticut. It lasted for 216 years and produced the zigzag, wandering boundary between those states which confuses motorists to this day.

The cold war began after prodigal King Charles II of England granted a royal charter to Connecticut by which it extended to the Pacific and then bestowed a corner of the same land on his brother, James, Duke of York. In 1664, after the English took New Amsterdam from the Dutch and renamed it New York, Connecticut commissioners made a friendly call on the new neighbors to settle the land question.

Connecticut then claimed all of Long Island, plus a triangle of the mainland above the present city of New York that cut across the Hudson River at Peekskill and continued through what is now Catskill State Park to a point thirty miles west of Saugerties. New York authorities roared a flat "No!" and claimed that King Charles gave that area to brother James. To silence the Connecticut complaint for all time, Governor Andros, of New York, headed up Long Island Sound with a fleet of sailboats, bent not on pleasure, but on seizure. This move to capture the Connecticut settlements on the sound was opposed by Capt. Thomas Bull, the Connecticut commander at Saybrook, although Bull knew that New York's grant extended to the Connecticut River. Andros and his men, not wishing a shooting war, ate a picnic lunch and sailed back home.

After a further spate of claims and counterclaims, New York acquired clear title to Rye in 1683, but yielded all rights to Greenwich, Stamford, Darien, New Canaan and Norwalk in exchange for 61,440 Connecticut acres stretching in a thin strip one and three quarters miles wide north to the Massachusetts state line.

The agreement was so amicable that nobody bothered to survey the new boundary until 1731, and by 1855 the boundary markers were all destroyed or removed. Local folks refused to pay taxes to either state. Each state resurveyed the line and rejected the other's survey, with 26,000 acres in dispute.

To get the 26,000 acres, New York indulged in an underwater deal. She ceded to Connecticut an area extending into Long Island Sound 600 feet south of Lyon's Point, thence southeast for three and a half miles, then northeast to a point four miles south of the New London lighthouse and then through Fishers Island Sound. This gave Connecticut full jurisdiction over all her coastal waters, something she had not had. Congress ratified the deal in 1880. But only a few years ago, Connecticut petitioned New York to give it Fishers Island. Governor Dewey, speaking stentorianly for New York, refused.

Clarence M. Conkling

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July 7, 1956

This is the story of an actual family insured by The Travelers; to safeguard its privacy, different names and pictures have been used.

"...BUT WHAT IF IT HAPPENS TO YOU?" *Dick Stanwood can answer that question confidently. As his Travelers agent has pointed out, a Travelers policy means protection. And a Travelers man is always nearby when he's needed. For Dick and Nancy Stanwood, their automobile insurance is one important part of a balanced Travelers program . . . a plan designed to help safeguard them and all their possessions. Thus, the Stanwoods are building a better life through American Family Independence.*

When Dick Stanwood isn't busy earning his $6,350 a year, he enjoys his family. Around their apartment, the Stanwoods and their daughter and son work together, play together.

And, in their five-year-old sedan, they *go* together. That's why the Stanwoods' Travelers agent made sure their automobile insurance gave them the right protection for their money.

And, if the Stanwoods have an accident—anywhere across the country—a Travelers man will be ready to put their protection to work.

It was natural for the Stanwoods to talk about auto insurance with the same Travelers man who helped plan the rest of their insurance.

For it was his experienced counsel that set the Stanwoods on the way to American Family Independence through The Travelers. Out of his friendly visit to their home came a balanced insurance plan—one that considers their budget as well as their needs.

They now have an adequate plan of life insurance for the family's future if something should happen to Dick. And their program helps safeguard the Stanwoods against the crippling financial losses that accidents, sickness or the loss of possessions can bring.

That's what a Travelers agent is doing for the Stanwoods. He can do it for you, too!

How the Stanwoods use their money

(*monthly average, after taxes*)

Food	$130.00
Clothing	21.00
Housing	72.00
Insurance	49.00
Savings	12.00
Automobile & Travel	58.00
Household & Contributions	58.00
Medical	42.00
Recreation	51.00
Total	$493.00

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Reunion With Terror (Continued from Page 35)

Nemec looked at the large, strong hand with its blunt fingers before he took it. "You trusted me enough to use my information," he said. "You're a queer fish, Ward, but I must say, much as I dislike your profession, you're one of those exceptions one keeps hearing about. I wouldn't even mind having you for a son."

Ward went away smiling, pleased with the job he had done, and Nemec's promise to behave with caution and avoid unnecessary risks. A good spy, a good agent was always caught in the end. Courage could never beat the odds. Both of them had been lucky, Nemec and he.

After luncheon the weather took a sudden turn. It grew colder and, with the cold, the rain turned to snow. Nemec put on galoshes which were far too big for his small feet, and one of the newly bought Loden capes, which made him look like one of the seven dwarfs, and began his round of visits. It was already dark when he crossed the Luitpold Bridge to the other side of the Isar.

At this time of the year its waters were high, and for a while he lingered on the bridge, listening to the sound of the river swirling beneath him and thinking that, in a little while now, he would cross the ocean and be able to absorb all the work that was being done at the Mayo Clinic, Johns Hopkins, the Lahey Clinic. It seemed unfathomable that there had been years in his life in which he had refused to live up to the ideals of his youth and had been content to live in slavery.

He turned to the left, into the Maria Theresia Strasse, a quiet, residential street with private houses looking out onto the grounds along the river. Farther along stood several old-fashioned villas, set back in their gardens. Before he rang the bell at the gate he told one of the two plain-clothes men that his host would be Dr. Franz Linden.

Kozlov himself opened the door and helped Nemec peel off his coat and galoshes. As chief of the Security Department, he had naturally been told of the professor's presence in the capital, for the security of which he, as Dr. Franz Linden, was responsible. These last weeks during which he had been accepted by all and sundry as Linden, had made an enormous difference in his attitude toward the part he was playing. He no longer thought of himself as Kozlov, the impostor, but as Linden—a Linden secretly opposed to the ideology and politics of Germany—and his awareness was no longer concentrated on the danger of his true personality being discovered, but on the danger of it being found out that he was a traitor to the German Government.

Partly, this was due to Lisa. Lisa seemed to have transferred her love for her mother unconditionally to the father for whom she had waited so long. Partly, it was because he had experienced nothing but warmth, respect and recognition from everyone with whom he had come in contact, personally or officially.

"Congratulations again," he said, as soon as Nemec had settled down in the small, cozy living room. "Nothing could have pleased me more than the news of your successful escape."

A week ago, he thought, smiling at the frail old man, he would hardly have known of Nemec's escape, and most certainly not of his whereabouts, nor that he had been and was of great importance to the Western Allies.

Czechoslovakia was an important pawn in the great chess game of the U.S.S.R. He had become chief of security just in time.

He raised the small, high-stemmed glass of cordial to his guest. "To a happy journey to the States."

Nemec liked the quiet, distinct voice, the wide, warm smile and the sadness in the other man's eyes. He had been told about Dr. Franz Linden and he said modestly, "I understand you were not so lucky as I. Your work against terror and dictatorship was discovered, while I——"

"It's usually a question of time; how long one's luck holds out." Kozlov sipped the clean, strong drink made from the roots of the little blue flower found only in the mountains. "How long were you at it?"

Nemec laughed. "Only three years, but, I assure you, each day seemed like an eternity."

"I know." Kozlov sighed, as if he were thinking back, of the days he had worked against Nazism. "But after all, I was not alone. There were others who felt like me."

Nemec thought of his country, which had fared so badly in the great game of power politics, of its hopes so sadly betrayed by the Western world, the disappointment that had stunned it into inertia. And then he thought of the people he had encountered in the last years, and he bristled as Kozlov had hoped he would.

"There are more people than you would think," he said; "true, proud Czechs who feel exactly like you and me."

"That's very interesting."

Nemec looked into the pale blue eyes that met his questioningly, and said, "I gave their names to American Intelligence," and took his glass, emptying it, apparently considering his words sufficient answer.

The fool, thought Kozlov. He might save himself a lot of unpleasantness if he would talk freely. Suddenly he felt certain that Nemec had been told by the Americans not to give the German authorities too much information.

He poured another drink and decided to keep their conversation on a more personal level. He looked at Nemec with a curiosity he did not try to hide but, rather, wanted to have noticed.

Nemec noticed it. He cocked his head. "You wouldn't make a good poker player, Doctor Linden. Or am I wrong in guessing that you were wondering just how old I am?"

Kozlov laughed. "Why, yes," he said. "I was asking myself why a man your age—what could possibly induce a man who is entitled to comfort and quiet to play this dangerous game of Jekyll and Hyde?"

For a moment then Nemec closed his eyes. The memory of the hour that had decided his actions swept through his mind. He saw Kenneth Ward again as he had seen him years ago in London, somebody who believed that people had the obligation to live up to the progress they themselves had created.

"Plato's idea of what a physician should be like," he said.

Whatever had made Ward cite the long-forgotten words? They were the trigger.

"Plato's idea of a physician?" Linden looked a little lost, and Nemec smiled.

"I forgot you're not a doctor," he said, and quoted it: "'Now, the most skilled physicians are those who, from their youth upwards, have combined with the knowledge of their art the greatest experience of disease; they had better not be robust in health, and should have had all manner of diseases in their own persons. For the body, as I conceive, is not the instrument with which they cure the body; in that case we could not allow them ever to be or to have been sickly; but they cure the body with the mind, and the mind which has become and is sick can cure nothing.'" Nemec was smiling. "That, and a young man who believed in its truth."

"I see," said Linden. "And the young man was very close to you?" The young man might be continuing Nemec's work.

"I'm very inarticulate."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Not at all," said Nemec. "It was a chance meeting. A young American I had never seen before."

"Working with the CIC?"

"I didn't know it then," Nemec said. "I took him to be a professional man, a doctor like myself. Anyhow, he has the faith of a saint, the courage of a lion and the cunning of a snake. It was his idea to have that tunnel dug from far behind the German border, running it under barbed wire and no man's land into a deserted house close to the Czech frontier."

There was nothing indiscreet about telling the chief of Bavaria's Security Department how he had escaped. He probably knew what had gone on, anyhow.

Not very original, thought Kozlov, but that was where one made the greatest mistakes. One looked for the extraordinary and neglected the primitive ways prisoners had been using for centuries. But who had helped to get Nemec from Prague into that deserted house?

"That's the way you got out in the end?"

Nemec nodded. "I am sure," he said, "that when you meet Ward in the course of your work, you'll enjoy him."

Ward, thought Linden. Within that second the name, never to be forgotten, was carved on his mind as if branded there with an iron.

"Another drink?" he asked, just as the door opened. Holm was standing on the threshold.

With the job he had accepted, Kozlov had become Holm's superior. There was nothing in particular he disliked about the young man, except the fact that he existed, and that, too, was merely circumstantial. Under other conditions, Holm, with his quick intelligence, his polite manners and humor, would have impressed him favorably. Well, he thought, today he could still be kind.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I thought you were in your study. I came in here expecting to find Lisa."

Kozlov's face softened. "No harm done," he said. "You probably know more about Professor Nemec than I have as yet had a chance to find out."

Holm came quickly into the room. "May I express my admiration for you?" he said, shaking Nemec's hand with genuine delight. "And my sincerest congratulations. I've just heard of the difficulties you encountered, of the tunnel that caved in, and then something went wrong at your end, didn't it?"

Kozlov poured a drink for him. "Holm," he explained, "has been with Security much longer than I." He turned to the young man. "What are you two up to?"

"I am taking Lisa to a concert."

Nemec shifted in his chair, then rose. "Please don't leave." Kozlov laid a detaining hand on him. "I counted on your company for dinner. After all, we've hardly begun to talk. There are so many things I want to ask you—so many things that are of the greatest interest to me."

Nemec sat down again. After all, it was not much fun to have dinner alone.

From childhood, Ward was used to getting up early. One day never seemed long enough to do all the things he wanted. He had two addresses in Munich besides that of his office. As Kenneth Ward he could be reached at the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten in the heart of the city; as M. Martin, a reporter on the staff of the Munich News, he had a small one-room apartment in one of the old houses that had escaped the bombings in Schwabing, Munich's Latin Quarter.

This morning he got up as usual, at dawn, showered and dressed. Then he drew the curtain across the alcove where his bed stood and made himself a cup of

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coffee in one of those little German glass machines that looked like two round test tubes set one upon the other, and began his day by studying his Russian grammar. Normally, he would have spent two full hours on his lesson without even looking up, but today his attention wavered. Something he had thought of during the night and could not remember now made him feel uneasily that his memory wasn't working the way it should. He had slept badly, and he resented that because, of all nights, it had been the one to which he had looked forward—the first night in almost a month that he could consider his job done. Nemec, he thought, and then he knew what had begun to worry him last night.

When Nemec had mentioned that he wanted to see Vanner, the heart specialist, Ward had taken for granted that Nemec had no other reason for the visit than a professional interest in Vanner's sensationally successful heart operations. But after he had called to check if the professor had returned safely from his round of visits and been told he had just entered the hotel and retired at once to his room, Ward had suddenly remembered the little man's pale, bluish color. And the question as to whether Nemec had gone to see Vanner not as a colleague, but as a patient, had started to worry Ward. He ran downstairs and started his car.

He passed the bomb-smashed Siegestor, still in need of repair, which led straight into the heart of the city and, after a few more minutes, parked his car near the Feldherrnhalle. From there he went to one of the smaller hotels which had seemed right for Nemec.

It was still early, and Ward took care to enter without making himself conspicuous. He ordered breakfast, bought a newspaper and finally took the elevator to the third floor. In the corridor he saw a plain-clothes man lolling near a window. The man recognized him from the day before as one of the few people with a special permit to see his charge, and nodded.

Ward knocked at the white-painted door, No. 57. There was no answer. Ward knocked again—louder this time. Then he used his fist. Then he yelled at the man to get a spare key, and, while the other went away, he pulled himself together, standing rigid to catch his breath, telling himself it was impossible, nothing could have happened to Nemec. Then he began to knock again, softly, so as not to wake the others on the floor and arouse attention.

It seemed almost longer than the time Nemec had used to crawl through the tunnel before the plain-clothes man came back, stuck the key in the door and turned the knob. The room was empty.

The signs of struggle were minimal. A glass of water spilled on the table next to the bed, a chair lying on the floor, Nemec's hat and a pair of broken glasses. Only one Loden cape. The one Nemec had worn was missing. A window stood open. It led out onto a small wrought-iron balcony. There were balconies at every window along the entire floor, each only a small distance from the next.

"That's how they got away," the plain-clothes man said, "and how they got in, in the first place. From another room, I mean. He must have been asleep or not noticed them until they knocked him unconscious. If there had been a fight, I would have heard."

"Yes," said Ward.

He looked up into the forget-me-not-blue sky into which the twin onion towers of Munich's landmark, the Frauenkirche, cut sharply, then he looked down into the street, alive now with people—hundreds of people carrying skis, on their way to the surrounding mountains. Friday, he thought. Then he went into the room and called his office and Security and the police.

He waited for the police to arrive, and he remained to watch them go about their business, searching the room for fingerprints, climbing over the balconies, photographing, measuring, carefully handling the glass of spilled water to preserve the rest, to test it for a possible sleeping draught or poison. He listened to the inspector shooting questions at the plain-clothes men, and to the report the detectives, sent to question Professor Vanner and Marie Maurer, phoned in. Nemec had visited Vanner at his office at three o'clock sharp; without having to wait, he had gone straight into the consultation room. The examination had taken only a little more than half an hour. Yes, the cardiogram showed a definite coronary condition. Only one nurse had been present or seen Nemec. She was being questioned now.

At four-thirty, Nemec, after a walk in the Hofgarten, had taken a taxi to Marie Maurer's address. He had left her at six o'clock. The maid who had let him in and out was being checked. Then he had gone to Linden, walking this time. There he had been seen by nobody else except

From Bed to Worse

By Philene Hammer

The doctor's office waiting room
Is small, compact and so arranged
That confidences, magazines
And viruses may be exchanged.

the servants of course and, for a moment, by a young man from Linden's office, George Holm. Nemec had left at ten, hailing a taxi immediately upon leaving the house; the plain-clothes man had sat in front with the chauffeur. Nemec had entered the hotel at ten-twenty and gone straight to his room.

It all tallied with the reports the plain-clothes men had given, all trusted men, for years on the force. The maid who had tidied Nemec's room for the night had noticed nothing suspicious. The night elevator boy had seen nothing, nor had the watchman. The guests in Nos. 58 and 59 had heard no sound coming from 57.

Room 57 had been entered definitely over a long line of balconies. A window in a lavatory on the other side of the hotel had been found open. Ward watched a detective check the labels of the raincoats Nemec had bought on his first spree of freedom and heard the inspector give orders to interrogate all guests of the hotel discreetly, and the entire personnel, as soon and as quickly as possible.

He heard it all and, though it registered quite automatically, he was not really listening. He was back in the war, reliving the moment when he had first realized that war did not just mean dying honorably in the line of duty or even heroically, but the dying of women and children and helpless civilians, the destruction of cities, the release of the lowest instincts, which, once at liberty, could no longer be controlled, until every means of survival became justifiable. If war had not had such an impact on him, he would now be sitting in his father's old-fashioned leather armchair in the Easton office, watching the Delaware River flow past the white-clapboard house, and Nemec would be safe in Prague.

He went to his office and straight to Colonel Harrison. Harrison was a tall, elderly man who had been dropped twice behind enemy lines during the war and lost two sons in the Battle of the Bulge, and a daughter, who had served as a nurse in the Pacific area. He could not easily be moved or disturbed; he took hard luck for granted.

"Any lead yet?"

"None," said Ward. "If they merely wanted to kill Nemec, they could have done so easily, once they knew he was in Munich. But they must have wanted him back alive. Not necessarily back across the border. They can question him here until they know what they want, then kill him."

"He's quite a guy," Harrison said, looking at the chair in which Nemec had sat opposite him the day before. "He might not talk."

"I just heard he has a weak heart," Ward said, and for a moment the men looked at each other, not thinking solely now of Nemec, but trying to remember how much he knew that might make months of work obsolete.

"I want every man available," Ward said, after a minute or so. "Every means we can use. And, for myself, *carte blanche*."

Harrison looked at the green-tiled stove in the corner. His secretary put some apples into its baking chamber every morning. He had come to like the hot, juicy fruit, left there with miraculous timing just to the very minute before the skin broke. Then he nodded, got up and reached for an apple. It wasn't done yet. He put it back and smiled at Ward almost apologetically.

"You might have been seen with him. Better watch your step." He cleared his throat as if he had said something against his will when he had only meant to say that Ward was in no way under orders to risk his neck. "I shall keep in touch with Security. You'd better phone me."

Perhaps it had not been such a good idea to come here after all. Lisa Linden stopped walking abruptly. She could still remember the afternoon her grandparents had taken her to the Kripperlmarkt, the enchantment she had felt when, as a child, she had first seen the booths and stands offering the most enchanting Christmas decorations and, above all, the crèches which the peasants had carved during the lull of winter days and had brought to the city to sell. From them the market took its name.

During the last years Tilly and she had made a festive occasion of coming here, wandering about the booths, taking their time to pick a new figure or animal for the crèche that always stood on the damask cloth under the tree. Tears sprang into Lisa's eyes, and she shook herself, annoyed. If you had really loved someone deeply, he couldn't die for you, ever, she thought. She simply had to get over missing mamma so terribly. She must think of how papa put it, she told herself. "We are born to die, dearest," he had said. "At least she died in a moment of happiness, the moment of her greatest happiness." In a strange way, his words, so true, had consoled her.

Resolutely Lisa lifted her head. From where she stood she could see, around the corner, the building of the Munich News. She had not seen Martin, the reporter, again, she thought; but the thought only brought back the moment when she had seen the truck bearing down on her mother. She almost turned to leave when Saint Nicholas, with his high, pointed bishop's cap, poked her jokingly with his long staff, and she smiled at him, her

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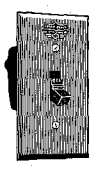

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Christmas shopping for others once more of greater importance than her sorrow.

She pulled a long list out of the pocket of her duffel coat. She needed a lot of things for the party in her grandfather's factory. And maybe she could find something for papa that might amuse him. And Holm, of course, should have a little present too. She smiled as she thought of the first year, the way Holm had behaved like a little boy, sitting in the kitchen with Tilly and her, gilding and silvering the walnuts they had gathered from the old trees in the back of the house. Darling Holm. He had loved Tilly like the son she had always wanted.

And how like Tilly to have sensed immediately that the youngster who asked so arrogantly if they hadn't any work for him, like shoveling snow or washing windows or cleaning up the cellar, was neither arrogant nor as sullen as he looked, but a starving, homeless boy who had made his way to Bavaria.

There had been jobs and food for him; still it had taken over half a year before Tilly's patience and kindness had broken him down. His father had been a university professor in Königsberg. The year before he had come to them, the house in which his family lived had been hit by a bomb. His parents, grandparents and the relatives they had taken in had been killed during the hour-long raid. He had escaped death only because his teachers had kept all the children in school. He had been put into an orphanage, but had run away.

Tilly had offered him a room in their house, already filled with refugees. But he had declined. Neither had he accepted any money to help him with his studies, but preferred to take odd jobs to earn his living and university fees. Only after he was finished had he permitted himself to use one of Tilly's connections.

Oh, yes, proud he was. Lisa laughed to herself. She was buying little chimney sweeps—dried plums stuck on wooden sticks to resemble humans, their faces, with almonds for eyes, capped by real top hats, their stiff arms holding broom and pail—when, out of the corner of her eyes, she saw Holm coming out of a restaurant. It was quite unexpected to see him there, leaning for a moment against the door of the Blue Bock as if not knowing what to do next.

She waved to him. "Hi." But he seemed lost in thought and didn't hear her. Lisa walked quickly around several stands and came up to him. "Hi," she said again. "Were you going Christmas shopping without me?"

She knew him well enough to notice that he was absent-minded, but making an effort not to show it. He seemed to realize only belatedly what it had cost her to come here at all without Tilly. "I'm so glad you made yourself come," he said then. "Tilly would have wanted you to." He was not really looking at her, but across the square.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Don't want to talk about it?"

"Can't very well," said Holm, and took her arm, pushing his hand into the large pocket of her coat so that he could feel hers, warm and strong and competent. Why hadn't Picco turned up? Holm had waited two hours in vain for him.

Lisa didn't ask any further questions, knowing that what worried him had something to do with office affairs. For a while they walked silently, their hands interlocked, stopping here and there. Then, just as she was having difficulty deciding which of the Three Wise Men she should buy, he said, as if he had suddenly made up his mind about something he had not been sure of before, "Well, I'll give you a ring later."

Lisa whistled. "George Holm," she said, "have you forgotten that this is Saturday, the very day you don't work in the afternoon? And that you promised to take me skating after lunch?"

"I'm sorry. Something has come up."

Lisa thought of the other night, when he had left before the concert was over. He had made a call during the last intermission and hastily said good-by to her.

"Darn it," she said. "Why isn't one taught in kindergarten to stay away from doctors, plumbers and policemen?"

"Herr Holm," a voice said behind them.

A message from Picco, thought Holm, and swung around so quickly that Lisa smiled before she turned slowly to see what was going on.

Two policemen confronted them. With them was a third man, a heavy person, who now flipped back the lapel of his coat to reveal the badge of the Security Department.

"Yes?" said Holm, alert now, and tense, because something must have happened to Picco. "What is it?"

"We are asking you to follow us."

Somehow the gay talk and happy shouts of children seemed to have stopped, and in the silence Lisa heard the harsh, metal clink of handcuffs.

"We'd rather not use them," the fat man said. "We are asking you to follow us without attracting attention."

Never before had Lisa seen Holm blush, and she couldn't tell now whether the color was high in his face because he was angry or embarrassed. He was shaking his head unbelievingly. "You can't mean me. What is this? A hoax?"

He reached into his pocket and threw a small badge into the hand of the fat little man.

"I know," the man said quietly. "I know, Herr Holm."

It was impossible, thought Holm. He couldn't go with them. He must find out why Picco hadn't come. He had to go to the Trapeze.

"I tell you, you are making a terrible mistake." The anger he could no longer control rang in his voice.

"We are simply carrying out orders."

"Orders? Orders? Whose orders?" He mustn't shout, he told himself. There was no reason for him to get excited. The worst that could happen was that he would be delayed, lose time. But time was important. "You'll have to produce your orders."

One of the policemen reached under his gray coat into the pocket of his dark-blue tunic and drew out a paper. Holm almost tore it from his hands; then looked stunned.

"It's a mistake," he said to Lisa. "Somebody is making a mistake." He shrugged, smiled at her and nodded to the policeman.

"Of course, it's a mistake," Lisa said and, after a little while, said it again, as though Holm were still standing next to her, arguing with the fat little man and the two policemen.

There was something about luxury that was like an incurable disease, thought Kozlov as he rang the bell at the wrought-iron gate that opened onto the path leading up to his villa. Much as one fought it, one came to accept it. Not that he had been uncomfortable as Commissar Kozlov in Russia, but there was more difference between mere comfort and quietly organized luxury than he had imagined. The path was well swept and the front door opened before he had even set foot on the last step. The maid stood waiting to take his coat. He didn't even have to tell her what he wanted. Whenever he

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came home she would appear ten minutes later with his tea on a huge silver tray.

"I thought you'd never get home." He could hear Lisa's voice from the upstairs hall. "Where in the world have you been? I called your office every fifteen minutes and they said you were not in."

He had not expected her home. And he didn't want to talk to her now.

"I had a busy day," he said, patting her face as she stood before him, panting a little from rushing down the stairs so fast. "And I am very tired. See you at dinner, pigeon."

Lisa had spent several hours wondering how in the world a mistake like Holm's arrest could have been made. And she had arrived at the conclusion that her father had not known about it or he would have cleared up the matter at once. But she also realized that Holm, working under her father, could not have been arrested without his consent. Despite his words, she followed him into the study.

"I'm sorry, papa, but I must talk to you. Something awfully strange has happened. Holm has been arrested."

Kozlov looked at her in utter surprise. The papers carrying the news of Holm's arrest—of course, without any mention of Nemec's abduction—were not out yet.

"Who told you?"

"Then you do know."

"Of course, I know," he said. "But I asked you a question. How do you know it?"

"Why, I was right there when it happened. On the Kripperlmarkt."

That, nobody could have foreseen. Kozlov had believed her to be at a lecture at the university. But, he thought, he would have had to tell her anyhow. He couldn't have let her read about it without warning her or she might lose confidence in him. But he had hoped for an hour's rest before he had to face her.

"I see."

Lisa stopped pacing the room when the maid came in. "I shall pour tea," she told Herta, took the tray from her and sat down on the dark green couch, busying herself with the cups. She waited until the maid had closed the door and he had taken his cup from her and sat down before she looked straight at him.

"And why didn't you stop his arrest, papa?"

"I wish," he answered, feeling his way, "that I were in a position to help him."

"But you are."

Slowly he reached over to ladle some strawberry jam from a small crystal container into his tea. He must have formed the habit in Russia, thought Lisa, fighting to control herself. He always took jam instead of sugar.

"What are the charges against him?"

Kozlov put down his cup and got up and sat down next to her, taking her hand. "I'm sorry, darling," he said. "I didn't want to tell you yet. I wish—well, it's rather serious—very serious, pigeon."

Ridiculous, she thought. She must not be upset. But in spite of herself she grew excited. She withdrew her hand.

Kozlov was well aware of it, and knew by the gesture that he had succeeded in frightening her. Her eyes were on him, wide, questioning, asking him to hurry with his answer. He took his time.

"I don't know how to tell you. I couldn't be more upset. After all, who would have expected anything like this? I'm afraid you must brace yourself for the worst."

She nodded impatiently. Yet she didn't flare up; she merely said, "You act as if you believed Holm were guilty. You don't, do you, papa?"

"Unfortunately," he answered, pretending not to look at her, as though it were hard for him to cause her pain, "I have no choice." He paused. "Holm has been caught delivering top secrets to the Russians."

He had expected a scream, quietness, but not casual laughter. And he looked at her in surprise. "What utter idiocy," she said. Then, seeing his grave eyes resting on her with pity, she frowned sharply. "I shall never believe such rot. What does Holm say?"

"What do all criminals say? That he is innocent, of course."

"Of course, he is innocent."

It wasn't just the impulsiveness of youth rallying, head on, to the defense of someone trusted and loved. Taken aback, he realized that the tension was leaving her face. She seemed almost relieved.

"What a spot to be in." She was rubbing her eyes. "Poor Holm. Well, it can only be a matter of days till he's cleared."

For a moment her assuredness threatened to irk him. He almost shouted to make her understand what she apparently dismissed as unimportant—that Holm had been caught red-handed—then sharply reminded himself of the part he was playing, the kind, understanding father. He sighed.

"I wish I could share your opinion. I, too, was twenty once and believed the world filled with fine, upright people."

"I never did," said Lisa. "You forget, papa, that for several years mamma and I were treated like outcasts. I ran across some pretty beastly children and adults. And when refugees from other cities filled this house, I had a firsthand opportunity of watching the petty stealing and lying that went on."

Her looks fooled one into believing her gullible and innocent and soft. He had been prepared to console her, to dry the tears on her face, to take her in his arms. She was spoiling the act.

Inexplainably, it suddenly became imperative to him that she believe in Holm's guilt, as everybody else did. He tried again. "How like your mother you are," he said, a melancholy smile around his mouth. "The same unshakable faith when you love someone."

"What's this got to do with love?" Lisa shrugged angrily. "Someone you know to be innocent is accused of a crime ——" She stopped to stare at him. Something he had said had touched her. With satisfaction, he heard the changed tone of her voice.

"Papa," she said, suddenly remembering her own words of a while ago, when she had accused him of acting as though he believed Holm guilty, "I don't understand you. I don't understand you at all. You know him. You seemed to like him, to trust him."

Kozlov chose his words with utmost care. "When you've gone through as much as I"—that would make her soften, reminding her of what he had had to suffer—"then you don't trust easily. Not when you know someone just a couple of weeks. You reserve judgment."

For a moment she looked almost as if she were going to cry, after all. "I guess so," she said lamely. "Still, I took it for granted that you would stand up for him. What makes you doubt him, papa?"

"His past," said Kozlov, trying to catch the right tone. "Yes, I know. You will say you have known him for the last nine years. Still, where did he come from? No family, no relations; just names no one can trace."

"The same could be said of you," Lisa shot back, sitting up erect. "Every single member of your family was lost when Dresden burned to the ground. Where would we be if mamma's parents hadn't moved here? What position would you have if you hadn't established a fine record? The only difference is that he lost his relatives in Königsberg and he hasn't made a name for himself yet because he is only twenty-five."

Exactly, thought Kozlov. Aloud he said, "You might not know it and your mother was always blind in her kind-heartedness, but I understand that from the beginning he mixed with the riffraff of Munich, the same riffraff that caused a communistic uprising after the first World War, the same riffraff that gave Hitler his start."

Papa saw a Nazi or a communist at every street corner, Lisa thought. Well, maybe she would, too, if she had been at their mercy.

July Fourth Memory

By Herbert Merrill

There was a morning to
remember well,
The great sun shining like a
brazen bell
Suspended in a dome of
bluest sky,
And summer four days deep
into July.
The universe was ripe to be
exploded
And I had pockets charged
and double-loaded
With fireworks enough to
shatter day
And blow the calendar clear
back to May.
That night the rockets swam
upon the dark,
The sparklers hissed and
blossomed in my hand,
The torchlight marchers
strutted through the park,
Brass horns blared out upon
a draped bandstand,
Until, at last, with
pinwheels in my head,
I took my ten burnt fingers
home to bed.

"Possibly," she said, "but that is ——"

He didn't let her finish. "Holm could never hold down a job. He's been everything for a couple of days—bricklayer, barkeep, bellhop, player in a circus band, skiing teacher, a barker, handy man ——"

"He took any job he could get to pay for his studies," Lisa said hotly. "And he managed to pass his exams brilliantly."

"Some of the dictators of our time have been called brilliant."

Lisa bit her lip. "You really don't like him."

"I did not dislike him until I began to suspect that he knew very well why he was hanging around this house." He was speaking softly now. "Your mother had some pretty important connections. He used one to get his job in the Security Department. Don't say anything, pigeon. I know this will hurt, but there are moments when one has to face the truth. I don't want you to cry your heart out after him. He knew why he was courting you. Not only are you pretty and clever, you are also an heiress. Not even you are going to deny that Holm is ambitious."

Lisa forgot her resolution. "Mamma was an heiress and you a rather poor boy."

Kozlov felt like slapping her, but he merely sighed. Poor, indeed, he thought; she would never know how poor, how many people he had denounced for a piece of dry black bread after the Bolsheviks had destroyed his village.

"Lisa, darling," he said, "you mustn't be angry with your father, because he loves you and wants only your best. But did you know that Holm went around with women? Sorry. And one of his girls was a spy for Russia who was condemned last year by an American military court. As it turns out now, they've been watching him in the office for quite some time."

He could see, by the way her mouth set, that she had not known about the girl. He was winning his battle on the most primitive ground—jealousy.

She must not let his way of looking at things depress her, Lisa thought. Ambitious Holm was, and careless maybe—yes. But she knew—she knew that he was incorruptible, that he would never betray his country. She knew it the way mamma had known that papa was alive when everything spoke against it. And there he was. It would be proved that Holm was innocent.

She looked at her father. "I shall not believe any of the charges."

Kozlov's mouth went dry and he swallowed hard, then breathed deeply. "Oh, my dear," he said, "I wish things were different. But after all, you can't fight facts."

"Facts?" Her eyebrows arched high into her high, round forehead. "What do you mean by facts?"

"Proof. I told you we have proof."

Lisa rose. She started to pace the room again, and he watched her, not sure if he had finally convinced her or what she might be thinking. "In ten days," she said, "I shall be of age and come into my money. I shall find the best lawyer in the country and disprove these facts. I shall do anything that's possible to help him." And then, suddenly, the tears came and she sat down once more; not pushing him away now as he put his arm around her.

"When the time comes," he said gently, stroking her hair, "you can try that, though I doubt if even the most capable lawyer could help."

Yes, in ten days, he thought, and the fortune would be hers. All of it. Tilly Linden had never had a chance to leave any of it to him, not even stocks that might have given him a vote. Her father had not shared his daughter's steadfast faith in Franz Linden's being alive. He had left the income of a trust fund to Tilly; now his entire fortune would go to his granddaughter, Lisa, on her twenty-first birthday. Should she die before, it would go to charity, all of it.

She could never be allowed to spend any of it on Holm. Not that Holm could be proved innocent. Kozlov had taken care of pretty well everything. But then, one could never tell how people in this country would behave.

"There, there," he said soothingly.

What an opportunity the whole Nemec case was for showing everyone how horrified he was over the Czech professor's disappearance, for getting rid of Holm, whom he could now replace with one of his own men. And all of it without any blame falling on the new chief, only twelve days in office.

"There, there," he said again. "Now we lie down a little, and when we've slept and are a bit calmer, we can talk about it some more. Ah, my little pigeon, I wish I could help you."

TO BE CONTINUED

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I Prowled the Outback

(Continued from Page 37)

The Outback, which includes most of Australia's 3,000,000 square miles outside the large cities, is in the throes of uranium fever. That fever exceeds anything brought on in the past by gold or lead or wolfram. This last frontier is changing in many ways. Aircraft have made rapid advances possible in the Outback. New methods in cattle raising, oil development, postwar immigration from Europe, waterpower and irrigation schemes are affecting the country. But the great hunt for uranium is the leading factor in the push forward.

Uranium is now being mined at Radium Hill, 270 miles northeast of Adelaide in South Australia; at Rum Jungle, 75 miles south of Darwin; on the Alligator River in Arnhem Land on the continent's northern tip; and at Mt. Isa in Western Queensland. Bush gamblers appear in dry creeks which haven't seen a prospector since the gold rush petered out in the 1850's. Light aircraft suitable for aerial surveys are at a premium.

The most curious results are visible in such towns as Pine Creek, 100 miles north of Mataranka. Pine Creek is a collection of shacks, sheet-iron buildings and rusting narrow-gauge-railroad tracks.

Pine Creek could have been lifted straight out of the American Old West, less only six-guns, which are highly illegal in Australia. But it has the high, dark bar, smelling of stale beer, the hotel which wants payment for beds in advance, and a collection of beards, battered hats and rock-dusted faces which would have delighted Bret Harte.

The town has been up and down half a dozen times—up for a gold rush, down when it petered out, up for the building of the railroad from Darwin, down again when plans to complete the line were shelved. It pulsated for wolfram, then nearly died when both wolfram hunters and soldiers departed at the end of World War II.

But now, Pine Creek is up once more. The bar is crowded with men from the bush, talking big finds and bigger dreams. Uranium is not far away to the east and must be closer. Prospectors go out, camp miserably on the bank of some creek during the wet season ("I was stuck there for a month, nothin' to eat but lizard and flour. Ruddy awful, it was.") Or, during the dry, they ration drinking water and fight dust. But they always come back with new dreams. Next time ——

More solid results of the great uranium boom are visible at the two biggest producing towns. Radium Hill and Rum Jungle are almost at opposite ends of the interior, but are much alike. Radium Hill is an example of the South Australian state theory of government operation. Under long-time premier Tom Playford, this state runs railroads, utilities, even coal mines, and took over uranium as soon as it promised to become important. Here the independent prospector can hope only for a modest state reward if he finds anything. He cannot get a mining lease on uranium. In other parts of Australia, prospecting and mining may be done by private enterprisers, with the commonwealth turning over the end product to the international buying organization set up by the United States and Great Britain.

The highway from Adelaide to Radium Hill passes through rich sheep country. Black oaks, eucalyptus and olive trees line the roads, hillsides are covered by wine grapes, and sulphur-crested cockatoos lend variety to the flights of galahs, green-grass parrots and magpies. Flocks of fat sheep move on the side roads, harried and directed by little kelpie dogs. This special Australian breed will run over the backs of a close-packed mob of sheep to head them away from an opened gate or an approaching automobile.

Rabbit fences enclose fields, attesting to the reality of a menace hardly understood in the United States. It's always dangerous to import any animal or plant foreign to Australia. Camels went wild and have increased in the most lonesome parts of the interior desert. Wild horses and donkeys have become pests around cattle stations. Water buffaloes, imported as draft animals for railroad building crews, now are dangerous game beasts in the Northern Territory. A rabidly anti-British Australian says, "All the Pommeys ever did for Australia was to bring over Scotch thistles and sparrows. Now they're both damned nuisances." ("Pommey" is an Australian slang term for the English.)

This highway from Adelaide crosses good country, but when trees and grass begin to give way to mulga, blue bush and strange desert paddy melons—which look like small cantaloupes, but are inedible—the traveler is approaching Radium Hill. Here are dusty watercourses where dry roly-poly bushes race before the wind like tumbleweed. Sheep-country hills have given way to wide prairies covered with rabbit warrens, dried snake skins and scrub.

Radium Hill is reached by a desert road or a dozen miles of spur railroad. Here, at depths down to 1500 feet, lies the davidite; an iron-titanium mineral which contains uranium. This deposit was discovered more than fifty years ago and was worked for its radium content before 1930. When uranium production was decided upon three years ago, the old mines were full of water and no house stood in what once had been a town.

New shafts have been sunk, the mine has been brought into full production and a push-button concentration plant has been built. It is so automatic that only a dozen men are needed to move the ore from ball crusher through the whole classifying, flotation and filtering process, readying it for final extraction of the uranium at Port Pirie. This state-operated mill would be a model in any country. In the Outback, it's hard to believe.

Even more surprising is the housing. This is a model town as well as a model mine. Houses are designed for the temperature range—freezing on some nights, over a hundred degrees on most summer days—and for the eight-inch annual rainfall. Many small Australian towns do without conveniences and endure swarming pests, but Radium Hill's houses are painted, screened and clean, served by good buses, modern stores, a hospital and canteen, utilities, and drinking water brought fifty-three miles in a pipeline. Power comes from the Murray River, 125 miles away. But special problems remain. Project Manager T. A. Rodgers takes time out now and then to go snake hunting, and has killed a couple of highly deadly brown snakes, close by his children's play area.

At Rum Jungle, far to the north, there is the same sort of development. The community center is built on an American suburban model. Stilt-type homes are spread out in a setting of tropical trees, with a good school operating and wide roads being paved.

Uranium not only is developing the Outback economically but is proving that life there can be pleasant. And private industry is discovering that it pays to have good relations with labor. The Australian worker has a world reputation for laziness and poor production. By repute, he's a couldn't-care-less type.

But Broken Hill, in New South Wales, one of the world's larger silver- lead- and zinc-producing areas, is a highly untypical mining town which appears to prove that under the right conditions the Australian worker is as good as any. This is a well-built, private-industry city where homes are above the national average, and the many new automobiles are in contrast to the usual Australian cars. In most of Australia, the elderly truck and the antique private automobile are virtually standard. But in Broken Hill many autos are new, housewives are well dressed and an ordinary hotel features a night-club show. The spending money comes from the lead bonus, a complicated incentive pay allowance tied to the world price for lead. The result is that the average mine laborer earns about fifty-six dollars a week, far above the national average. The bonus, almost half his pay, is sacrificed if there is a strike, so there are no strikes. Mines make good profits, production is high and the communists can't get a foothold among the workers.

The power of communism in Australia can't be judged accurately, because it gets mixed with ordinary opposition to bosses and even with a rough sense of humor. According to a possibly apocryphal story, workers sent to a rocket-range project were given elaborate security checks and passed easily. Then, in an election, they voted 90 per cent communist. Of course, they weren't communist; they just wanted to see what would happen. On the other hand, many unions in Australia definitely are communist-dominated.

Mining is leading the Outback toward better living and a larger population. It's no wonder that the question "Are you uranium?" is frequent and tinged with hope. American capital is supporting some uranium shows, and a few Americans are among the prospectors. Even more American money is being poured into the search for oil, which may or may not be here.

Lack of oil has been one of the continent's major frustrations. In half a century, 290 wells were sunk without locating commercial quantities. By 1951, further exploration was under way in Queensland, New South Wales and Northeastern New Guinea, an Australian territory. But the most determined effort was started by an exploration company with 80 per cent American capital, the rest Australian. This company, West Australian Petroleum, obtained rights to 325,000 square miles of Western Australia's coastal regions, and started drilling 700 miles north of Perth, 500 miles from the nearest railroad, and near absolutely nothing.

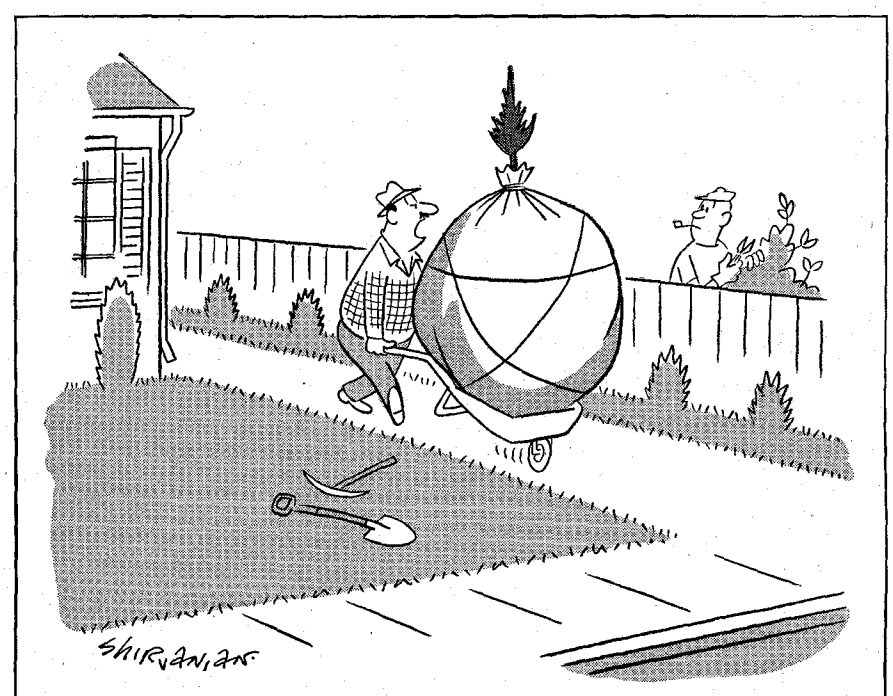
The first bore struck oil, which flowed briefly at 500 barrels a day late in 1953. But the flow faded, although the well eventually was pushed down to 12,000 feet.

Eight other wells were drilled without results, elaborate aerial surveys were completed, and contracts were let for 2000 miles of roads. In 1955 the company planned five more wells and an expenditure of $18,000,000, plus $6,750,000 more in 1956. The previous cost had totaled $11,000,000. All this again promised a pay-off in June, 1955, when a second well, only thirty feet from the original drilling, struck oil-bearing sands at 3200 feet. In a month-long test, this yielded 16,896 barrels of oil—enough, said the operating company, to be a satisfactory producer as part of a major field, but not enough to represent commercial production unless other wells were found. Oil companies continued to explore the Rough Range structure during the rest of the year, completing about ten per cent of it, but had no additional finds by May, 1956.

Mining is important, but the cow critter still is king of much of the Outback. Two things always have been wrong with Australian cattle—they weren't very good animals, and they had to walk too far before becoming beef. Breeding stock was whatever happened to be available, turned loose on native grass to shift for itself. This led to ruinous inbreeding. Stock which had been fair turned scrubby, and scrubby stock walked itself into not very edible leanness. Beef from these mobs was inferior.

The most recent and successful effort to improve the breed has been the importation of Santa Gertrudis cattle from the King Ranch in Texas. The Risdon and Bolinda studs, in Queensland and Victoria, now are selling bulls from these imports at $2100 to $4700 each. Their offspring stand heat well and put on weight while doing it. So far, the imports have made no great impression among the millions of cattle on the Outback ranges, but change is coming.

Much nearer to actuality is an improvement in marketing methods. Traditionally, Outback cattle have walked to



"It has quite an extensive root system."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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slaughterhouses on the coasts, some of them 2000 miles, suffering weight losses and many casualties. The interior has neither railroads nor highways to transport the great mobs, but it does have aircraft and plenty of landing fields. Aircraft have made a city of lonely Darwin, on the north coast, and have brought Perth, in the far west, within the reach of businessmen and holiday seekers. Now they're transporting beef as well.

The scheme is fairly simple: establish small, air-supplied abattoirs within easy reach of the cattle ranges, and kill the animals there. Then move the meat quickly in aerial freighters to refrigerator ships or cold-storage warehouses in the port cities. Time to market is reduced by months, and costs are comparable to droving methods.

Such an inland abattoir has been operated experimentally at Glenroy, some 200 miles southwest of Wyndham in the far northwest, since 1949. Results from it show an enormous improvement in quality and quantities of meat per animal.

The principal problem of the interior remains the lack of water. The term, "Dead Heart of Australia," was coined by cattle and sheep men who saw droughts wipe out their stock, and by farmers who watched crops die as "permanent" water supplies dried up. Whole towns literally dried up and blew away when tenuous water supplies gave out. Drovers forced cattle ruinous distances between water holes, and early transport companies turned to camels when they found horses unable to stand the heat and thirst.

Added frustration comes from rivers which rise in the eastern mountains and flow bravely west. One of the largest, the Murray, eventually reaches the sea on the south coast, but others simply vanish into the sands, useless streams with no mouths. In flood seasons, they drain into normally dry lakes such as Lake Eyre, Lake Gairdner or Lake Frome in the south, and evaporate there. Lake Disappointment and Lake Mackay, farther north and west collect water from desert streams during torrents, but cannot hold enough of it to matter during dry months.

From the Murray and similar rivers, water to irrigate 1,200,000 acres has been drawn. Deep drilling in the last two decades also has tapped a great central artesian basin, so that stock routes now have water every eighteen miles and most small towns and stock stations have some sort of water, however brackish and unpleasant.

More water is coming. Australia's largest power-irrigation development is the Snowy River Project. Briefly, this is the diversion of water from the southeast-flowing Snowy River in the Australian Alps through tunnels and power-producing penstocks into the Murray River system, which flows west. Similar diversion will put waters of the Eucumbene into the Murrumbidgee. Diverted water will allow irrigation of at least 500,000 additional acres. The total project may cost $225,000,000 and will include eight major dams, eighty-six miles of large tunnels and sixteen power stations, to produce 660,000 kilowatts by 1960. The first power unit began operating in April, 1955.

The water problem of the interior is far from solved. But the "Dead Heart of Australia" shows signs of life.

Postwar immigration from Europe has given most Australian cities their first cosmopolitan characteristics. Rum Jungle and Radium Hill are worked in large part by immigrants who claimed free passage from Europe and in return agreed to spend two years in selected industries. Italians and Poles have turned up as opal gougers, and others work as fettlers, or section hands, on the railroads. In Darwin, descendants of Chinese railroad laborers now operate many of the retail stores, although further Asian immigration is banned—except for wives of Australian servicemen, who now arrive on almost every plane from Hong Kong or Japan. Greek families dominate much of Darwin financially.

City Australians often talk about the Outback, but seldom go there. A Sydney wife thinks she really is adventuring if she takes a 500-mile auto trip with her salesman husband. A New South Wales man who penetrates the Queensland coast by automobile—the driving is a little tough—thinks he should have a pioneer's medal.

But there is one great invasion, the annual 10,000-mile, all-around-Australia Redex trial, one of the world's unusual automobile rallies. Sponsored by an oil-additive company and conducted by the Australian Sporting Car Club, this is a reliability test, not a race. Drivers must make a series of runs at prescribed speeds, with penalties for variations up or down, for bad map reading or replacement of any parts. The trial goes through major cities, over byways and along tracks which can be detected only because the mulga bushes are slightly shorter in the middle. In one trial 186 contestants got stuck in the same sand patch in the Northern Territory. Anyone may enter if he has a car, a valid driving license and the sixty-five-dollar entry fee, but it takes a good car and a couple of strong drivers to finish. Only about half the entries go the whole route. However, the trial does get some 300 carloads of Australians onto the back roads each August.

Where the Redex drivers go, tourists sometimes try to follow. As yet, this is a business only for the hardy and strong of stomach. The motel is an almost unknown institution, the all-night filling station nonexistent.

Nevertheless, tourists are beginning to filter through the Outback, a few at a time, hot, dusty and frequently sorry. They beat their way up the dim track—marked as a main highway—between Woomera and Alice Springs, or take a full day to do a few miles between Mt. Isa and Cloncurry. They get bogged, spend nights in their cars listening to the howl of wild dogs called dingoes. But they see kangaroos, the pink flash of parrots, and aborigines riding camels. Weeks or months later, when they have forgotten how uncomfortable the Outback can be, they remember how lovely it is. Some of them come back and never want to leave again.

The Outback was penetrated by gold hunters and tamed, more or less, by stockmen. Crocodile hunters and pearl divers, bush boys without shoes or shirts, camel drivers, no-hopers getting away from their pasts, bush pilots, flying doctors and aborigines have played their parts. Politics have held the country back and gold fever has driven it forward.

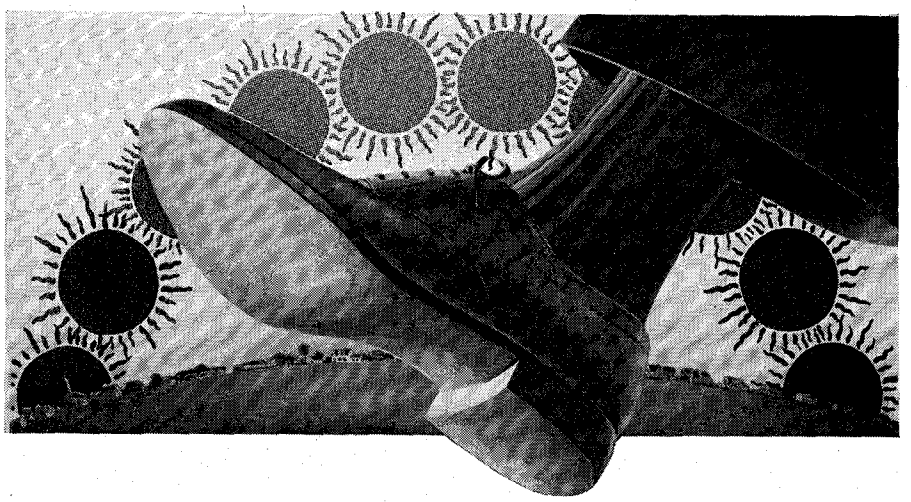
Now there are uranium and flying beef, incentive wages, immigrants, water bores and irrigation dams. The kangeroos are going, the great cattle drives may soon be gone. A man can't deliberately get lost and stay that way, because somebody is always worrying about him on the wireless.

In Darwin, now, it's almost necessary to wear shoes. A famous Outback cartoon isn't far wrong in showing two bearded Outback independents dying of thirst and crawling on their hands and knees toward a mirage—a sheet-iron shed marked "Hotel." As they crawl, a third man comes flying out of the place, feet first. He looks up and shakes his head. "It may be a mirage," he admits, "but they wouldn't let me in without a necktie."

Editors' note—This is the second of two articles.

It's dangerous to neglect

Athlete's Foot



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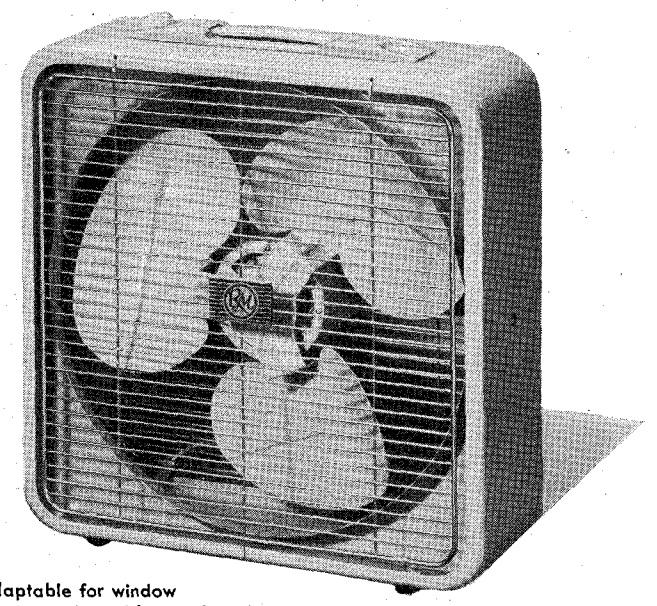

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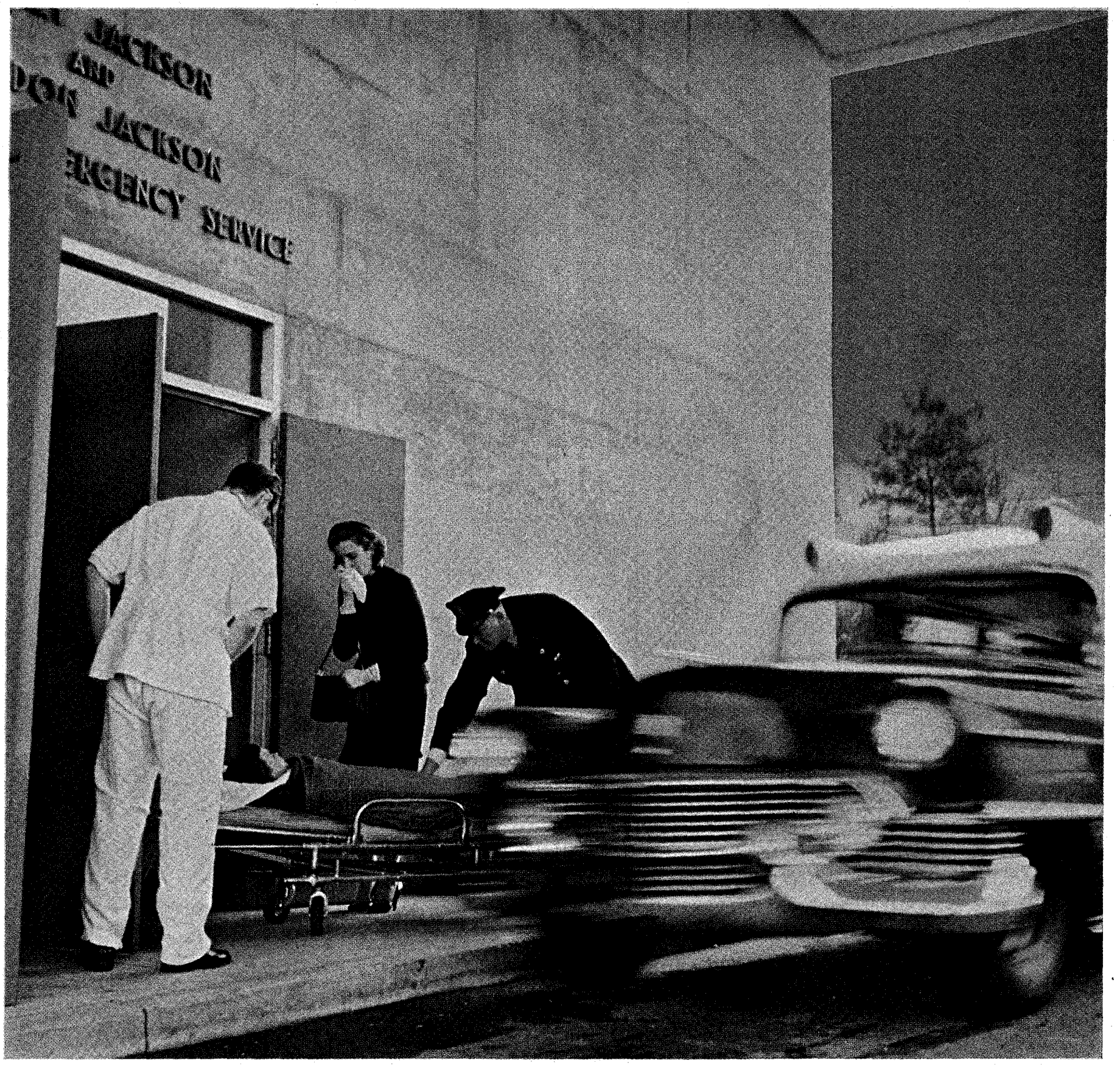

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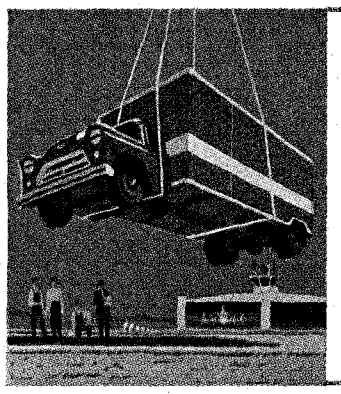

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Counterfeit Cavalier (Continued from Page 43)

threatened to overturn, but righted itself. He felt the collision of bodies against the back of the seat. The steering wheel smashed against his chest. In a flash he saw Jennifer's head strike the windshield, but there was no time to worry about that. He was ready, as none of the others had been ready, for the shock. His left hand had been on the handle of the door, which he wrenched open, and he threw himself out upon the surface of the driveway. In that instant his revolver was in his hand. The motor stalled, and the uncontrolled car sagged sickeningly against the stone wall of the building.

Artemus crouched, bruised and battered, but ready. The gunmen, stunned and bewildered, scrambled out of the car. In this emergency Artemus had no desire to be merciful. He sighted carefully. His bullet, ripping into the first gunman's shoulder, knocked the man to the ground. His second shot, fired low, broke the other gunman's leg. Artemus continued to crouch, thankful for long hours spent in pistol practice. The two wounded men writhed in pain. Artemus advanced to stand over them.

Jennifer tottered out of the car, gashed forehead streaming with blood. She came around the back of the car and stood, dazed and wavering. Artemus spoke sharply.

"I'm all right," she said shakily.

"Get their guns," he snapped. "Stay out of the line of fire."

She obeyed him swiftly, efficiently. *Quite a girl*, he said to himself. And then he was astonished to see her fumble in her handbag. Her hand came out gripping a small automatic. Not with flabby, uncertain, feminine grip, but as one familiar with the weapon and its handling. It startled him. What was this carefully nurtured Southern belle doing with a pistol in her handbag? There was no time to think about it. Guests, startled by the shots, were streaming out of the night club. Again Artemus was surprised to see that Jennifer knew where to search for weapons in the thugs' shoulder holsters. She tossed them toward him.

"What goes on here? What's the shooting?" demanded a merrymaker in the surrounding crowd.

"Keep back," Artemus snapped. "Somebody call the cops. Call Lieutenant Dutra."

"You think quick," Jennifer said, mopping her forehead with a tiny handkerchief. She smiled wanly. "But you're darned careless of lady passengers."

"It won't leave a scar," he answered. "Even if it does, it's better than being dead."

Presently the night air was rent by the skirl of sirens. Police cars and ambulances arrived, and Lieutenant Dutra. He wasted no time. Grim-faced, he confronted Artemus and held out his hand. "Gun," he said briefly. Artemus handed over his weapon. With Jennifer, he was bundled into a police car, where they waited until Dutra asked questions, sought for witnesses. The wounded gunmen were whisked away to the hospital. It was well after midnight when the rapid drive to headquarters started. There Artemus and Jennifer were taken to Dutra's office. Dutra stamped in, his face hostile.

"I'll talk to the woman first," he said. "You'll keep, Baldwin."

For twenty minutes he questioned Jennifer, while Artemus waited outside under guard. Then the Secret Service man was ushered in; the door was closed, and he and the police officer were face to face.

"Damn it," Dutra said ruefully, "did you have to start a gang war?"

"I didn't start it," Artemus said with a thin smile, "but now I seem to be in it."

"Was the girl's story straight?" Dutra asked.

"I don't know what she said," Artemus answered, "but I imagine so."

"Let's have your version," said Dutra.

"We stopped at a red light. Those two guns came aboard."

"Careless, weren't you?"

"Could be," Artemus admitted. "I was busy at the moment."

"That's what the lipstick says," Dutra grinned.

"So," Artemus went on, "I took a chance and hoped for the best. They're the Baffin boys. From the Coast."

"Proof?"

"Not unless you can make them talk. Get the report to Wessler. Find out if he got a package by parcel post."

"Want me to hold you?"

"I've got to be loose," Artemus said. "Get the word to Wessler. Pick me up sometime tomorrow. My heap's a mess. Send Miss Beauregard and me home."

"Right," answered Dutra, returning Artemus' gun. "See you tomorrow. Maybe the boys will have talked."

"Doubt it," Artemus said briefly. "They're professionals."

Dutra shrugged. "And," he said plaintively, "try not to make more trouble for me."

A police car took Artemus and Jennifer away from headquarters. It stopped at the Adams and waited while Artemus escorted Jennifer to the elevator.

"A pleasant evening was had by all," he said dourly as they waited for the cage to descend.

To which she replied cryptically, "You've passed the test. You'll call me tomorrow?"

"If my luck holds," he answered, and said good night.

Artemus had showered and was in his pajamas when his telephone whirred.

"Hello," he said.

"You get *A* for effort," Leeds' voice told him. "Keep up the good work."

"Do I work for free?" Artemus complained.

"Far from it, Baldwin. Far from it," Leeds said, and the line went dead.

Artemus locked his door, placed his gun on the table by his bedside and turned out the light, but sleep did not come. His mind darted from one thing to another in kaleidoscopic flashes. One thought was that carefully nurtured Southern girls did not carry pistols in their handbags. It resolved itself into a silly syllogism: Southern belles do not tote guns. Jennifer Beauregard totes a gun. Therefore Jennifer Beauregard is not a Southern belle. Then his mind flicked to another thing. He had been ordered by Leeds to work the Yaqui gold swindle on Colonel Beauregard. The object of this was not to take the colonel for a piece of money, but to embroil him, Artemus, with the Baffin brothers, who controlled the local rackets and would tolerate no muscling in. The maneuver had been highly successful. The point about it that required cogitation was that Beauregard had gulped the bait like a hungry trout. There were numerous adjectives that one might apply to the colonel, but "gullible" was not one of them. The colonel, for all his aristocratic mannerisms, was astute. Artemus fashioned another syllogism: Colonel Beauregard is astute. No astute man would be taken in by so blatant a swindle as the Yaqui gold caper. Therefore the colonel had not been taken in by it. Then why had he, with his daughter's assistance, pretended to fall for Artemus' shopworn approach?

At last, bone-tired, he fell asleep. The sun was high when he awakened, and his first conscious thought was that he was without transportation. His car had been towed off to a garage, not seriously damaged, but crumpled as to fenders and with dented body. He showered, put on a bathrobe and telephoned the garage. His car never would be handsome again, but it would be usable by late afternoon. He dressed and walked downtown for breakfast, and then made a reconnaissance which events had forced him to postpone. He strolled along Adams Street for a couple of blocks and turned south. Then he turned to the left past the stationery shop which Walker Bayside had entered, and in which he had rather bewilderingly disappeared on that day when Artemus had encountered Pomfret Lionel Roche prowling the city's printing shops.

He opened the door and entered. A counter ran down one side of the store. There were racks displaying greeting cards, a case of fountain pens, a table of blankbooks of various sizes. On the shelves were boxes of typewriter paper and carbon paper and all other articles which one might expect to find in a shop of that sort. The store was bisected by a glass partition, behind which could be office or stock room. Artemus stepped to the counter.

"Box of paper clips," he said to the clerk, who seemed an ordinary young man, perhaps thirty years of age. The clerk opened a drawer, extended a box of clips and stated the price. Artemus paid. His eyes had been mapping the shop, but he did not linger. He went into the street again and paced the distance to the next corner. Then he turned left and continued to the street paralleling the one upon which the stationery shop was located. He wanted to determine what building backed against the shop, and paced off the distance. He found himself at the door of a small printing shop. Across the back was a wooden partition pierced by a doorway through which Artemus could see a couple of men working at small presses.

It was a busy, normal, small printing shop. Artemus stood there a few moments peering through the window and saw nothing but activity proper to such a minor enterprise. He strolled over to Central Avenue and to the hotel, where he telephoned the suite of the Beauregards to inquire for Jennifer after last night's unpleasant events.

"My daughter," said the colonel, "is much more indestructible than her appearance indicates. She's on the roof at the moment, at the pool. I'm quite certain you would be welcome if you ascended."

Artemus took the elevator up to a part of the hotel he never before had seen. The roof of a section facing Central Avenue had been converted into a recreation area for guests. There, high above the street, was a swimming pool surrounded by colorful chairs and beach umbrellas. Guests were sunning themselves there, disporting themselves in the water, drowsing in comfort. Jennifer lay upon a long chair, eyes closed. She wore a scarlet swimming suit, and Artemus' pulse quickened as he saw the almost nude loveliness of her. He walked to her side and spoke. She opened her eyes and looked up at him and smiled.

"My dear," she said, "I expected you to call earlier."

"My good manners," he said, "don't come on before noon. All right?"

"Wonderful," she said, and sat erect with one lithe movement. Her beautiful eyes crinkled in a smile. "You do provide original amusement. When a girl goes out with you she sees life."

"A little less fireworks would be plenty," he said shortly.

She patted the cushion beside her. "If I were a girl who wanted to know about a man," she said, "the verdict would be that you passed a test."

"Are you a girl who wants to know about a man?" he asked.

"Yes," she said; then, looking up at him provocatively, "No compliments?"

"You got what it takes," he answered.

"That," she said, and for an instant he thought he detected the edge of a sneer in her voice, "is what I call eloquence."

"I do better than I talk," he rejoined.

An attendant came toward them. "Telephone, Miss Beauregard," he said.

"Excuse me," Jennifer said, and not troubling to throw a robe about her, she walked toward the booth, followed by the eyes of every man on the deck. The conversation she held was brief, but it had not been enjoyable. When she emerged, her lips were set, her eyes narrow and hard. She waved a peremptory hand at Artemus.

"Something I must attend to," she said.

She turned and walked away, forgetting the robe that hung over the back of her chair. Artemus stared after her. It had been a brief episode, but revealing. In that instant as she left him so abruptly, so curtly, he had seen a different person. This different person was not the demure Southern aristocrat of the first hours of their acquaintance; not the alluring, inviting, possibly reckless girl of the days that had followed. In that instant he had seen a cold, determined woman of quick decisions. In her smoldering eyes he had read ruthlessness, power to deal with emergencies.

Artemus walked thoughtfully down the steps to the corridor, pressed the button and waited for the elevator. When he reached street level he strolled toward the coffee shop and ate a light luncheon. Afterward he walked, still deep in thought, to his motel, where, clipped to the door, he found a slip on which was written a telephone number. He called it. It was the number of the Roche residence, in Paradise Valley. It was Jick's voice that answered.

"Baldwin speaking," he said.

"Can you come out at once?" she asked without preamble.

"Has something happened?" he asked.

"Something has happened," she said.

"Why call me?" he wanted to know.

"Because," she said sharply, "it's probably your fault."

"I'll be there," he assured her, "as soon as I can get a cab."

In little more than twenty minutes he was at the Roches' door. Jick stood waiting on the porch.

"Come in," she said briskly.

He followed her into the gracious living room, where sat Mrs. Roche, crisp, as young in appearance as her daughter, but worried now, with darkness under her fine eyes.

"Mr. Baldwin," she said, voice steady, "Pomfret Lionel is lost. That is not all. Last night this house was ransacked. Nita has disappeared. My husband thinks she was taken away."

"And Pomfret Lionel with her?" Artemus asked. He was shocked.

... ...

Routine

Man and his wife
Might live more gaily,
If only life
Were not so daily!

May Richstone

... ...

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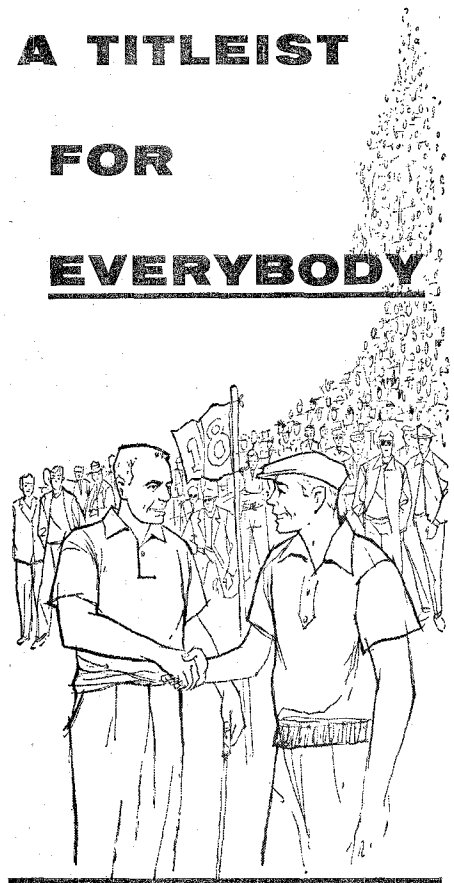
YES,

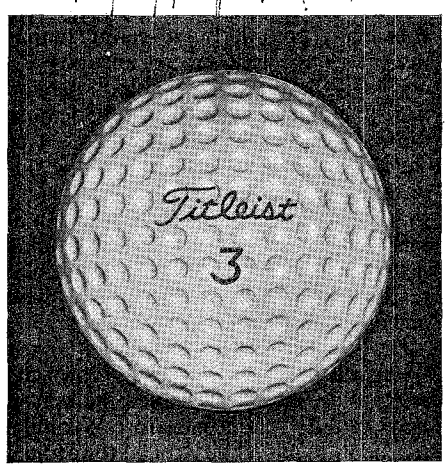
THERE IS

A TITLEIST

FOR

EVERYBODY





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"My son," said Mrs. Roche, "had gone on a hike with his Boy Scout troop. They were going to camp. When they arrived at the campsite, Pomfret Lionel was missing."

"And," said Jick, "there was blood on the kitchen floor. Not much blood. Just drops. Nita did not go willingly." Her voice was hostile. "It's all on account of that box of counterfeit notes," she said. "And what are you going to do about it?"

What, indeed, was he going to do about it? He had brought tragedy upon this home which had been so gracious to him. Rage welled up within him—rage and determination.

"The boy," he said, "will be the first order of business."

Mr. Roche came into the living room. He showed no traces of anxiety at the disappearance of his son. He was as gusty as usual. "Good day to you, Baldwin," he said. "Hunh. . . . Calc'late to be helpful?"

"I sent for him," Jick said.

"Shouldn't of," rebuked her father. "Might hamper him." Then he went off on one of those tangents which characterized his conversation. "Take me," he said. "I come of a long line of snoopers. There's various classifications of snoopery. There's professional snoopers, like, say, Secret Service fellers. There's old-maid snoopers who git their fun making trouble for their neighbors. There's scientific ones that snoop into the habits of nature 'n' come up with atom bombs." Again another tangent, "There was a family back home where every child had six toes on each foot for generations." He paused. "The Roches don't have any physical deformities, but they got a hereditary quirk that compels them to snoop. I got it. Jick's teemin' with it. Pomfret Lionel's as promisin' a juvenile snooper as I ever see."

"Don't ramble," Jick said tartly.

"Hush your noise," said her father casually. "So years of snoopin' develops a kind of special faculty to know what to snoop into." He came along now with another tangent, "I just been delving into this scoutmaster. Nice person. All agitated with worry 'n' self-accusation. After listening to him, I can't make out how anybody could have contrived to snatch Pomfret Lionel out of the midst of that troop. Nor why."

"He," contributed Jick, "has been acting like the cat that ate the canary."

"My son," said Mr. Roche, "is a great fist for obeying the letter of the law. Yeah. But for seeking out places where there is no printing. Like, f'rinstance, I gave specific directions he wan't to go snoopin' in Phoenix. He minded me. Could be I didn't take in enough territory. He wouldn't consider snoopin' in Paradise Valley as covered by the original injunction."

"Leading to what conclusion?" Artemus asked.

"Leadin' to the conclusion," Mr. Roche said, "that if it wan't possible for some rapscallion to snatch Pomfret Lionel out of the bosom of that troop of Boy Scouts, he contrived to Injun himself out. Yup. And hyper off on some project connected with the family failing of snoopery."

"He would be capable of that?" asked Artemus. "He would have the courage to go off by himself, with night coming on, to be alone out on the desert or in the mountains?"

"Stubborn little cuss," his father said. "If there was a hole he figgered he ought to poke his nose into, he'd go to consid'able lengths to poke it."

"So," Artemus said thoughtfully, "you conclude that Pomfret Lionel eloped from the troop and that he was not removed from it?"

"Yup," said Mr. Roche. "And the ensuing conclusion is that he's lurking in the bushes to carry out this project, whatever it is, or else he's been caught at it by the folks he was aiming to snoop into."

"If it were some kid expedition," Artemus objected, "he'd come home when he got hungry."

"Little," said Jick, "do you know Pomfret Lionel. He's a schemer. If he planned any such dido, he'd have cached enough food to provision an army."

"Have you missed any food?" Artemus asked.

"Only Nita would know," Jick answered. "And Nita is gone."

"A search has been organized?" asked Mrs. Roche.

"Men and boys," said Mr. Roche, "are galloping far and wide."

Artemus was staring at the professor through narrowed lids. "Mr. Roche," he said, "you have puzzled me. Have you any official connection with the Government?"

"Nary," Mr. Roche said promptly. "Just exercised a helpful curiosity two, three times. Strictly for my own amusement."

Artemus nodded and went off on a tangent of his own. "Would you like," he asked, "to discuss borzoi dogs?"

"Not what you'd call discuss," the professor said. "Um. One way of secreting yourself is to be doggone conspicuous. Parading with a borzoi is one of the most conspicuous things a body can do. Yup. If you make yourself stick out like a sore thumb, you don't get suspected of concealin'. Every time I see somebody making a spectacle of himself deliberately, I get to wondering. If this exhibitionism coincides with something else that needs looking into—why, then I get a prickin' in my thumbs."

"Like, for example?" Artemus asked.

"Like," said Mr. Roche, "the discovery of a whopping counterfeiting plant in Marseilles. And again the capture of a flock of college boys and *midinettes* in Paris who had been used in a slick scheme to pass bogus currency. And so on and so forth."

"Did you inquire?" Artemus asked.

"I so did," Mr. Roche replied. "In Marseilles the girl with the borzoi was a young millionaire widow from Montevideo by the name of Iturbe. In Paris she was a Canadian from Toronto named Dubois. In London she was what they call a socialite from San Francisco named Carroll."

"No father who was the flower of Southern chivalry?"

"Nary father," said Mr. Roche. "I wondered when you'd get around to asking questions."

"You're getting away from Pomfret Lionel," Jick objected.

"Sometimes," said her father, "you end up where you're aiming quicker by skirting around than by cutting across lots."

"Any concrete evidence?" Artemus asked.

"Not a smidgin," Mr. Roche admitted.

"Miss Jick," Artemus said, "you pal with your brother. Has there been anything in his manner lately ——"

Jick did not let him finish. "I've known he was up to something," she said. "Usually he wants me around. But he has been avoiding me and going off alone."

"Would he," Artemus asked, "disobey his father and sneak off to Phoenix?"

"No," Jick answered definitely.

"Then, whatever caper he was up to would be in Paradise Valley?"

"Without doubt," Mr. Roche said. He cleared his throat. "Ever notice thumbs?" he asked. "Interesting digits."

"Any particular thumbs, sir?" Artemus asked. "Would you be meaning thumbnails—on the left hand?"

"Yup," Mr. Roche said. "You got sharp eyes, young feller."

"What's about thumbnails?" demanded Jick.

"A pricked thumbnail," Artemus explained "is one of the stigmata of a certain profession."

"Stigmata jigmata," Jick said crossly. "Stigmata are what saints have on their palms, aren't they? Are we bringing saints into this rigamajig?"

"Figure of speech," her father told her. "A man that's an engraver uses a tool with an all-fired-sharp point. When he's scratchin' on metal he keeps testing that point against his thumbnail."

"That," Artemus said, "is the thing that first interested me in Bayside."

"But he etches," she objected.

"Etching could be an almighty handy blind," said her father.

"Do you think Pomfret Lionel could have noticed it or understood its meaning?" Artemus asked.

"The boy's got sharp eyes. He could have read about it in that book he's got about counterfeiting."

"And," said Jick, "he detests that man. Says he's a drizzling drip."

"I think," Artemus said gravely, "that at last they have made the mistake. We always hope for a mistake. I think someone lost his head."

"Could be," said Mr. Roche, "that somebody's hand was forced. It could be."

"You mean," Jick said tightly, "that Pomfret Lionel was caught snooping."

"Possibly," Artemus answered, "and, I repeat, someone lost his head."

Jick was on her feet, eyes bright with determination. "What are we waiting for?" she demanded. "Let's go."

"It's not that simple, Miss Jick."

"You think," she said hotly, "that Walker Bayside has my brother. You think he is in that house. That's what you think, isn't it?"

"We think it possible," Artemus answered.

"Then why don't we go and get him?"

"First," Artemus told her, "we have no authority to search. We have no evidence that would get us a search warrant. Only guesses."

"There's a difference between a guess and a deduction," she protested.

"Second, I've a job to do. Suppose we barged in. Suppose we went to Bayside's door and demanded Pomfret Lionel or the right to hunt for him. He would refuse us admission. If we tried to force our way in, he would have the right of any citizen to defend his home. He would be warned. If he has confederates—which is certain—they would be alerted. Evidence would be destroyed. The organization would scatter. As it stands, Bayside, if indeed he has the boy, will not know that he is suspected."

"My son," said Mrs. Roche through tight lips, "is not expendable."

"Damn your counterfeiters!" Jick said passionately. "Damn your job, Artemus Baldwin! Kidnaping is a worse crime than counterfeiting!" Her voice was bitter. "I suppose kidnaping isn't in your jurisdiction."

"Miss Jick," Artemus said somberly, "if I could deliver Pomfret Lionel to his parents unharmed, every counterfeiter in the United States could go free, for all of me."

She looked across at him and her eyes softened. "I'm sorry," she said.

"We still do not know where the boy is," Artemus said. "If we take the wrong step we may never find out."

"The young man is right, my dear," said her father; and then, "What has happened, if indeed anything has happened, is that this ring will have been thrown into confusion. Where, before, they had only

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the risks of their occupation to fear, now they have a major crime on their hands, and an aroused public. Nothing so stirs the people to vengefulness as does a kidnaping peril to a child! Where, before, they had only the Secret Service to outwit, now they face the penalties of the Lindbergh Law and the resources of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. There will be panic."

"Men," said Mrs. Roche, "do dreadful things when stricken by panic."

Artemus stared out of the window at the glowing desert. He was facing such an emergency as even his dramatic experience in the Secret Service had never before confronted him with. The life of a child hung upon the decisions he must make, the line of conduct he must follow; and the responsibility appalled him. But it was a responsibility he could not evade. He turned back to the room and was aware of the eyes of Mrs. Roche upon him pleadingly.

"Mrs. Roche," he said gently, "I hope I shall not fail you."

"You will," she said steadily, "do all that is possible for a human being. Do not allow any sympathy for me to distract you."

"I think there is a way," he said. "Operating this ring is a first-rate intelligence. That intelligence will be planning with all its resources. It will recover from its panic. If I were in the place of this intelligence, this evil brilliance, I think I know what I should try to do."

"What would you try to do, Mr. Baldwin?" Mrs. Roche asked.

"I would elect a patsy," he said tersely.

"I'm afraid I do not understand."

"I would furnish the police, the FBI, the outraged people, with a kidnaper who would have no part in the counterfeiting ring. I would frame some likely person and pin the guilt upon him. I would do a conjuring trick, misdirecting attention from myself to some man for whose blood the public could be made to clamor."

"But where," she asked, "could they find such a man?"

"They have one made to order," Artemus said.

"Who?" Mrs. Roche asked quickly.

"Me," Artemus told her.

"Why you?"

"They have been convinced," Artemus said, "that I am a fugitive gangster from Chicago named Anton Spain. Evidence of this identity was arranged. It has been used to blackmail me into being a cat's-paw in their plan to take over the rackets in Phoenix and this region. I belong neither to the Baffin gang nor the smarter, more powerful people who think they have forced me to start a gang war against the Baffins. I'm a strong arm. I'm a lone wolf who has tried to muscle in. I'm a tough character who has been associated with the finding of one body; who has stumbled over another body in his bathroom; who was involved in a shooting affair in which two Los Angeles gunmen were wounded last night. I'm unsavory. They could not have invented a more suitable person to frame."

"They may not think of you," Mrs. Roche said.

He smiled thinly. "I'll call myself to their attention," he replied.

"It is a desperate thing to attempt."

"It is," he answered, "a desperate situation. Time is of the essence. I'll be on my way."

Mrs. Roche had the courage to smile. Then she reached up her hands, drew his face down to hers and kissed him. "Thank you, Mr. Baldwin," she said.

Mr. Roche extended his hand. "Obliged, son," he said.

Jick accompanied him to the door. She did not offer her hand, but looked up into his eyes and nodded her head emphatically. "You," she said, "come up to specifications."

The taxicab which had waited for Artemus took him down to the horse track, where, again, he told the cabby to wait for him. He was interested in moods. Before he took his next step he wished to acquaint himself with today's mood of the underworld. Porque the Egg was plying his trade outside the gates and flipped a hand to Artemus as he approached.

"I ain't got one for you today, Mr. Baldwin," he said regretfully.

"I'm not going in," Artemus said. "How are the boys feeling this day?"

"Jumpy," Porque said out of the corner of his mouth. "Some talks of takin' out for the Coast. The talk is that things ain't bein' run good. You got to believe the big fellows'll take care of you, see? Plan good and put in the fix. But you can't put in the fix for a flock of shootin's, and for a snatch in comes the G-men."

"What about this snatch?" Artemus asked.

"It don't figger," Porque said. "Look! If the big fellers pulled it, then they gone nuts. If they didn't pull it, then they lost control, see? In a town that's run good they ain't no snatches. Them that has the say don't allow it. The marks get het up and hollers for a crackdown. I tell you, Mr. Baldwin, the organization's comin' unstuck."

"The boys have lost confidence in the head men?" Artemus asked.

"This town was running smooth," Porque said. "Now it's gummed up. Somebody's blowed his top. Goin' after you they can understand. You muscled in. The way you've took care of yourself they like."

"Should I take over," asked Artemus, "how would it set?"

"It's been talked," Porque told him. "The way things is crackin' up, it could set good."

"Spread it," Artemus said, "that from now I give the orders."

"There may be foggin'," Porque said. He looked up at Artemus with the adoration of a lost puppy who has found a master.

Artemus allowed himself to smile thinly. "That's for me and nobody else," he snapped. "Everybody's to sit tight. If there's gunning, I'll tend to it."

"Some," said Porque, "will want to talk with you."

"That'll come," Artemus said. "When I'm ready, that'll come. In the meantime, the word from me will come through you."

Porque's eyes widened with disbelief. "Me!" he exclaimed. "I'll be that high up? Gosh, Mr. Baldwin, I ain't fit for it. I ain't tall enough."

"You're as tall as I say you are," Artemus said roughly. "I got things to do."

"On you," said Porque, "I put my roll, win, place and show."

As befitted a man of his eminence, Artemus turned away abruptly, with no word of parting. He was driven to his motel, where he dismissed the cab and went in to the telephone. He called the office of Marvin Leeds, and to the girl who answered he said, "Artemus Baldwin speaking. Tell Leeds it's important."

Leeds came on the wire. "We got to talk," Artemus said tersely.

"Why?" Leeds asked.

"I've taken over," Artemus said.

"You've what?" Leeds demanded.

"I've taken over," Artemus repeated.

"Don't," said Leeds silkily, "get too big for your britches."

"My britches will fit," Artemus said grimly. "So we talk. You and me. The best place is here—and quick."

"You're giving me orders?" demanded Leeds.

"Somebody better give orders the way things are fouled up," Artemus said. "What doughhead pulled this caper?"

There was an instant's silence. Then Leeds spoke ingratiatingly, "Glad you called, Baldwin. I was going to call you. I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

In less than a quarter of an hour, Leeds' knuckles upon the door asked for admission. This promptness satisfied Artemus. Leeds had been going to call him up; now Leeds hurried to a conference. The man was conscious of urgency or he would not have responded to what amounted to an order from one he considered a subordinate. As Artemus opened the door, the lawyer glided in, lithe, slender, graceful, a trifle effeminate. His handsome face was expressionless. He closed the door softly and then, without a word of greeting, walked to the bathroom door and looked inside.

"Just you and me," Artemus said with a saturnine smile. "What hophead got you into this hassle?"

"To what hassle do you refer?" Leeds asked.

"Don't be slippery with me, Leeds. I mean the snatch."

"With any snatch I had nothing to do," Leeds said.

"Don't I know it!" Artemus answered. "Who blew his top?"

"How should I know?" Leeds demanded.

"You know," Artemus snapped. "Damn well you know. It wasn't the Baffins. Not their dish. And it wasn't a snatch for cash. Am I dumb?"

"You could be very dumb," Leeds said softly.

"I know the kid," Artemus said.

"So what?" Leeds demanded.

"So," Artemus said, "he's a smart cooky. He's nuts on playing cops and robbers. He's a born snoop. He's got notions, so he snoops. And he gets caught snooping. Then nobody handles him wise. Nobody buys him an ice-cream cone and hands him a line. No. Some jerk loses his head and grabs. And everybody's in a jam, with a kidnaping on their hands. I don't like it."

"This smart kid snoops," Leeds said. "Into what does he snoop?"

"How should I know?" Artemus demanded. "All I know is you're in the soup and somebody's got to ladle you out."

"Somebody named Anton Spain," said Leeds disagreeably.

"The name is Artemus Baldwin," the Secret Service man said.

"Chicago doesn't think so."

"Don't try to crack any whips," Artemus said sharply. "It don't make friends."

"What does make friends?" Leeds asked.

"In my case," Artemus said, "giving me a place on the team could do it. And not on the bench. In the infield."

"What makes you think I have a team?" Leeds asked.

Artemus sneered. "I don't think you have a team," he said. "I think you're on a team." He was watching Leeds' face, but nothing was to be read there. "When you go to bat you don't swing until you look at the third-base coach for signals. You're pretty good, Leeds, but you don't pack the weight to run the team."

The lawyer's eyes glittered. Artemus had struck where it hurt. The man had vanity. He was an exhibitionist, craving to be admired—or feared. The respectable side of his life in Phoenix showed an avid desire to be noticed, to be prominent. Just as, in civic affairs, he was ambitious, so, in criminal matters, he would have a like ambition. It irked him to be a subordinate.

"I'm big enough," he said gratingly, "to tell you where to get off."

"Want I should draw you a map?" Artemus asked. "I come to town. You look me over. You get steamed up with the notion you can use me. So you move in. You put on the pressure. You plant corpses and you dig up the Chicago thing to make me roll over and play dead. You think up this Yaqui gold racket for two reasons. One is to try me out. The other is to get me in bad with the Baffins. You want the Baffins out. Either I gun them out or there's so much roughstuff that the law moves in and cleans 'em out. Either way is to the good for you. It's all right by you if I draw a slab in the morgue, because you don't want any hard guys muscling in."

"Keep on talking," Leeds said softly.

"What you want—and when I say you I don't mean Marvin Leeds; I mean whoever gives Marvin Leeds his orders—

What's Going On Here?

A distinguished officer who served as the first superintendent of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis leads a mission which causes the loss of five United States Navy ships, the death of hundreds of sailors, grave risk to his favorite brother, and a serious wound to himself. What officer, and what did he do?

Aston J. Waters

(Answer on Page 80)

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what you want"—and here Artemus grinned with wolfish humor—"is a clean town. A laugh, ain't it? You want a clean town without any two-bit rackets. And why do you want a clean town?" He shrugged. "So you can work smooth. So the law don't have anything to do but direct traffic. You want everything nice and peaceful. So everybody sits back and brags what a nice town they got. Makes a slick place to work in, kind of flowing underground, like one of these rivers you hear about that nobody sees. Am I right or am I wrong?"

"You're doing the talking," Leeds answered crisply.

"Now take me," Artemus went on. "I got a yen to be respectable like you. I don't want in the two-bit rackets. Plenty of money that way. The Baffins do good for themselves, but not good enough for me. But you keep shovin' me till I have to take over, whether I want to or not. I can chase the Baffins so far eight dollars won't send a letter to 'em. Can do. Will do if I'm elbowed. And try to get me out. I'm a cat of a different color from the Baffins."

"There's Chicago," said Leeds.

"There's a kidnaped boy," Artemus countered. "You play your card and I'll play mine."

"There are always guns," Leeds said coldly.

"Go look in the hospital," Artemus sneered. "The Baffins brought in guns, and the doctors are picking lead out of them." He paused and crossed eyes with the dapper lawyer. "Let's see you do your gun trick again," he said. "It was a dandy. Maybe you'd like to take on the job. Maybe you'd like a showdown now."

"Don't be a fool," Leeds said. He was not afraid of a showdown. That Artemus could see, but affairs were not in a state in which he could afford a showdown. Respectable lawyers cannot be parties to shooting affrays.

"Then let's dicker," Artemus suggested.

"Make your proposition," Leeds said.

"I want in," Artemus rejoined.

"In what?"

"That," Artemus admitted, "I don't know. I know it's good. What it is I can find out if I have to. It's big. In a big thing there's always room for one more. You got a weak spot."

"What weak spot?" Leeds asked. It was a question to which he really wanted an answer.

"A character," answered Artemus, "who gets impulsive. Maybe he's a show-off. Me, I'd sooner sleep with a ticking time bomb than with a show-off, and specially a show-off who blows his top."

"Like what?" Leeds asked.

"Like stuffing a corpse's mouth full of money," Artemus said promptly. "What's a body? Why fuss about the body of a cheap little bum like Sweet Lips Chavez? A loser. He's found stiff, and who cares? But some blasted idiot has to ram a handful of money in his puss. And right off what you got? Not just a corpse nobody gives a hoot about, but a sensation—a fancy sensation."

"Keep talking," Leeds said bleakly.

"Then this character—looks like the same one to me—snatches a kid. And dumps the whole applecart."

"Suppose all this is true. Suppose there is a bad jam. Suppose somebody's standing on a slippery spot. Why do you want in on a proposition that's in such a bad way?"

"Because," Artemus snapped, "I seen sicker dogs get well."

"By what operation?"

"It costs to talk to a surgeon," Artemus answered shortly.

"How much?" Leeds asked.

"I already sent in my bill," Artemus leered. "I want in."

"With what guarantee the patient will recover?"

"No guarantees. Just the old college try—with one condition."

"What condition?"

"That," said Artemus, "nothing happens to the kid. That would be finish. If you all got the sense God gave geese, you'll keep that kid under glass. Does he get so much as a scratch, I declare myself out."

Leeds' fine brows drew together and his eyes were intent. "That," he said, "could make sense." He pondered a moment in silence and reached a decision. "I admit nothing. But, hypothetically, if this kidnaping is a nuisance to us, then, if you can contrive a way to abate the nuisance, you're in."

"Says you," Artemus said tersely.

"Says I," retorted Leeds.

"Not good enough," Artemus told him.

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning," Artemus said firmly, "that you ain't got the say. I don't deal with seconds."

"What I say goes," protested Leeds.

"Not with me," Artemus responded. "It comes from the boss or no soap."

"Impossible," Leeds said.

"Then," Artemus answered with finality, "there's the door. Shut it behind you."

Leeds stood up, hesitated, sat down again. "It's better you don't see the head," he said hesitantly. "Better for you—until you're declared in."

"I risk it," Artemus said grimly. "Myself I take care of."

Leeds' shoulders sagged a trifle. It was a decision he could not make. It humiliated him to expose his inability to decide, to admit that he must appeal to higher authority.

"Go put it up to the boss," Artemus said. "I'll sit tight here."

"He doesn't like ultimatums."

"I like to make 'em," Artemus answered. "I'll wait here for an hour."

"You're making a mistake." Leeds walked slowly to the door.

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 79)

Franklin Buchanan, who headed Annapolis in 1845–47 while a United States Navy officer, later transferred his allegiance to the Confederacy and commanded the ironclad Virginia, ex-Merrimac. His ship destroyed the United States frigate Congress, sloop Cumberland and three small steamers before the Monitor intervened. His younger brother, McKean, remained in the United States Navy and served aboard the Congress under a raking fire, described as "murderous," from the Virginia. Franklin Buchanan exposed himself and was badly wounded, but survived to become a Confederate admiral.

"If I make a bobble," Artemus said grimly, "it gets scored as an error. But this time the E won't light up on the scoreboard. You're wasting time, mister."

Leeds went out slowly, closing the door behind him. Artemus heaved a deep breath. The tension had been great. One thing he believed he had accomplished, and that was the physical safety of Pomfret Lionel. He went to the telephone and dialed.

"This is Artemus Baldwin," he said. "May I speak with Mrs. Roche?"

Presently her controlled voice came to his ear.

"Mrs. Roche," he said, "I can assure you that Pomfret Lionel is unharmed."

"Thank you," she said quietly, and waited.

"And that," he felt himself forced to say, "he will remain so."

"We have placed our reliance upon you, Mr. Baldwin," she said. "Thank you again."

He sat down in the one comfortable chair and waited for word from Marvin Leeds. Deliberately, calculating the risk, he had offered himself as the goat for the sacrifice. Knowing full well that he could expect nothing but treachery, he had feigned gullibility. As he studied the situation coldly, he saw clearly that he could not be allowed to live. The plans of the enemy must include his death, and in such circumstances that there could be no doubt that he was the kidnaper of Pomfret Lionel Roche. From their point of view, from their knowledge of him as a fugitive gunman from Chicago, as a man suspected by the local police to be involved in a gangster war, and with corpses to explain, he was ideal for framing. That he could not be framed they did not know. That he was a member of the United States Secret Service was hidden from them. But as things stood, that hardly mattered in so far as his life was concerned. They would not dare to plan for his capture by the law, even in the most suspicious of circumstances. Their one chance was that he be found dead, and so unable to talk, in circumstances proving his guilt.

But, with a numbing jolt, he saw that this involved something else, someone else. He saw with agonizing clarity that the assurance he had given Mrs. Roche that her son would come to no harm had been a false assurance. Just as he, Artemus Baldwin, could not be allowed to live and talk, just so Pomfret Lionel Roche must die by violence. The boy's dead body must be there to accuse him. This he had seen dimly from the beginning, but had refused to face.

Marvin Leeds had gone away believing that Artemus had offered a definite bargain—that he had agreed to take Pomfret Lionel off their hands and dispose of him in return for admission to the inner circle. This proposition they could not refuse. Indeed, had he not made it himself, the offer would have come from them. He had been adamant in his stand that he would not make such a pact with an intermediary, but only with their chief in command. Perhaps their plans had included that meeting from the beginning. Whether they had or not, it must be included now.

In this thing, as a Secret Service man, his work had brought the result he had labored to bring about. He would be brought face to face with the individual who was the chief of the counterfeiting ring he had been assigned to bring to justice. He would meet, talk to, identify the person who administered an international organization to manufacture and to disseminate counterfeit currency of a dozen nations in the Americas, in Europe, even in Asia.

The telephone rang and he leaped to his feet, but it was only the garage notifying him that repairs on his car had been completed.

"Can you deliver it to me here?" he asked.

"We can," said the garageman, "but it'll be cash on delivery." He was taking no chances on payment by a man of Artemus' character.

"All right by me," Artemus assured him.

There was more suspense, more waiting. Nearly an hour passed. Then a car swerved off the street and came to a squealing stop before the cabin. Feet pounded the steps and knuckles beat urgently upon the door. Artemus arose and stood ready.

"Who's there?" he called.

"Leeds" was the answer.

"Come in," invited Artemus. "Alone."

Leeds opened the door and stepped inside. He was still dapper, unrumpled, handsome. If there was strain, it showed only in his eyes.

"What's the answer?" Artemus demanded.

"You win," Leeds said, and smiled a feline smile. "You win. I hope you'll be able to digest it."

"I've a strong stomach," Artemus retorted. "When and where?"

"Now," Leeds told him. "You'll know where when we get there."

Artemus eyed him bleakly. "If there's funny business," he said, "be ready to shoot quick."

"Don't get goose pimples," sneered Leeds. "Come along or throw in your hand."

"I'm drawing cards," Artemus said. "Let's be on our way."

Leeds got behind the wheel; Artemus sat beside him, tense and vigilant. The lawyer turned east and drove with circumspection. "Beautiful afternoon," he said ironically.

"Yeah," Artemus responded, "for a picnic."

They drove along and chatted. "Funny house there," Leeds said, jerking his head to indicate. It was a tower rather than a residence, built upon an eminence over the stockyards.

"When the wind's right," Artemus replied, "it must stink pretty."

"Swell dog track back there," Leeds said. "Somebody invested dough."

"Never got hot over the puppies," Artemus responded. "Horses for me."

They waited for a break in westbound traffic just short of the bridge which crossed the river to the college town of Tempe, and then swung abruptly left through the entrance to Papago Park. It was a winding road they followed through arid, jagged, dramatic terrain. One thought of thirst and of the arid centuries which had created this area. It seemed impossible that a teeming city was so near or that just across a waterless river bed could exist a splendid seat of learning.

It was a primitive world, offering no welcome to man, and, from the road they drove, no sign of the existence of human beings was visible.

Leeds found a spot upon which the car could be driven off the road. "End of the line," he said and, alighting, led the way into the rugged desert. "Watch out for chollas," he said with mock solicitude. "They jump at you."

They scrambled into and out of an arroyo, skirted a granite pinnacle and entered a little bowl of sand and rock and greasewood and cactus.

"This is it," Leeds said. "Get your speech ready. Talk fast, Mr. Baldwin. Talk fast."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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Girl Without a Heart (Continued from Page 31)

hat pulled over his brows. Children with plastic tubes ran by, shouting. He passed a trailer camp gleaming in the twilight, flickering with TV screens.

His mind turned to Candy. She was still in town, his sister had said, carrying on bravely after her accident. He halted. Her accident. The shock of learning about it was beginning to work in. He lifted an unsteady hand to his forehead, and his eye fell on the public phone booth at Indian Beach wharf.

"Operator, can you get me the old Ralph Malone residence?"

Years later a voice answered. His breath stopped. "C-candy?"

"Speaking."

He leaned forward, lips bumping the mouthpiece. "Th-this is Gregg. I came in this morning and thought I'd buzz you."

Did he hear a sharp intake of breath? "Gregg?" Then her voice dropped huskily. "Well, that's noble, old boy."

No self-conscious mention of his fame. No platitudes about her own misfortune. She was Candy Malone the unchangeable.

"You sound human," he said. "I'm coming over."

You couldn't go back. Everybody knew that. But as Gregg strode through ripples of moonlight toward the Malone mansion he felt an ecstatic kinship with the past. He took a short cut through his mother's salt marsh, kicking the wet reeds. Suddenly he stopped.

For the love of Mike! A tired old car lay between two marsh bushes. Hub-deep in weeds. She had a long chassis, big disk wheels. She was a touring phaeton in the grand tradition of the '20's. His old jalopy. Spiral springs poked up where the deep leather seats had been. You wouldn't believe that in 1938 this box of rust had done eighty-eight miles an hour. On that tawny night long ago, Candy Malone had made her strange entrance into his life.

The car was a Wills-Sainte Claire with a V-8 overhead-camshaft engine. Gregg had bought her for fifty dollars. One night when cold leaves swirled along the gutters, he tested her on Route 1.

"Garum-m-m-m." He accelerated past a low, foreign-looking coupé. He bent over the wheel, his black hair flopping. He was listening so intently for piston slaps that he hardly noticed when the coupé whizzed past. Then he glanced up and saw a girl driver make a face at him.

O.K., sister.

He punched the gas. He passed her again, blowing his horn. It was a crazy race. The coupé came up. Seventy-nine—eighty ——

At eighty-eight, Gregg's ears were plugged with wind. But he heard her tire: "Bang! Spfs-s-s-s-s!" In his mirror a wild zigzag of lights swept the concrete. The lights tilted, then crashed through a billboard. . . .

"You all right?"

He was leaning through a splintered hole in the cheek of a huge cigarette-ad girl. The coupé's window was propped up to it, a piece of fender dangling over the shattered glass.

"Get me out. I smell gasoline."

There wasn't a mark on her. She walked around the wreck calmly, hands in her camel's-hair coat.

"The Iron Duke will blow a fuse when he sees this," she said.

Suddenly flames spouted under the hood. He grabbed her arm.

"Look out!"

The car exploded. They scrambled back, shielding their eyes. Fire mounted through the billboard, throwing yellow sparks.

"The Iron Duke will blow two fuses," she corrected.

He recognized her now—that new Malone girl who had entered his history class. Dark eyes, copper-red hair. Walking between rooms, she carried her pretty head erect, like a proud fawn.

"Here come the gendarmes, me lad," she said.

Cars were stopping on Route 1, men running toward them.

"I guess we're going to catch it," said Gregg.

Candy winked at him, and the firelight made warm roses on her cheeks. "It was a nifty race, wasn't it?" she said.

Years afterward, he could never think of Candy at the wreck without envisioning Joan of Arc on the embers. In school he admired her wondrously from behind his American Civilization.

She accosted him in the hall, "Why do you keep looking at me?"

"I'm not, for gosh sakes!"

Her eyes narrowed, then opened—artillery zeroing on a target. "Give me a ride home after band practice, muscles?"

They drove down smoky, wine-tinted streets. A leaf flattened against the windshield.

"The Iron Duke won't buy me a new car. I'm furious," she said.

The Iron Duke was her father. He had been doing impossible things lately—yanking her out of school in Paris, selling their Palm Beach place. All he did was read stock reports and curse his wife's alimony payments.

"Cars cost a lot of money," Gregg observed humbly.

He let her out at the Malone gate. Through wrought-iron bars, he saw velvet-green lawn stretching to a long, frothy beach.

"Why don't you come down after supper?" she said. "You're the only one I know in this awful town."

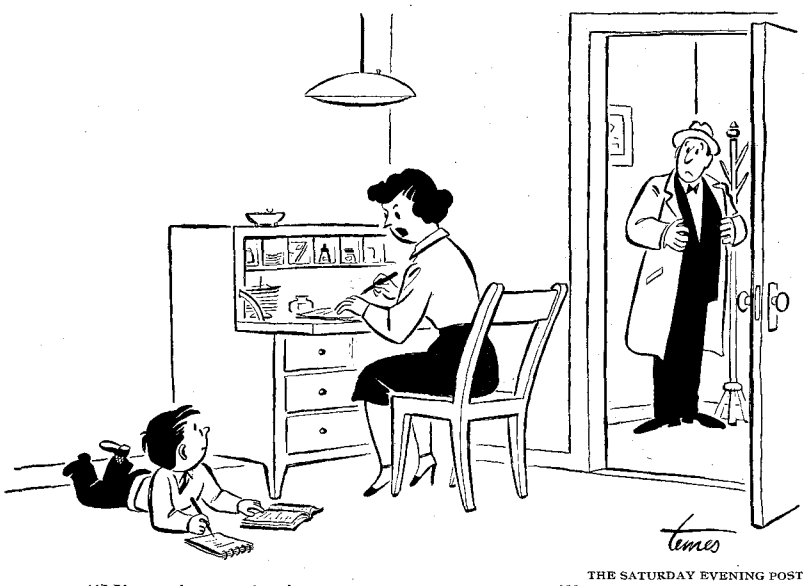
Their eyes met. For a moment something stopped—their breath perhaps. Or only the sun in its radiant descent behind the shuttered boathouse. Then her slim ankles retreated up the brick walk. He was never the same after that. . . .

"You came. How nice."

He stepped into a large room filled with rakish furniture. A blue sailfish floated over a stone hearth. A hemlock fire blazed.

Candy tossed his coat on a chair. "The Iron Duke went to New York," she said. "Don't be scared—the maids are here."

The evening began. They talked about school. They danced to records. By the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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time a maid brought coffee, Gregg had discovered unknown wells of sophistication in himself.

Candy sank in a sofa. "Do you think I'm pretty?" she asked.

She was wearing a dress of green ice, ending at her wrists and throat in spikes of lace. The sight of her made him weak.

"You'd pass in a mob," he shrugged.

"Then why don't you kiss me?"

He grew blood-red. He had kissed only three girls in his life.

"Think I can stand it?" he heard himself say smoothly.

Tiny freckles—closer. Eyes half closed.

A moment later she pushed him away. "Don't hold your lips so tight," she whispered. "Here—like this."

She drew his face to her again. Sweet petals seemed to press his mouth.

"M'm-m—nice," she murmured.

Magic upon magic. The night sang. At the helm of the world rode Gregg the new discovered, Gregg the lover. Around one o'clock he stood in the hall, grinning foolishly, while Candy combed his hair.

"Will you do something for me if I ask it?" she said, tucking the comb in his coat.

He held her. A clock chimed. He would do anything.

"I want you to get Guy Prentis to put me on the Prom Committee," she cooed. "You're his friend, aren't you?"

For at least half a year it never occurred to Gregg that Candy Malone was using him. He was blind with the special blindness of first love. He drove her to school, to dances, to football games. He introduced her to his friends.

"Love that black hair of yours, muscles," she sighed.

But one evening in November a crimson convertible appeared in her driveway. Candy shrieked in delight.

"Gregg, meet Anthony LaFont, a clean-cut American youth."

Anthony was a round cashmere coat with bristle hair. He didn't bother to shake hands—just pounded his fur mittens together.

"Hi, fella," he said.

Candy pulled on a sweater, her eyes shining. "Gregg, you don't mind if Tony and I scram? He came all the way from Andover to show me his new car."

The world crumbled. Their love was dead.

But the very next night she phoned, "Hey, why weren't you in school today?"

"Sick," he said tonelessly.

"Well, get your head out of the bucket and come over here. I got Benny Goodman's Down South Camp Meetin'."

She was jitterbugging to the phonograph, elbows raised, eyes half closed.

"What happened to Joe Andover?" he snapped.

The black skirt flashed. "Tony? He went."

He sank morosely in a chair.

"Tony's all right," she panted, bunny-hugging along the hearth. "But all he wants to do is neck. . . . Looky at the new step he showed me."

Autumn died. Snow descended on rowboats stored behind cottages. Candy blossomed into a *femme fatale*. She abused him, lied to him, broke dates with him. But she always came back, wide-eyed and innocent.

"Don't woof at me, honey," she would say. Then, with a shudder, "What a maggot he turned out to be."

The summer of 1939 arrived, hot and breathing war. A cataract of admirers descended on Candy.

"Just family friends," she said. "I can't shoo them out, can I?"

Gregg had to work and they didn't, so—suddenly, incredibly—she drifted beyond reach. Driving home from the sand pit—where he shoveled trap rock onto a conveyor—he met boys leaving her house. Her No. 1 Beau became none other than Guy Prentis, his old friend. He wanted to die. Then, on Labor Day night ——

A silvery rain fell in the road. Heading home, Gregg's headlights picked out a yellow slicker walking toward the Malone mansion. It was Candy. She waved him to stop.

"Are you mad at me?" she demanded. Guy Prentis had thrown her over.

They drove around, talking like distant cousins. A noise startled him, "Mew-w-w."

Candy opened her slicker and two tiny ears popped up.

"I've got a poor little kitty," she said.

Tenderly, she set the animal on the seat. Her eyes were brimming with something he had never seen before—a softness, a sympathy.

"He's lost," she whispered.

She made the kitten a bed in her lap. Then she grew quiet again.

"You wouldn't care to take in the Halloween Hop with me?" said Gregg suddenly.

She shook her head. "I'm never going to another dance."

He stopped the car. They were at the Soundview Hotel dunes, their old parking spot. "Never?" he said.

She turned stricken eyes up to him, then slid over.

"You ought to horsewhip me," she sobbed against his shoulder.

Ah, yes; ah, yes. What matter that by the Halloween Hop her mood had changed, that during intermission she disappeared with Johnny Spencer in a hot rod? This golden moment was his. He hugged it close the rest of his life.

On Thanksgiving night Mr. Ralph Malone fired a .32-caliber bullet through his left ear. In his coffin the Iron Duke wore a neat bandage over the hole in his forehead where the lead had come out. His fortune was gone. In forty-seven restless years he had managed to lose eight million dollars that his father had amassed making enamel for automobiles.

"Poor daddy!" cried Candy bitterly. "All he had left was this house, and he hated it!"

His divorced wife, an aspish woman with faded blond hair, moved in and took control. The mansion began to age. When Gregg came, his feet crushed paint blisters on the porch.

The change infuriated Candy. "How can you be happy so poor?"

Gregg grinned. He had just been accepted by Dartmouth for next fall and felt anything but poor. "My peasant background," he said.

One evening they took a drive to Saybrook, chains thumping on the December snow. Candy pouted in the corner.

"What's the use of living without money?" she said. "I've simply got to have a new ski suit."

Gently, he began her education. It wasn't so tough being poor. You developed new weapons to fight on a different level, that's all.

"Oh, shut up," she said.

They arrived at Saybrook Point. A tug was pushing an oil barge through a skin of ice. He parked and took her in his arms.

"Well, here's an idea," he said: "Let's get married."

She arched one eyebrow. "Say that again."

It sounded less fantastic the second time. They could rent a cute apartment in the college town.

"I could get furniture at the house," she mused.

A horn sounded on the water. Candy sat up. A white yacht was easing into the dock. A good-looking youth in a turtleneck sweater heaved a claw anchor onto the boards. He pulled in the line. A moment later the yacht party walked past—two girls and two boys. They got into a late-model sedan and drove off.

Candy lowered her head on the rusty dash of the Wills-Sainte Claire. "Take me home!" she said fiercely.

From that day on, Gregg was beaten. Candy had made her choice. As the summer deepened, she turned her guns on the wealthy young scions moving into the beaches.

"It's no good," she blurted to Gregg.

They were sitting in Mrs. Malone's glider, facing a star-scribbled sea.

"What?" he said.

"Us. It's impossible."

He began to argue. Back to the old solution of marrying and going to college too. Then he'd get a good job.

"Good job?" she echoed.

"Start at thirty-five dollars a week."

Her eyes lifted to him tragically.

"Young people start on less!" he exploded. "If our love isn't strong enough for a few bean-and-hot-dog suppers ——"

She began to explain softly. She was a selfish girl. In a one-room apartment she'd become a fiend. He'd hate her.

"I would not!" he cried.

"I'd simply die on beans and hot dogs," she said honestly.

He fumed. He called her a coward. She looked at her hands and sighed. Harry Remington had asked her to accept his fraternity pin. He was a freshman at Brown.

"You mean you might marry?"

She nodded.

He stomped off the porch. Then he ran back and kissed her.

"You can't, you can't!" he shouted.

But she could. She would always love Gregg. She would never forget him. But they had to be logical.

"Logical!" He gave an anguished cry and rushed into the night.

Young hearts don't break; they crack and reseal. At Dartmouth, Gregg melted into college life. He became a footballer his sophomore year—a lank, wide-shouldered end.

One autumn afternoon in Brown Field his eyes looked across scarred turf at the thick figure of Harry Remington, Brown's varsity fullback. Gregg dumped him with a savage block.

"Nice shot," grinned Harry, getting up.

"Watch for me!" snarled Gregg. "I'll be around 'til five!"

In the huddle he spoke to the green helmets. "Open the gates on Number Thirty-four. Personal."

Poor Harry. At the reception after the game he wore a bandage over his eye. But he nodded affably to Gregg.

"Thought I recognized you. Don't you live in the same town as Candy Malone?"

"Yes," said Gregg.

"She still at Vassar?"

Gregg almost dropped his coffee. "I don't know. I thought she was engaged to you."

Harry laughed. "There have been three since. My roommate, a basketball player from C.C.N.Y., and the Yale crew captain."

June, 1942. Gregg came home for his draft physical. Swimming in the sound, he looked curiously at the ruined Malone place. Weeds choked the yard. A rain gutter dangled over the porch.

Suddenly a head appeared in the weeds. Candy!

Two years had done marvels. He gazed down at long, golden-brown legs—a French suit with alarming curves. She wrinkled her nose saucily.

"All our money's gone," she said. "Isn't that boring?"

"I find it fascinating."

He sat down, and his heart began to thud oddly. Candy measured him, a half smile playing around her red lips.

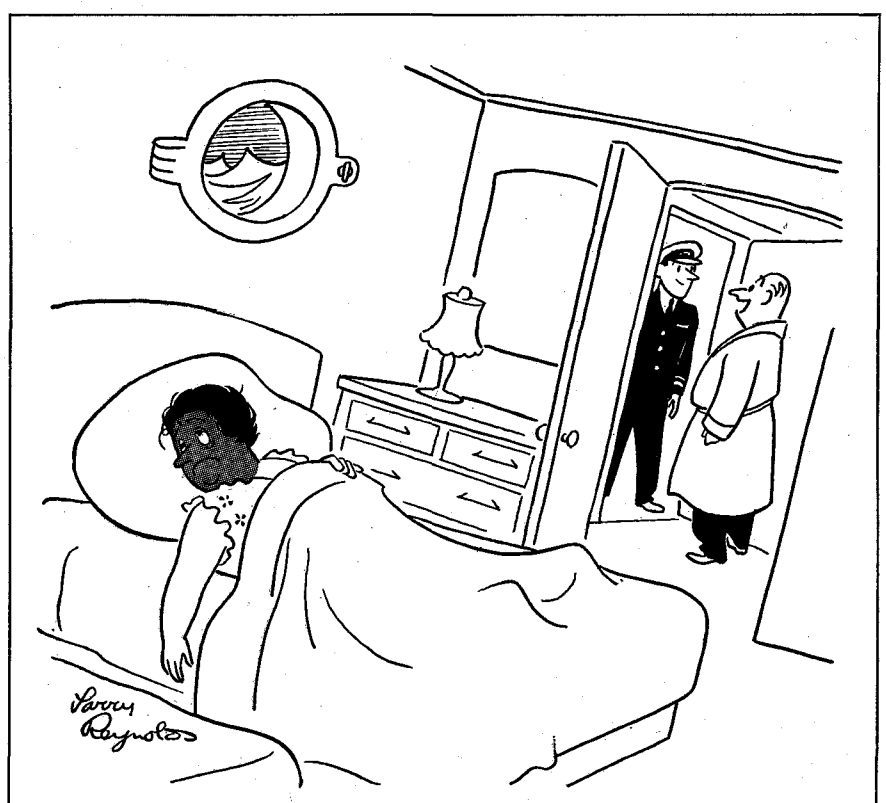
"Nobody will see you kiss me, if you want," she whispered. "The weeds are so high."

It was nothing, and he knew it. For an afternoon they frolicked in the sound, then dozed while a salty film dried on their backs. But it hurt when a dapper ice-cream pants in a Rolls called to take her to supper—hurt terribly.

In midsummer he joined the Army Air Force. And one October night at a servicemen's club in Indiana he got the shock of his life.

"Looky thar!" breathed a soldier. "Yow-e-e-e!"

Candy Malone stood at the door, her hand on the immaculate sleeve of Colonel Hitchcock, the base commander.



"We'd be delighted. My wife has always wanted to sit at the captain's table."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"The Old Man's girl. Some late model, hey?"

"What!" said Gregg.

It was true. The colonel had flown her in from Hartford on a bomber. Gregg was staggered beyond any restraining. When the dance started, he cut in boldly on the colonel.

"Why, Gregg ——"

He danced her away. "What's this about you being engaged to old melon head?" he snapped.

She giggled. "I'll tattoo some hair on him when we're married."

The colonel cut in. But the next dance Gregg intercepted her again.

"You're bucking for a court martial, honey," she said.

"That's nothing to what you're playing with—a life sentence."

"I think I'll be quite happy." She was defiant. In another moment he hoped to bring her to the point of tears.

"Happy? With those toad-eyes staring across your grapefruit every morning?"

A hand touched his shoulder. "Cadet Gregg, the O.D. wants you for sentry duty."

He watched her swing away on a sea of khaki. Lovely legs swaying beneath a polka-dot skirt, milk-white arms clinging to the colonel's coat. Suddenly he hated the Air Force.

The next week he was washed out of preflight. He was transferred to the infantry, and on into the nightmares of St. Lô, Bastogne ——

Home again, Gregg was lost. He angered his mother by not seeking work, by sleeping till noon and smoking in bed.

One night he walked to the beach. The moon was a gold path toward Long Island. He lay on the sand, face buried in his arm. He had lost his dream. There was nothing he wanted, nothing. . . . He sat up. There was a light in the Malone mansion.

Candy stood in the center of the room, wearing blue jeans and a gray sweat shirt. She was making odd motions with her hands. Gregg ducked away from the window and went stealthily around to the front door.

"It is kindergarten that I love—do you hear?"

He stepped in. "Fiendishly clever," he said.

She stared at him. Then she walked into his arms and pressed her nose against his shirt. They couldn't speak.

Finally she explained, "The New Haven Players are putting on The Child Wife. I'm Betty, a bride regressing to her kid days."

Married? Heavens, no. Had he thought she was really interested in that old goat of a colonel?

"I'm never going to marry," she said. "I'm going to be an actress."

She touched his cheek, and the old tenderness he remembered from the night with the kitten shimmered in her eyes. "But the devil with that. Come tell me how you won the war."

He slipped off his coat, his heart thundering.

The next day he hauled the Wills-Sainte Claire out of the barn.

"The deal is I'll drive you to rehearsals if you treat me fragilely," he said. "I'm a shattered veteran requiring much love."

While she acted, he played pool with Yale summer students. He had no ambitions beyond eating supper with her and going for a swim.

One afternoon at the theater he found chaos. Girls were crying, men puffing savagely on cigarettes.

"Cray Parks broke his contract and went to Hollywood," Candy said.

Cray Parks was the male lead. The play was ruined.

"Hey, you!" A small, dark man ran toward them, pointing at Gregg. "You ever acted before, kiddo?"

Gregg read the part aloud, feeling silly. He wasn't nervous, because he didn't care. He let himself sink into the character of Jon Cox, the whimsical, long-suffering husband of the Child Wife. At the end they cheered him.

Opening night was hilarious. A canvas tree collapsed. Somebody's mustache fell off. Gregg walked through his part with amused detachment. These intense little folk—they seemed absurd after St. Lô.

In the last act he scooped up Candy and spanked her. It wasn't in the script. She froze, then went wild, pounding him with her fists. "You fool!"

The audience cheered.

Afterward, she disappeared with some of the cast. Gregg was home taking a bath when the phone rang. It was the director.

"Gregg, you come back here! Abe Wilenski, of Metro, saw the show and he's interested in you."

And there it was. Gregg emerged from a conference at the Taft with Wilenski's contract. In the morning the Journal-Courier spoke up:

. . . a mournful performance, relieved only by the professional *savoir-faire* of Mr. Gregg. If this unruffled gentleman had been supported by even a mediocre talent (the rigid Miss Malone seemed to think she was playing "statues") he might have kept the thing afloat. But alas ——

"Do you think I'm envious?" demanded Candy.

"Good Lord, no."

"Well, I'm strangling."

"Get into the car, Miss Persecuted."

They drove down streets of gold. Indian-summer winds rumpled Candy's hair. He had searched for her all morning and found her in the old Malone boathouse, playing solitaire.

After a long silence, she dropped her head on his shoulder. "Still love me, slugger?"

"Orgiastically," he said.

"Would you marry me?"

"Tomorrow."

But they didn't. And the years had drifted by. . . .

Across the salt marsh, a flock of gulls rose into the stars. Gregg patted the Wills-Sainte Claire. *Good-by, old friend.*

He went down the path. The Malone lawn was mowed now, glimmering as he remembered it the night he first drove Candy home. At the end, frothy waves churned the starlight.

As he stepped onto the porch, hands slipped over his eyes.

"Guess who?" said a voice he had never forgotten.

They stood breathless, their fingers entwined. He saw a yellow slack suit with trim curves, an upsweep of curly red hair. She bit her lip.

"I swore I wouldn't be weepy," she whispered.

They sat in front of the fireplace. Through a mist he couldn't blink away, Candy bloomed with the freshness of spring. What did you say to a girl you had kissed by a hundred moonlights—you're still a dazzler, keed?

He said, "I see the Iron Duke's sailfish finally got away."

She smiled at the empty spot where the fish had hung. "We ate him one night—or rather the pawnbroker did."

No hint of her trouble, no suggestion of self-pity.

She folded her hands under her chin dreamily. "How's Hollywood?"

Gregg shrugged. "Lonely."

They chatted. Her mother had died—Gregg had heard? Now Candy ran a gift business from the old Malone boathouse. A success. She got up at six-thirty every morning.

"You're happy?" he said.

She hesitated. "Quite often."

"Not always?"

She laughed gently. "'Always' is just a word in a song."

Later, she made hot chocolate. He built a fire. The blazing driftwood threw crimson spears against the ceiling. Once his eyes lifted to the faint freckles of her nose.

Her gaze met his, then dropped. He felt a perfect paralysis of longing.

"You never came out to the Coast," he said. "I begged you."

"I'd have walked off with an Oscar and simply shattered your confidence," she said. "Would that have been nice?"

Suddenly he stooped by her foot. Before she could move, he pulled up the pants leg of her yellow slacks.

"Could it have been because of this?" he said softly.

She wore a steel brace on her leg, strapped with leather thongs.

In the silence the hall clock chimed.

"You're bad," she said. "But look!" She unstrapped the brace and tossed it on a hassock. Then she limped across the rug—and collapsed in a chair.

"They told me I'd never do that," she said proudly.

Yes, her foot had been crushed in a four-car accident on the New London turnpike. Icy night, fog. An Italian man had been killed.

"That man—he had a wife and four kids," she said, smoothing her slacks gravely. "Now she's my partner—Maria LaCastro."

He seized her hands. "Candy, why didn't you come to me?"

She smiled. "And hippity-hop around Hollywood the rest of your life, a shot rabbit?"

"It would have made no difference!" he cried.

"Not to you. You always were decent, Gregg."

He stepped back. Her eyes were lighted with a calmness that was new to him—a tender dignity.

"But I had Maria and the kids," she said in a low voice. "You see, perhaps the accident was my fault ——"

He was pacing the hearth, blind with tears. Here was his darling—his wounded girl who had found a conscience and followed it.

"I have never stopped loving you," he said. "I love you now. I want you to marry me. We'll take Maria too."

She paled, then hid her face in tight fists. "Don't say it, Gregg."

"I will say it."

"I'm not what you knew, honey. I sew. I read. I'm dull."

Not what he knew. No, this was not the red-tousled hellcat who had haunted his life. This was a grown woman, tempered by tragedy—someone better.

He pulled her to her feet. He kissed her copper hair.

"I'm a l-lousy risk for a wife!" she sobbed.

Her heart was against his again—the same quick-tapping heart that had signaled his first happy illusion in this house.

For a moment the old excitement roiled through him. He saw the Wills-Sainte Claire thundering eighty miles an hour along the Saybrook road; the fearless Joan of Arc smashing her coupé through the billboard. Bright youth—silly and wonderful and lost.

He patted the wise, thirty-four-year-old head snuggled into his shirt. "And I'm a long-shot gambler," he said. "Shall we call it a deal?" THE END

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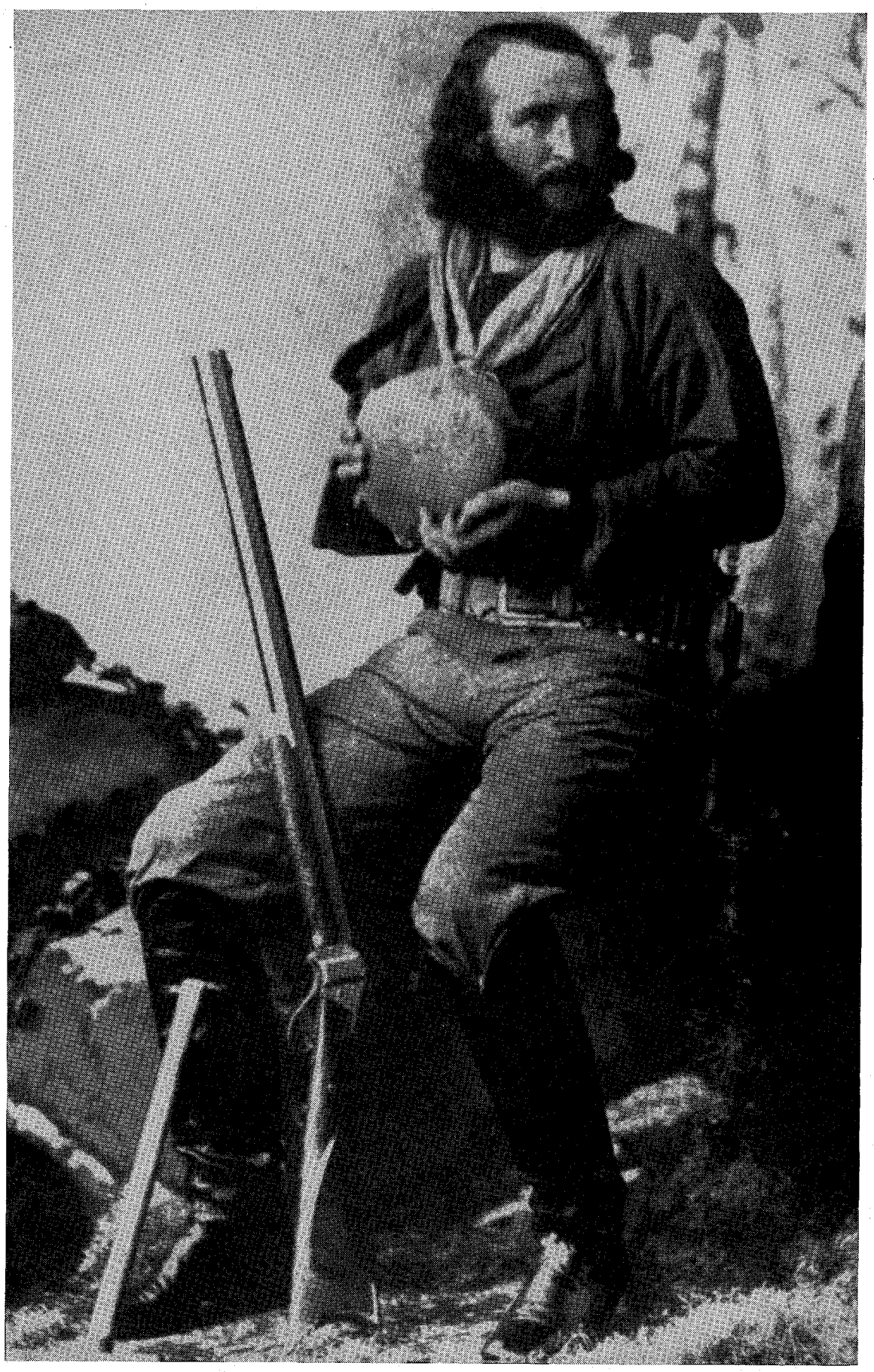
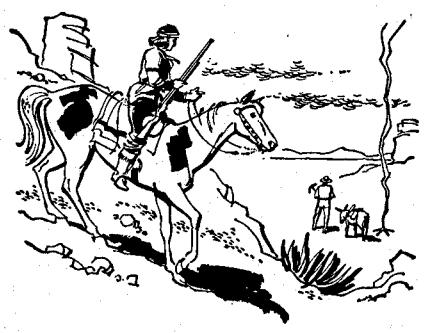


The man who named Tombstone, Arizona



THE SURPRISED government scout from Camp Huachuca reined his horse to a stop at the sight of Ed Schieffelin. And when Schieffelin admitted he was actually living and prospecting in Apache country, the scout warned him, "All you'll ever find'll be your tombstone."

But Schieffelin didn't scare easy. When he struck a silver lode in the desolate dangerous hills of Arizona Territory, he called his first mine "Tombstone." And, unknowingly, he gave a name to a borning, brawling community soon to be notorious as one of frontier America's tough towns.

The Tombstone mine itself never amounted to anything. But Schieffelin just kept on prospecting—and within a few years, he turned out to be a millionaire. The hills he had risked his life in were practically made of silver.

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America's Strangest Island

(Continued from Page 27)

some pretty grim ones. In fact, out of the several hundred men who have lived aboard for long or short periods, only two are known to have openly expressed themselves as not minding it. One of these is S/Sgt. Milton Wascher, a sturdy little man with an enormous mustache and a background of service in the merchant marine. "It's like a ship," he says. "The only thing I miss is the beat of the main engine."

The other unmindful one was a civilian technician who used a hearing aid and could switch off the racket at will.

Despite the griping, Capt. James Phelan, of Fall River, Massachusetts, who, on a thirty-day turnabout basis, shares command of the tower with Capt. Charles Nicholson, of Adamsville, Alabama, is quick to point out that the discontent has not affected operating efficiency. "We've got," he says, "about as good a crew as could be put together out of the whole Air Force. We now know that this station will more than fulfill every service the Air Force expects of it. Partly that's due to the fact that all of its radio and radar is newer and more powerful than has ever been installed elsewhere, and partly it is due to the work of these men. They're a fine bunch." At the same time Phelan ruefully admits that his men do have substantial grounds for complaint. And the most substantial of all is one that neither he nor any other commanding officer ever will be able to do much about—the noise.

Fully to appreciate the problem, it is necessary to visualize the structure as a gigantic tympanic drum, twenty feet thick between its upper and lower skins, and 200 feet along each side. Across one side of the upper surface is a superstructure containing administrative offices, radio- and radar-operating rooms and maintenance shops. This is surmounted by two seventy-five-foot radio masts and three great round radomes, which are, in reality, inflated plastic bubbles that provide weather protection for the revolving radar antennas. The rest of the upper surface is given over to two ten-ton cranes, each with an eighty-foot boom, two motor-propelled lifeboats of standard Coast Guard design, and a postage-stamp-sized landing area for helicopters. Except for tanker service to supply fuel oil and an occasional shipment of massive heavy equipment, three two-rotor helicopters, each capable of carrying 1560 pounds of passengers or cargo, have now become the only means of transport used to keep the tower supplied and its crew members in rotation.

The tower's interior contains two decks. The upper one is given over mostly to living quarters, which are, in many aspects, superior to those of most Air Force stations. The officers live in two-bunk rooms with a connecting bath for each two rooms. The noncommissioned officers and airmen share six-bunk rooms, each of which has an anteroom with desks, chairs and clothes lockers. There is a first-rate cafeteria that converts easily into a motion-picture theater, a wardroom for the officers, and considerable additional space for table-tennis and pool tables, a television corner, a hospital and a workout room for physical exercise. On this level the steel deck plates are carpeted with asphalt tile and all the sleeping and general service rooms are painted in pastel shades. The first effect is a pleasant one, but after a spell of housekeeping even the light-colored tiling and the softly tinted, flat-painted doors and bulkheads become objects of curses—they are too quick to show dirt and finger marks.

The lower deck, which is also the bottom skin of the structure, is chockablock with boilers, diesel-powered generators, a fresh-water still, air conditioners, ventilating blowers, more maintenance shops, and a large variety of motors and pumps of assorted sizes and purposes. These are the basic noisemakers, and no matter where on the tower a man may work or sleep, he is never entirely away from the medley of roars, whines, thumps and grinds the machinery creates. On a ship, a certain amount of mechanical vibration is damped off by the cushioning effect of the water in which the vessel floats. But the tower, a thing of taut steel stretched over its three legs, has no damper.

The reason for this contraption is that the tower's hydrographic and weather crews needed some sort of perfectly straight rods reaching nearly to the ocean floor on which they could lower instruments to measure wave heights, take wind and water temperatures at accurately ascertainable levels, and make other observations valuable to the study of weather. Since no such device existed, it had to be created, and the suspension of the concrete block was the answer devised. Then the designing engineer had a second thought—he feared that the vibration caused by wind and water plucking at the cables might, if unchecked, spring welded joints all over the place. So he snubbed a heavy, cone-shaped, coil spring to each cable at the point where it is fastened to the girder. Apparently the springs do perform their shock-absorbing job, but in doing so they bunch up with

Control officers peer at radar scopes at North Truro, Mass. From here they guide interceptors toward intruding planes, until the tower takes over.

In addition to the machinery, there are two other noisemakers that are beyond any comparison. One is a foghorn that may be the world's most powerful. In bad weather, it sounds a five-second blast every fifteen seconds, and there are periods when it cannot be turned off for days. Each blast ends on an indescribably deep bass note so penetrating that it has been known to frighten fishermen twenty miles away into thinking they were about to be swamped by an oncoming liner, though they know the area is well out of the normal trade routes. To towermen this bull-throated bellow is known as "the mating call of the iron monster."

The other noisy nonesuch is undoubtedly the biggest wind and water harp ever contrived. It consists of a block of concrete weighing thirty-eight tons, suspended on three steel cables. The block hangs barely above the ocean's floor in fifty-five feet of water, and the cables, entering the tower through a hole in its bottom, are attached to a main girder. The rasp of wind and water on the cables produces the same physical action that takes place when the strings of a harp are plucked, except that these strings, being 113 feet long and one inch in diameter, make an utterly unmusical sort of sound.

tension and then release it with a clank that might be approximately reproduced by dropping a pig of iron on a railroad locomotive from a ten-story height. Most of the tower sounds have a rhythm which helps to make them a little more bearable, but the clanks coming at unpredictable intervals make this outsize aeolian harp the most efficient sleep destroyer of all.

Monotony, the tower's second mental hazard, is, again, something about which nothing can be done. It comes from the fact that, no matter what a man's job may be, he lives too close to it. He goes and comes along the same corridors, sees the same people, hears the same complaints and, in brief, repeats the same pattern not merely day after day but hour after hour and minute after minute. Poets who sing of the endlessly changing sea would get short shrift on the tower, for, to most towermen, in all varieties of weather, the ocean remains just a dull gray monochrome stretching flatly away into a slightly grayer mist. Possibly the biggest flaw in the view is that there are no women to share it. Inch for inch of available wall space and locker capacity, the tower probably contains more bosomy pin-ups than any other structure of comparable size anywhere.

The monotony of confined space and dameless living shades imperceptibly into boredom, but boredom is something the tower's commanders do try to mitigate with every resource the Air Force can or will supply. Perhaps the chief antidote is the rotation system. For every thirty days on the tower a man gets thirty days of shore duty at the 762nd Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron, near North Truro on the Cape. Next, and possibly the most therapeutic, is plenty of work.

Because some jobs, such as radio and radar operations, require unremitting alertness and others do not, duty schedules are complex and varied, but the basic work day is twelve hours. It begins at 6:30 A.M. and the service of breakfast ends at 7:30. In that hour the men must get up, wash up, police their bunks and quarters, eat and report to duty stations in time for the night crewmen to get their breakfasts. In addition to his regular job, every man aboard bears a share of the task of housekeeping. Each officer or noncommissioned officer in charge of a work section is made responsible for policing a specified area and the cleaning, waxing, polishing and painting are done on a when-can basis. But the job gets done, and even the cooks, who seldom lift a finger to do anything but cook on other stations, can be found swabbing decks on the tower.

Obviously, work alone is not enough. As the shakedown process goes on, the tower's commanders have found ways to convert more and more space to recreation. In addition to table tennis, pool, television and the workout room with punching bags and other paraphernalia, there is an ingenious golf gadget that measures not only the distance a tethered ball might have gone in free flight but whether it was hooked, sliced or knocked out of bounds. By marking the result of each stroke on the map of a regular golf course, it is possible for two or more men to play a competitive round.

Though transportation space is always at a premium because the foul Atlantic weather frequently prevents helicopter flights, thereby creating backlogs of supplies and men due for rotation, the Air Force strains hard to provide other morale boosters. Thus, space is periodically found for a fresh kit of twenty-five books. These usually contain something for every taste from second-rate whodunits to such titles as The Philosophy of William James or Boswell's Life of Johnson, and the size of the library is usually kept at about seventy-five volumes. Space also is found for enough beer to make possible a beer call every evening, though each man is strictly limited to two twelve-ounce cans per day.

The daily beer call is the most popular feature of tower life, closely seconded by the nightly showing of a motion picture. The supply of fresh movies, however, is never enough, and most films get shown three or four times before being replaced by a new lot. Nonetheless, the movies always draw a full house.

Beyond the call of a commander's duty, Captain Phelan writes and edits a weekly newspaper which usually runs to eight letter-size pages. It is called the Georges Shoal Tower Topics, from the name of the ocean shallows on which the structure rests. A look at the file suggests that the commander's two main purposes are publicly to praise his men for the good work they do and to spoof the monotony and boredom that beset them.

Under the banner headline A JOB WELL DONE, a typical issue poured praise over T/Sgt. William F. Berard, the tower's medic. When one of the towermen was stricken with a heart ailment, Sergeant

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Berard skillfully rigged a makeshift oxygen tent and, following instructions he received by radio telephone from an Air Force doctor ashore, stood a sleepless watch over his patient for seventy hours until weather permitted a helicopter to ferry the man to hospital. The sick man, M/Sgt. Wallis Higdon, subsequently recovered and Berard was credited, probably correctly, with saving his life.

A sample of the other kind of material Captain Phelan uses is a cartoon report on a meeting of the "Jetless Jockeys." Among the tower personnel are three young fighter pilots, or "jet jockeys," who act as radar-control officers, which is to say that, seated at a radar scope, they talk the interceptors to their targets. Since the tower assignment permits them only thirty days ashore every other month, it is difficult for them to get enough actual flying to keep up their proficiency ratings, which are, to pilots, about what batting averages are to ballplayers. As a compensation they formed the Jetless Jockeys Club, which meets weekly in the wardroom with Captain Phelan, a World War II and Korean War fighter pilot, as the fourth member. The pictorial report on the club's meeting showed the four officers, their faces contorted by varying degrees of rock happiness, using their hands to simulate an airplane's wings, climbing and diving off the furniture in an effort to get in a precious hour of flying time. The humor, of course, is strictly local, but no man who has served aboard the tower could fail to chuckle at it. And its special virtue is the willingness of the commanding officer to promote a laugh even when it is partly on himself.

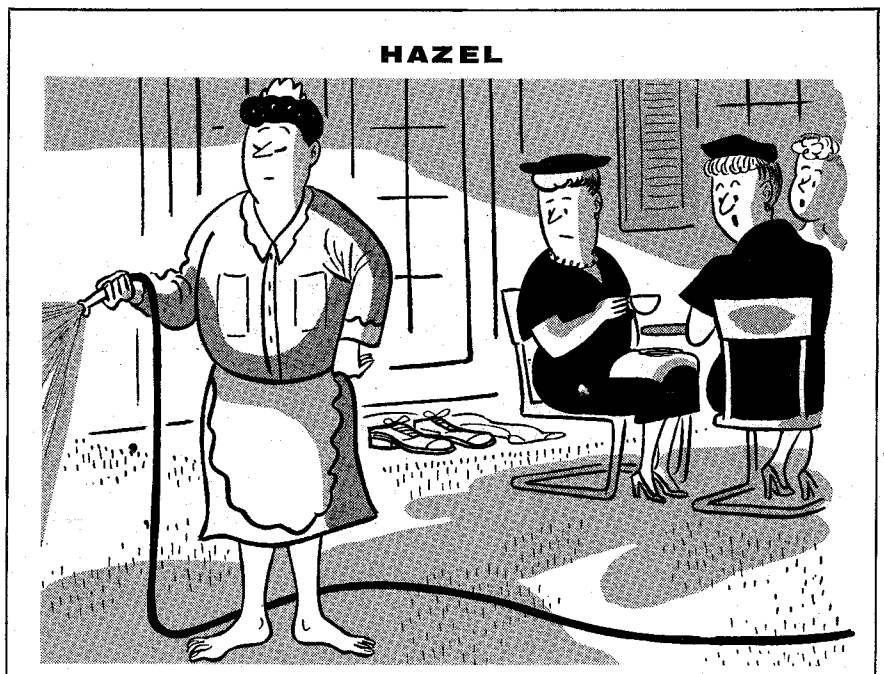
But, for all the effort, the tower remains a place where any break in routine is apt to be made into a sort of nine-day wonder. I saw two instances of this. The first concerned a Navy blimp that appeared unheralded and circled around several times before sailing away. From the moment it was sighted, word passed from mouth to mouth through the structure: "There's a blimp. There's a blimp." Every man awake and not on duty, along with a lot who were, dropped what they were doing and rushed to the open deck, where they gawked and talked with excited pleasure. It was as if none of them had ever seen a blimp before.

Another was the visit of a strange, hawklike bird, probably an osprey. Sergeant Wascher, the ex-seaman, discovered the bird during the morning. It was perched on a tubular strut that, projecting from the tower's side, helped support a large, dish-shaped radio antenna of new design. Between the strut and the sea, sixty-three feet below, there was nothing but space.

Talk about the bird continued all morning and into the early afternoon. Men came from all over the tower to stare at it. Some thought it a chicken hawk, while others insisted that it looked more like a young bald eagle. Meanwhile the bird sat nearly motionless, hunched, bewildered and apparently exhausted by a flight that had to have been 110 miles from the nearest land and might have been many times that distance. Then, Airman John Childers, a tall, spare, wide-eyed lad from the blue-grass town of Paintsville, Kentucky, simply crawled out on the strut, reached out a gloved hand and picked up the bird. The points of its steely talons bit through the leather into Childers' fingers, but he crawled safely back, bird in hand.

The bird, which is among the fiercest of feathered creatures, might have fought back vigorously and knocked Childers from his all-too-precarious strut to almost certain death in the sea. In any case, it was a reckless thing to do, and even Childers could not say why he had done it. When asked, he shrugged and replied, "Aw, Ah don't know. Just 'cause it was something to do, Ah reckon." From which it must be judged that boredom can create strange effects.

In the relatively short period that the Air Force has actually had personnel aboard, a very considerable shift in attitudes has taken place. Back in November and December of 1955, when skeleton crews of Air Force men began to report for duty, their major preoccupation was the fury of the Atlantic. Since that time the tower has weathered some spectacular storms, with waves running high enough to spank against its bottom like thunderclaps, and winds of ninety miles an hour battering against its sides and superstructure. The winds were possibly even stronger; one that was clocked at ninety blew the anemometer—wind-speed-measuring device—away. But the men have learned that though it may shiver and sway under the ocean's onslaught, the tower can take it.



DRAWN BY TED KEY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I hope," one master sergeant volunteered, "you're not going to write some more of those lies about what an unsafe place the tower is in a storm, scaring all our womenfolks half to hysteria."

The facts are that six months earlier he would not have thought of such reports as lies at all and would have been even more frightened than his wife. In morale terms the changed perspective, representing, as it does, the conquest of fear, appears to be the biggest accomplishment the shake-down has produced.

Certainly the demonstration should make easier the task of selecting more crews for more towers. This one is merely the first of a series that eventually will dot the outer Atlantic coast.

To understand the function of the towers one needs to know how the radar-warning system is deployed and what it does. Eastward of the first tower, 100 miles or so, is a radar picket vessel, and westward 110 miles behind it is the shore-based station of the 762nd Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron, of which the tower is organizationally a part. Still farther back on the Cape is the Otis Air Force Base, a fighter-interceptor station. These four elements are only a segment of the whole warning system, nevertheless they provide a sky sweep that covers some 300 miles of frontier from north to south, with a reach extending more than 400 miles seaward from Boston. No aircraft is permitted to enter this 300-by-400-mile corridor or any other frontier area without being identified.

Now suppose an operator on the picket vessel has just discovered the tiny blip of a strange aircraft on his radar scope. It is the middle of the night—one minute and thirty seconds after two A.M. by Eastern Standard clocks—and the location of the blip on the scope marks the plane as being roughly eighty miles eastward of the vessel. Instantly the operator bespeaks his discovery into the mouthpiece of his telephone headset. What he says is heard and recorded at the tower, at the North Truro station, in the control rooms of various air divisions; at Newburgh, New York, in the headquarters of Maj. Gen. Norris B. Harbold, whose responsibility as commander of the Eastern Air Defense includes the lives of 100,000,000 people east of the Mississippi. It is also heard in Colorado Springs, the center of the whole continental command, on whose speed and adequacy the life of the nation may one day depend. That lonely plane will now be watched by hundreds of persons scattered over thousands of miles, but nowhere is this watchfulness more imperative than on the tower.

The picket vessel's next step is to establish the plane's track. Every few seconds the radar's revolving beam will cause the blip to reappear on the screen. But since it is in motion, the plane's shadow will have moved a little each time, thereby revealing its path. Meanwhile other radars are feeling it with invisible fingers to determine how high it is. The data feeds into computers which hum out the answers in technical terms. Translated, these read: Altitude, 10,000 feet; speed, 360 miles per hour; direction, New York. Two minutes are allowed to assemble and verify these findings.

While the track is plotted an airman at North Truro studies flight plans of every aircraft known to be aloft over the Atlantic. All planes entering this country must file such plans before take-off, regardless of where that may be. Radioed to the Civil Aeronautics Authority from around the world, they are relayed to the air-warning squadrons. Theoretically it is possible to locate a plane at any minute of its flight. Actually, uncharted weather, mechanical difficulties or other adversities may cause any plane to lag or stray, and the Air Force takes no plane for granted unless it is within five minutes and twenty miles of its planned course.

Let's say the aircraft in question appears to be an expected flight of a foreign commercial line, but if so, it is twenty minutes late. In such circumstances, there is a routine method of radio identification. Before take-off every pilot is handed a sealed envelope and, on being challenged, he is to open it and follow the directions it contains. These consist of a password and a simple maneuver that can be seen on a radar scope. Through use of a code system the instructions issued to each pilot are forwarded to the radar stations with the flight plans. Now, however, as sometimes happens, efforts to contact the pilot fail. After the two minutes allowed to establish a track, the radio calls continue for one minute. If there is still no response, an officer at North Truro presses a button that launches a scramble at Otis.

There, at the sound of the alert, pilots scramble out toward their jets, which are fueled, armed and ready to go. In no more than five minutes two interceptors scream into the black sky. In six minutes more they will have climbed to some 30,000 feet, traveled some forty miles and become, like the thing they seek, tiny blips on a radar screen.

Fourteen minutes have now passed since the picket vessel's first report. At six miles a minute, the incoming plane has approached eighty-four miles closer to the shore line. The interceptors, meanwhile, have reached a point somewhere above North Truro, so that now all three are within radar range of the tower, which begins to fulfill the reason for its being. The tower's equipment is a duplicate of that at all shore stations. In its control room, facing a transparent plotting board on which the course of the incoming plane is marked in white, is a series of consoles, each with its radar scope. At one of these sits a control officer, who, being himself a pilot, well understands both the capabilities and the limitations of the planes aloft. On the scope in front of him he can see the interceptors, as well as their unidentified quarry. His job is to talk the fighters to the intruder, telling them when to change their course, and by how many degrees which way.

At the time the tower takes over, the intruder and the fighters are about 220 miles apart, but under the talker's guidance they quickly begin approaching each other, virtually head on, at a combined speed of more than sixteen miles a minute. In another fourteen minutes they are brought sufficiently close so that the interceptors can pick up their target without guidance control. Now the fighter pilots are on their own. A couple of passes accompanied by standard recognition procedures are all that are needed to establish the stranger's identity, if, of course, it is friendly. If it is not, shooting begins then and there.

Since there is a possibility that the next great war, if it ever comes, will start in just this way, one can understand the tower's usefulness. In this hypothetical case, it made an intercept possible 140 miles at sea, or twenty-three minutes before the intruder could have reached even Cape Cod. Had the stranger been moving at ten miles a minute the fighters would have accosted it eighty-five miles out, and so still have had eight and a half minutes to knock it down over water. With bomb-carrying speeds of ten miles a minute unlikely to be exceeded in the near future, it can be reckoned that, for a while at least, the tower increases the margin of national safety by 75 to 100 miles, or seven and a half to ten minutes. This represents an initial cost of $1,730,000 to $1,300,000 per tower per minute.

But, whatever its price, the value of a minute could be the difference between a city devastated and a bomb-laden plane falling impotently into the vacant sea. And, because this is so, men will continue to be assigned to tower duty as far into the future as we can presently see.

THE END

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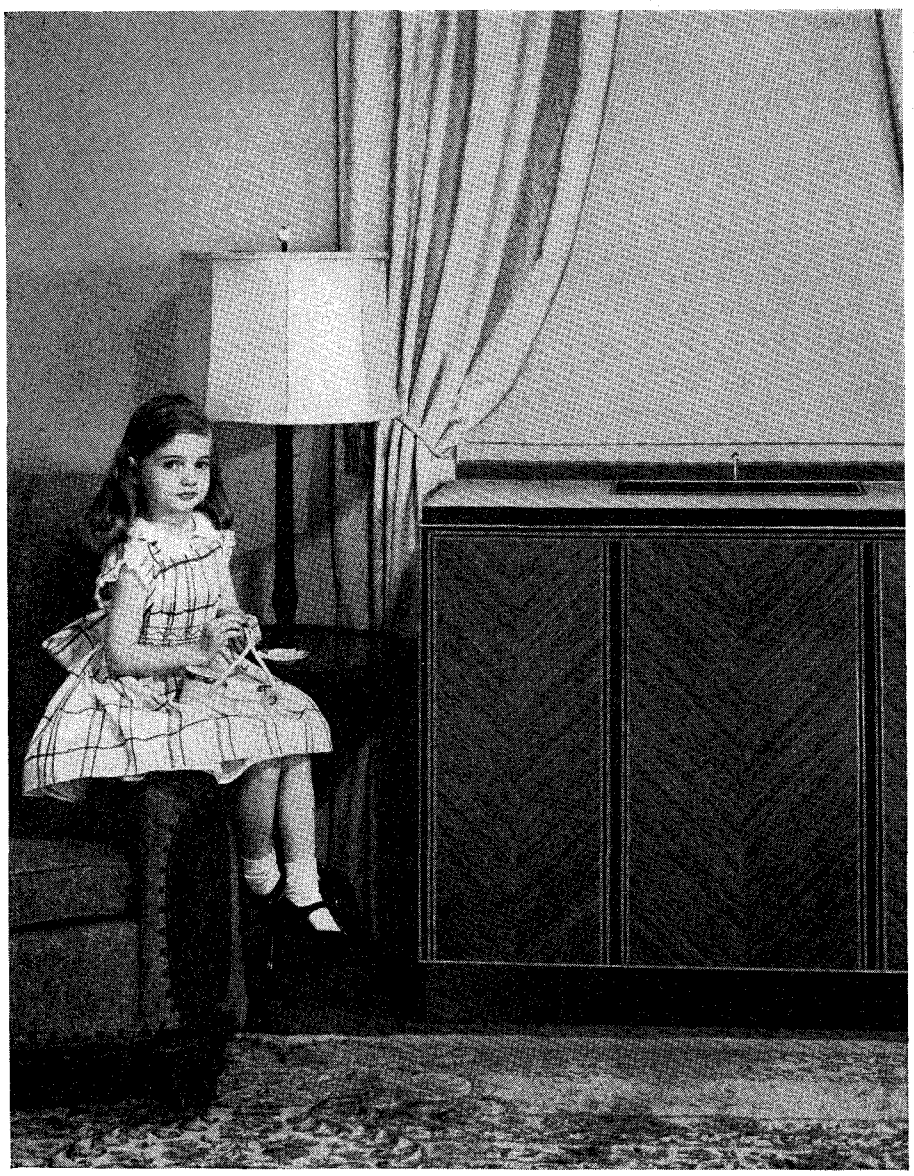

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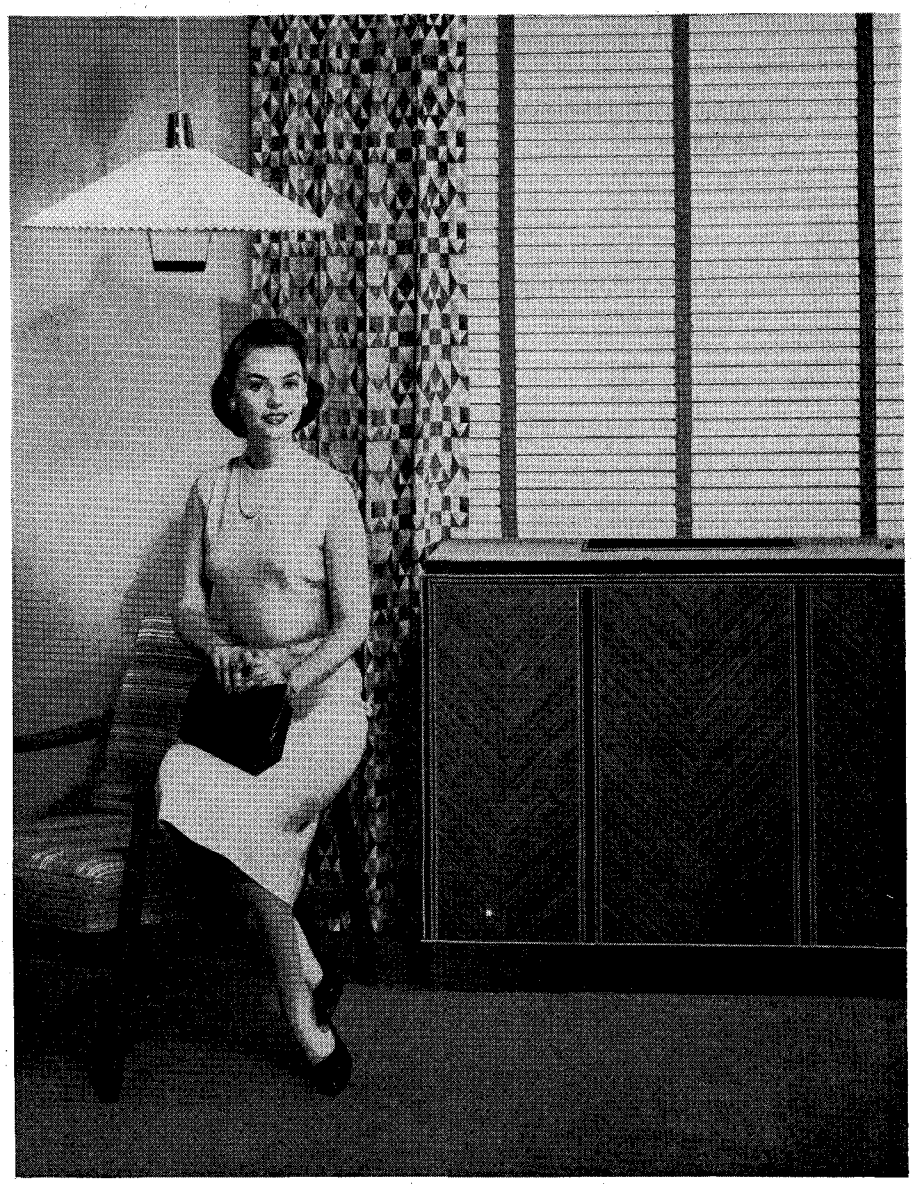

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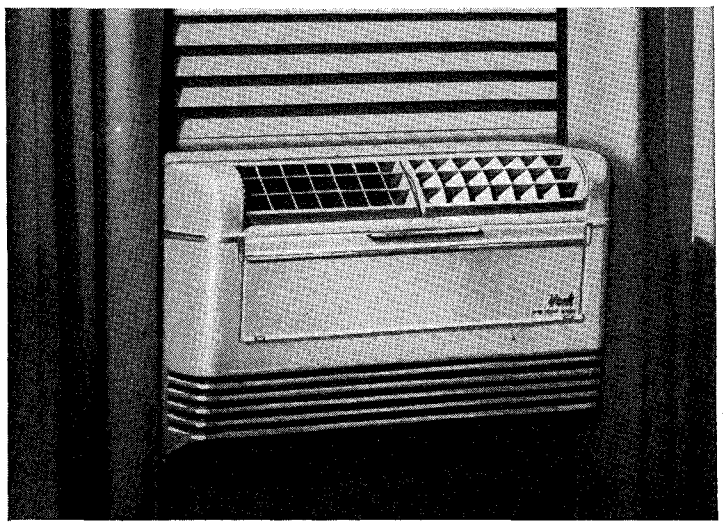

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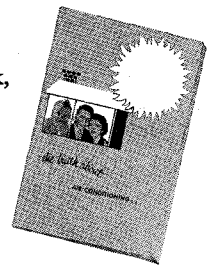

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"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

Mrs. Arthur Murray

Wife of the famous dancing teacher, and television hostess of "The Arthur Murray Party"

"Using Murine to soothe my eyes is a little trick that seems to help me feel rested and refreshed," says vivacious Kathryn Murray. Mrs. Murray appreciates Murine especially after hours of television rehearsals. Why don't *you* try Murine when your eyes feel tired or tense? A couple of drops of gentle Murine in each eye can soothe and refresh them—quick as a wink!

MURINE *for your eyes**

The Murine Co. Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
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Keeping Posted

The Russian Refugee Tells His Story

Rudolph, Solovyev, Raymond talk of kidnapings; right, the Raymonds have fun.

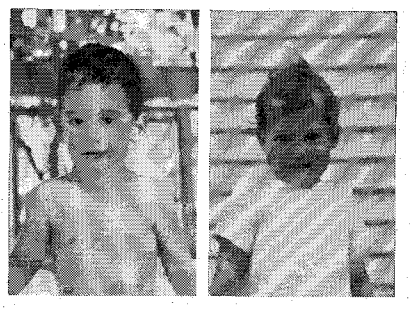
If you were one of several refugee Russian sailors and five of your shipmates had just been kidnaped by Russian police in New York and sent home to possible death, wouldn't you be nervous and suspicious about talking for publication? Viktor Solovyev was, although actually he had wanted to find some American to help him write that startling story on page 17. But he encountered calming influences when Vladimar Rudolph, once a close associate of Malenkov, but now an official at Radio Liberation in New York, took him to the home of Ellsworth Raymond.

Raymond is an eminent authority on Russia; his wife, a native Russian whom he met while serving as a United States Embassy adviser in Moscow, is now an American citizen—and, adds her husband, a registered Republican. Both talked tranquilly to Viktor in his own language. Mrs. Raymond showed him photos taken of herself and her family in Russia. "Her good cooking also helped allay his tension," reports Raymond, "and so did a bit of vodka." Presently Viktor began talking, and in six hours he told his whole grim story. Mostly he spoke dispassionately, but when he came to that crisis in the hotel room, where he himself barely escaped the kidnapers, he began to shout. Incidentally, if readers wonder why he didn't scream for help during that hotel ordeal, it was because he assumed that in a showdown he would be shot.

Raymond says that U.S.S.R. Ambassador Zaroubin, after the kidnap incident, was allowed to interview Viktor, and Zaroubin assured the refugee that no one would harm him if he returned to Russia. Viktor snapped, "Who gave you those orders, Bulganin or Khrushchev?" Then the boy told Zaroubin that in the letters from his mother which Russian agents had recently showed him she had become surprisingly literate, changing from folksy news to elaborate comments about "party" and "homeland"; and he asked, "How could she change so?" When Zaroubin ineptly explained, "She has learned," everybody in the immigration hearing office laughed. Presumably except Zaroubin.

The Raymonds now think of Viktor as a good friend; he visits them, and recently they were at his house for his birthday party. "He was a charming host, going from guest to guest, seeing to it that each was happy." Contrary to Viktor's written comment, "Today I live in fear," let us hope America can see to it that from now on he, too, is happy.

Another Way to Name a Baby



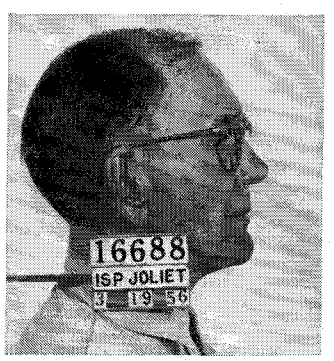
Steve *Shelley*

Five years ago, when William Sambrot decided to specialize on fiction writing, he collected a lot of back-number Posts, looked for a contributor whose writing especially appealed to him, selected Steve McNeil—and just as he was settling down to study that author's technique, he had to rush Mrs. Sambrot to the hospital to have her first baby. The hospital session was a long one, and the father sweated it out by reading Steve McNeil. "Well," the father recalls, "when a nurse finally announced a baby boy and asked what, if anything, we'd decided to name him, what could I do but name him Steve?" That is Sambrot's first Post story on page 28, but meanwhile he has bylined in some fifty other magazines. He says he has never written anything remotely resembling McNeil's work, "but if there is anything to prenatal influence, Steve Sambrot will be a name to reckon with at the Post in about fifteen years."

In the happy Sambrot home in San Francisco there are, by the father's estimate, one and seven-tenths children, the other three-tenths of his daughter, Shelley, age three, being a genuine kewpie. And from where would you guess those slightly outdated snapshots were borrowed? Sure, from the proud pater's wallet.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Case of Prisoner No. 16688"



A strange set of coincidences put Roy Eaton in prison for a crime he never committed. For sixteen years the wronged man fought to regain his freedom, and finally he succeeded.

Looks Like a Best Seller, Eh?

Hammond Innes, seated in his home in England observing various aftermaths of his serial, THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE, which ended last month, seems to be feeling top-hole. Extract from a letter: "Alfred Knopf's fall publication of the book and its choice as a Literary Guild selection will be very nice coming on top of its sale to M-G-M for the cinema. Here in England, Collins is aiming for a sale of over 100,000 in the full-price book edition, and my foreign publishers are going to town, particularly in Germany, Sweden and France." Innes adds, "I leave soon to have a look at the northern part of Hudson Bay," which is further good news, for what this man looks at, he tends to find a plot in.

About a Girl—in Fact, Two Girls

"About that girl in the story," George Morrill comments about page 31, "well, I grew up on the Connecticut shore, and once I knew a girl—a real heller. She had red hair, like a flame, and—oops, here comes Phyllis." Phyllis, the girl in the photo who is the mother of all those wee Morrills, emphatically has brown hair. "I'm too old for this stuff," Morrill moans low.

When Morrill first made the Post, he and company were dwelling pioneerishly in a mountaintop cabin in the Vermont wilderness, but now he teaches English in Wesleyan University—"So instead of skiing out of my back door, I trip over tricycles in Middletown, Connecticut." He says the boys all sleep in one bunkroom, and when he walks in there at night, it's like checking heads in a troopship. In summer he flees to Vermont "to uncage those little anarchists."

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